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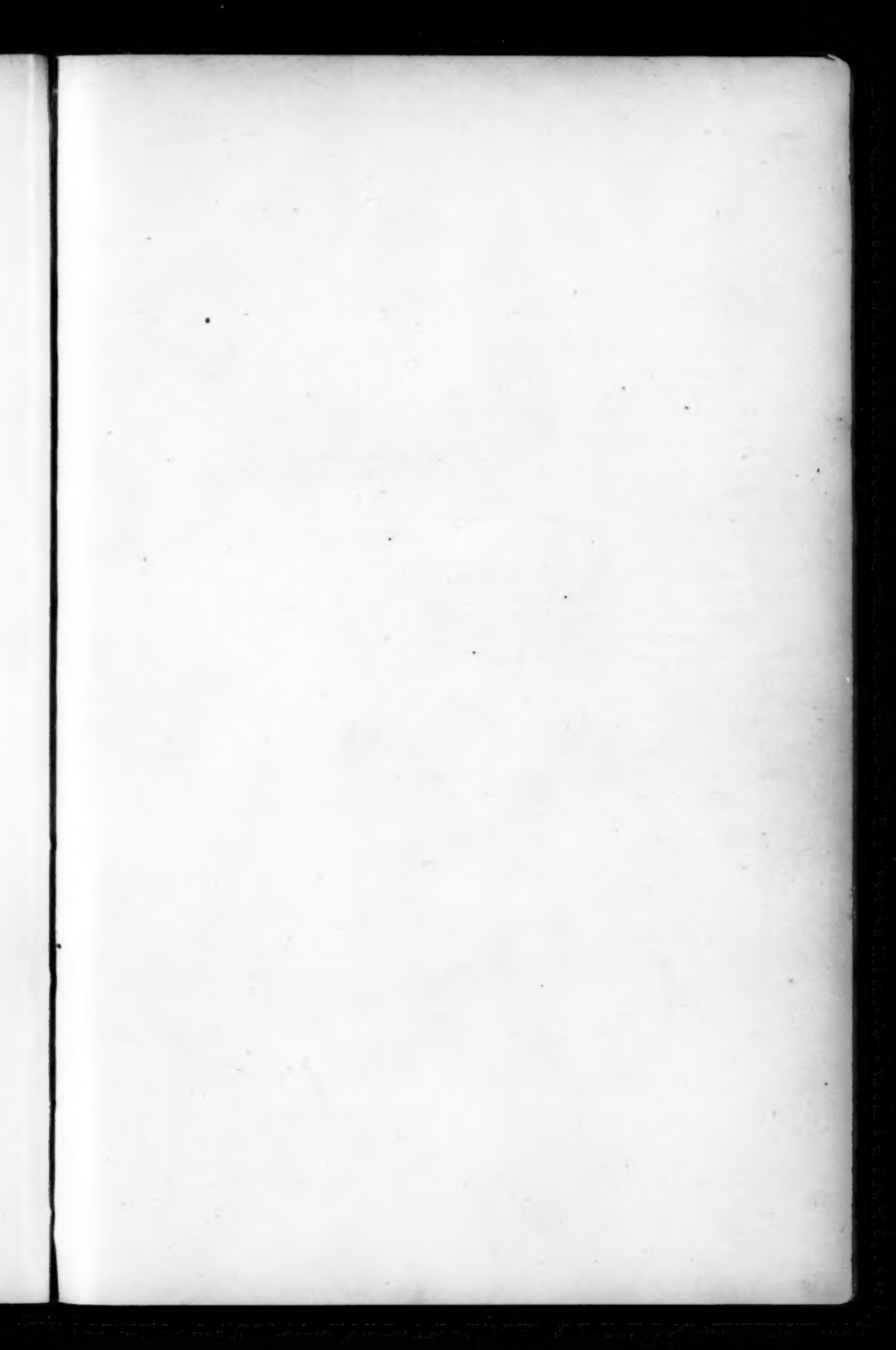
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THE LIFE OF THE SPIRIT WILLIAM ORDWAY PARTRIDGE. (This Issue.)
ART AND RELIGION LILLIAN WHITFISH
HALE, D. D., REV. R. E. BISBEE, REV. R. B. TOBEY.

THE LAST YEAR OF GAIL HAMILTON'S LIFE.
STATE FEDERATION OF WOMEN'S CLUBS.
SOME NEWSPAPER WOMEN.

Vol. 17.

DECEMBER, 1896.

No. 1.

"We do not take possession of our ideas, but are possessed by them.
They master us and force us into the arena,
Where like gladiators, we must fight for them."—HEINE.

The ARENA

EDITED BY

B. O. FLOWER.

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BY { WILL ALLEN DROMGOOLE

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INDUSTRIALISM AND MORALITY.
TELEGRAPH MONOPOLY.
AN INHERITANCE FOR THE WAIFS.
INTERNATIONAL ARBITRATION.
THE LAST YEAR OF GAIL HAMILTON'S LIFE.
THE CONCENTRATION OF WEALTH.

LILIAN WHITING.
WILLIAM ORDWAY PARTRIDGE. (In this issue.)
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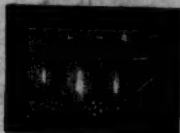
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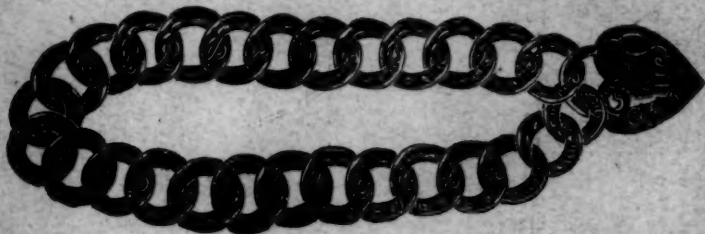
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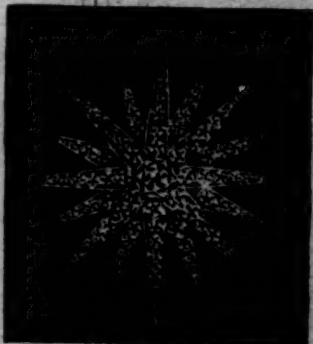
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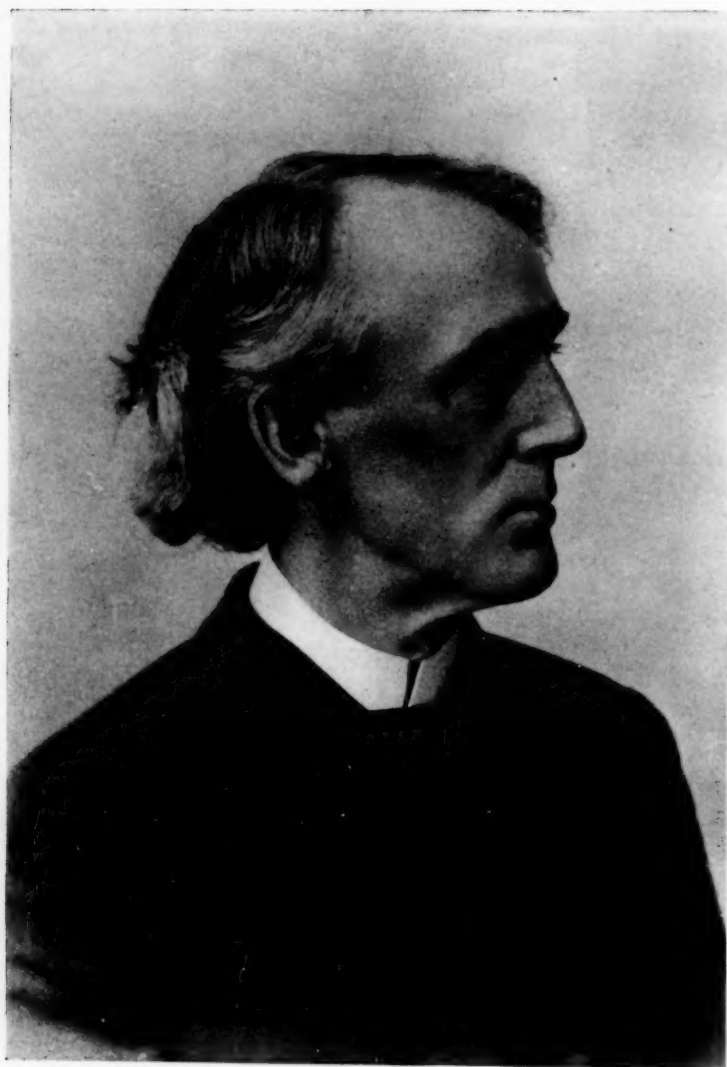
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Edward A. Horton

THE ARENA.

No. LXXXV.

DECEMBER, 1896.

THE RELATION OF ART TO RELIGION.

BY WILLIAM ORDWAY PARTRIDGE.

Painting nor sculpture now can lull to rest
My soul, that turns to His great love on high,
Whose arms to clasp us on the cross were spread.
Michael Angelo's Sonnets.

One can best show the relation of art to religion by making it plain that there can be no great and enduring art without religion, and that art is essentially the handmaiden of all true religion.

Robertson once said, "What we want is not so much, not half so much light for the intellect, as dew upon the heart." And the love of art is like a rose leaf pressed against the world's scarred cheek. It is full of consolations for the desolate and the oppressed. It admits them to a world of ideal relationships, where the poorest may own all that he can see with beauty's eyes. It lifts man above the desire of material possession; it feeds his spiritual nature. There is somewhere a picture of an ideal female figure riding the tempest, and touching softly a lyre which is pressed to her side. The artist has called it "Stilling the Storm." He has attempted to depict the mission of art, which is indeed to still the storms of life, to dissipate doubt, and to keep man in tune with the celestial harmonies. The shadow of doubt cannot be dispersed always by intellectual effort, no matter how searching and exhaustive. But it is rarely that one appeals to the ministrations of art without receiving divine consolations. Truly has Robertson understood it; it is dew laid upon the heart.

It is not only idle, but unreasonable, to claim that art can take the place of religion. It is unreasonable, because art is merely a manifestation of the divine, a completion, one

might say, of nature's sweet suggestions, and in no sense the divine essence. As some one has put it:

Art is the embodiment of eternal types,—nature only suggests a beauty in human nature she never realizes; and the supernatural beauty, as it exists in the mind of God, is mirrored only in the soul of man. Art is the soul's formula for the impressions of its inner life. Art, therefore, is an expression of God, and her works are an infinite reflection of Him.

A sagacious critic has said that "like truth and law, beauty looks beyond itself. It is to help realize the purpose for which the earth was created; the purpose which finds its consummation in the perfect man and woman." It is not alone, perhaps, that it lifts us into another world, beyond the limitations and doubts and sorrows of this one, but that it reveals to us the beauty that is everywhere, the untold loveliness in flower and sky and human nature.

When you raise this banner of beauty, and say to the world, "We come to reveal to you your highest kingdoms," you start out on a long and hard battle against material forces. It is the soul of Greece against the bulk of Persia, but it is the conquering soul. Beauty comprehends truth, and as it has been truly said, "the truth shall make you free," so, in its larger sense, shall the love of beauty make you free.

It is difficult to talk or reason about these subtle, intangible manifestations, for which our poor language finds no adequate terms or expressions; but the love of beauty and of beautiful things is a potent factor in this new spiritual era which is dawning upon mankind.

Our forefathers came to this land, and they conquered the material forces of nature, and made their homes here and called themselves free. This was the first step. Then, when later they found themselves oppressed by a foreign power, they shook off its bonds and stepped into a larger freedom.

But they had not yet come to realize that they were not yet free while they held their fellow-men as slaves. Then came a sublime awakening, and this bondage was blotted out forever. Having reached that level, the great heart of this nation feels a new and a larger pulsation, and the finer man cries out for the true and the perfect freedom of the spirit. There is no way in which to realize more easily and naturally this freedom than through the loftier sense of beauty. It comprehends all other terms. There can be no beauty without law; there can be no beauty without truth; there can be no beauty without science,—strange as it may seem. The leading men of our time understand the world in terms of

law, in the terms of truth, rather than in terms of beauty, which comprehends both law and truth, and that which is more than either — love.

Now the universe presents itself to man's æsthetic nature in terms of beauty. There are many of us who with the utilitarian spirit of the time will ask, "What is the use of beauty?" Primarily, its use is for perfect enjoyment and to make the spirit free. In the doing of this great thing it furnishes us with repose without waste or indolence, with growth without weariness, with character without sad experience. It does more than this, however; it reveals to us the harmony in the universe, the divine order in things that may seem chaotic.

"The universe," as some one has said, "lends itself to the peculiar capacity or power through which man for the time being seeks to appropriate it." And surely there is no higher way in which to make it your own, no nobler way, no more elevating way than through your sense of beauty. The æsthetic nature (and mark you, every one has such a nature, latent or developed) leads you to consider the world of relations and ideals, as well as the world of matter and fact, which it comprehends in it. We may say that it is the world of reason rather than the world of literal fact.

I think that it was Cicero who wrote that "life without art was death." It would be true to say that life without art is not death; it is but half life. We may exist on this earth without art. We may live as certain savage tribes or the Esquimaux, with art so rude as to be unworthy of the name of art. But what kind of life is it for civilized man? It is not that the art for which I am appealing is to make the people more comfortable or better fed. I place it entirely on a spiritual and moral plane, and I dare to say that if this people is to exist as a nation, it will have to do it through the consideration and knowledge of those beautiful things which are enduring.

Some of you will be astounded when the fact is brought home to you in this direct way, that you are being cheated out of your best life; that there is a world about you which your eyes have not been trained to see; that "there is a heaven," as Wordsworth puts it, "near us from our childhood," and that under normal conditions of civilized living we can increase our potentiality for life and enjoyment a hundred fold. And it is the artist's mission to reveal to you this

hidden world, and when he has once opened out its beauties to you, you may go from world to world, forever enjoying and forever finding something new to enjoy. What was once considered the abstraction of the poet, namely, that man is changed into the image of that which he looks upon, is now found to be scientifically true; and if we wish our children to have beautiful faces and beautiful lives, we must place before them only what is noble, lovely, and inspiring.

As long ago as Sappho the poets have sung that the good and the beautiful were one; and the love of beauty is impossible without the love of truth and the love of God.

There is in the study and the love of beautiful things a steady growth and progression without weariness and effort.

Art and religion have had many martyrs. Men have died for the truth in art as well as in religion. I have known such men, martyred because they would not sacrifice their high ideals to the demands of trade; because they would not belittle their vision to the money standard placed upon it by their contemporaries. But that time is passing away. Still we must not forget such men or fail to honor them. Lowell has remembered them fitly in his poem "Massaccio." He beautifully writes of this artist:

He came to Florence long ago,
And painted here these walls that shone
For Raphael and for Angelo,
With secrets deeper than his own;
Then shrank into the dark again,
And died, we know not how or when.
Thoughts that great hearts broke for, we
Breathe cheaply in the common air.

The art of to-day is to express the character and the feeling of the nineteenth and the twentieth centuries, — the dawn and the dream of humanity; the human and the Christian relation of man to his fellows, with the many colors, brilliant and sombre, which play about this relationship. If any of you have visited the Paestum, or stood upon the cliffs of Girgenti in southernmost Sicily, overlooking that wondrous expanse of sky and sea, and called up the people who constructed those Titanic temples outlasting time, you have felt that peculiar awe steal over you, and with it a sense of desolation not inspired by the ruins of column and pediment, but the result of a lack of a something the present heart demands, and which all true artists of this day are vaguely trying to produce. What is it? Can I formulate

it? Can I give it a better name than Henry Drummond, who calls it love? I fear not, though I may spin the definition out to greater length; but we shall see. I remember meeting Phillips Brooks after his trip around the world, and his speaking on this very subject, which was very dear to him, and saying in regard to the great West that it inspired feelings sublime, awful, but it lacked the all-comforting human interest, it had no human history. He meant that no man had adequately gathered up its mighty fragments and given them back to men in such terms of beauty that our world could appropriate it with satisfaction to the heart and soul, as well as to the understanding.

Beauty builds up the natural man. I have seen a poor shoemaker working all day like a slave at his bench, with a rose stuck in front of him upon a bit of wax, and singing away as blithely as a caged lark will sing, to one bit of sky revealed to him through the shop window.

Beauty enlarges human thought for those who have no time for the technical training of the eye and the brain. It opens out to us the love of eternity. A beautiful face is like a beautiful flower; it feeds our enthusiasm, stimulates human courage, and makes all things possible to man. Michael Angelo wrote:

The might of one fair face sublimates my love.

Do I make this relationship of art to religion plain? I have attempted to show that art adds something to mere natural beauty. Indeed, Bacon defines its mission. "Art," he said, "is man added to nature." But while art completes and unifies nature, it is unjust and irreverent to attempt to place it on a level with religion. In the noblest statue ever executed, in the grandest fresco of Titian or Tintoretto, in the most consummate achievement of Rembrandt and Velasquez, indeed, in the very Parthenon and Pyramids, there is something less than in the lowliest human being that wanders about our city streets. He is divine in his own right, whereas the greatest art is but the reflection and the suggestion of this divinity. The greatest art product may be destroyed and lost forever, but it is not so with the divine element in man.

Art ministers to the serenity of the soul in danger and in sorrow, as well as in transporting joy. More than all else in this world does it reveal to man his fellow-man, in his archetypal completeness, the human and the divine. In the

crowded street of the metropolis, the lover of ideal beauty hears voices that fall sweetly upon the turmoil and the jar of the market place and make it holy ground. As Longfellow writes :

And in Thebes, the hundred-gated,
In the thoroughfare,
Breathing as if consecrated,
A diviner air;
And amid discordant noises
Of the jostling throng,
Hearing far celestial voices
Of Olympian song.

Art breaks through the purely physical, and reveals to us the underlying principle of life, the eternal. One finds this in the "Transfiguration" of Raphael, or in the "Assumption of the Virgin" by Titian. These paintings represent moments in the lives of the artists when the light of truth broke in unobstructedly upon their souls.

Artists, as well as laymen, are inclined to be the victims of the "isms" and the mistakes of this age of invention. The safeguard lies always in throwing art back upon the thing it reflects, which is life, — and in purifying and simplifying that thing you purify and clarify the reflection. It does not take a great thinker to know, when he once puts his mind upon this subject, that a man's art can only be what he is himself; and when he has once made his mind up to this, he reduces all these vexed questions concerning art down to a very simple principle, and furnishes a safeguard for life as well as art. Shakespeare has well said: "Art holds the mirror up to nature." His art did this, therefore it was supremely great.

Let us take this question of art more seriously. It is not a thing to be put on and off like a garment; it is an atmosphere. Men and nations are known by their prevailing intention and thought.

How shall we know great art when we see it? In the most natural way, — by its uplifting power. Some one has said that there are no revelations to-day, and but very little inspiration. Whose fault is it? If our hearts and lives are tuned to the beauty that lies all about us, revelation will be as natural as breathing. But if our hearts and minds are filled with foreign influences, beauty finds place elsewhere.

When I see a work of art I always wish to trace it to its

fountain head, as one follows eagerly to its wellsprings some clear river, and never have I been disappointed in so doing. But not to be disappointed, you must take the trend of the artist's life, not the accident of a slip or a false step which the world is too apt to seize upon, overlooking the man's intentions and achievements. It would seem as if art's special vocation ought to be to make our cities and homes as beautiful as the country, so that we may find in them that order of rest which nature furnishes.

A thing of beauty is a joy forever.
 Its loveliness increases; it can never
 Pass into nothingness, but still will keep
 A bower quiet for us, and a sleep
 Full of sweet dreams, and health and quiet breathing.

Out of the depths of his great soul and experience Shakespeare spoke the following words :

Poor soul, the centre of my sinful earth,
 Fooled by these rebel powers that thee array,
 Why dost thou pine within, and suffer dearth
 Painting thy outward walls so costly gay?
 Why so large cost, having so short a lease,
 Dost thou upon thy fading mansion spend?
 Shall worms, inheritors of this excess,
 Eat up thy charge? Is this thy body's end?
 Then, soul, live thou upon thy servant's loss,
 And let that pine to aggravate thy store;
 Buy terms divine in selling hours of dross;
 Within be fed, without be rich no more:
 So shalt thou feed on Death, that feeds on men,
 And, Death once dead, there's no more dying then.

These words of Shakespeare tally with those of Angelo, Dante, Milton, and the truly great artists of all time. It is only among the second-rate men, men of lower degree, that you find art taking the place of religion, — among the inspired, never! Let us have done with this idle and harmful talk about "art for art's sake." All great art is for God's sake and the uplifting of mankind. The greatest artist of this century, Millais, found the inspiration of his life and its consolation in the Bible. Phillips Brooks has well written that —

The application of moral standards to history, to art, and to pure letters must be learned and taught. The isolation of the artistic impulse from all moral judgments and purposes must be restrained and remedied. The whole thought of art must be enlarged and mellowed till it develops a relation to the spiritual and moral natures as well as to the senses of mankind.

Working along these lines, America must produce an art

second to no other ; but if we are driven by thoughtless critics or material and sensual living from the clean and simple faith of the masters, from a humble and childlike dependence upon almighty God, our art products will be unworthy to endure and be forgotten among the wastes of time, as are the gaudy and brilliant products of Sidon and Tyre.

THE TELEGRAPH MONOPOLY.

BY PROF. FRANK PARSONS.

X.

§ 5. *The experience of England* constitutes a most powerful argument for public ownership of the telegraph. Up to 1870 the telegraph business in Great Britain was in the hands of private companies, and for many years complaints had been made of excessive charges, poor service, and inadequate facilities.¹ The companies pretended to compete, but in reality had an understanding among themselves which prevented the reduction of rates to a just figure. They were satisfied to keep the tariff up and allow each company to obtain such share of the business as its territory and facilities commanded. And when in 1861 the United Kingdom Company was established for the purpose of reducing the rate to 1s. irrespective of distance, it encountered such formidable opposition from the combination among the old companies that it was forced to abandon its attempt and swing into line.²

In 1869 the tariff charged by the United Kingdom Company as well as by the older Electric, International, British and Irish Magnetic Companies was:

| | |
|------------|---|
| 1s. | (24 cents) for 20 words up to 100 miles. |
| 1s. 6d. | (36 cents) for 20 words up to 200 miles. |
| 2s. | (48 cents) for 20 words beyond 200 miles. |
| 3s. to 6s. | for messages to Ireland. |

In many instances these rates, high as they were, did not cover the whole transmission of a telegram. They only applied to the wires of a single company, and when a message had to be transmitted over the systems of two or more companies, an additional charge, frequently of considerable amount, was levied.³

¹ The first line was built, according to some authorities, in 1839, according to others, in 1843, and still others say 1846. By 1854 there were numerous complaints of error, extortion, and inadequacy, and Thomas Allan set the people to thinking about the advisability of public ownership. Similar complaints and proposals were made at short intervals until the Edinburgh Chamber of Commerce took the matter up in 1865 and started an agitation which with the aid of Mr. Scudamore's knowledge and Mr. Gladstone's political strength secured the needful legislation in 1868-9.

² Papers on Electric Telegraph. Eng. 1868, pp. 53, 55, 202. Ency. Brit., P. O., sub-head Postal Telegraphs.

³ Quoted from the 41st Report of the Eng. P. M. Gen'l, Arnold Morley, 1886, p. 33, arranging the rates in tabular form for reader comparison. Besides the companies

These rates were scandalously high, and yet our own people at the time in question (1869) were frequently compelled to pay from five to six times as much for the same distance and the same number of words.⁴

In 1865 the Edinburgh Chamber of Commerce called the attention of Lord Stanley, the Postmaster-General, to the telegraph question, showing that the rates were unreasonably high, the transmission unsatisfactory because of delays and inaccuracies, the treatment of the press unfair, and many towns and districts wholly unprovided for. The Edinburgh committee gave careful consideration to three different remedial measures: (1) a regulated amalgamation of existing companies; (2) the establishment of entire free trade in public telegraphy; (3) the transfer of the service to the post office. Its conclusion was in favor of the last, but it agreed to recommend the appointment of a royal commission of inquiry prior to legislation.

Lord Stanley appointed Frank Ives Scudamore to "inquire whether the telegraph might be beneficially worked by the post office." Mr. Scudamore was a man of the highest character, thoroughly impartial, and of very fine ability. He made a scientific study of the abuses of the existing service in England, the condition of the service in other countries, the benefits likely to result from a postal system, and the difficulties and disadvantages that might attach to it. The result was that he came to believe in the postal telegraph, and in 1866 made his report, a very able paper, conclusively showing the advantages of the proposed plan. In 1868 he made a supplementary report to Lord Stanley's successor, the Earl of Montrose, who transmitted it to the House of Lords with a communication of which the following is a part:

In the enclosed report, and that which preceded it, frequent reference is made to the manner in which the telegraph systems of Belgium and Switzerland have been framed and maintained by the post offices of those countries. The example of the colony of Victoria might, however, have been cited with equal propriety; for in that colony the telegraph has long been worked by the post office, and with such success that although the charges for transmission are high, the proportion of telegrams to letters is as high as in Belgium. There is indeed nothing new in the

mentioned there were the London and Provincial, the Universal Private, and a few other small companies. There was nominally a "local" rate of 6*d.* in London and some other large towns, but its scope was so restricted that it only applied to about 2 per cent of the total number of telegrams.

⁴H. Rep. 114, p. 6, where a table of rates from Washington in 1869 shows that 50 cents would do as much on the English lines as \$2.70 to \$3 would do in many cases on our own lines.

proposed scheme. Of its various parts each has been tried, and tried with success, either in Belgium, in Switzerland, in France, or in a British colony; and taking into account the greater wealth and commercial activity of the United Kingdom, I see no reason to doubt that the scheme, as a whole, will be equally successful here.

Your lordships will readily perceive that such a system, besides facilitating social intercourse, strengthening and multiplying the relations between the inhabitants of different districts, and stimulating the growth of trade and commerce, will also strengthen the country from hostility from without, and aid in the maintaining of law and order within the kingdom.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer in moving for leave to introduce the bill said:

It would be admitted as a general principle that the monopoly that had succeeded so well in regard to the conveyance of letters might be expected to succeed equally as well in a more rapid method of communication. I am not aware of any objection to monopoly in one case that would not hold good in the other. This country is behind others in the matter of telegraphic communication. The proportion of telegrams to letters is far less in this country than in Belgium or Switzerland. In 1866 the proportions were in Belgium 1 to 37; in Switzerland, 1 to 69; in Great Britain 1 to 121.⁵

These figures show that we are suffering from high rates for telegraphic communication, and inadequate facilities. If we were equally favored in the matter of charges, etc., the probability is that the proportion of telegrams would be largely increased. Our present system does not give satisfaction to the commercial world. A deputation from the Associated Chambers of Commerce waited upon the Postmaster-General and myself at the treasury to present a memorial on this subject. They complained of high rates, vexatious delays, inaccurate rendering of messages, and the absence of telegraphic communication in whole districts. Under the present system of private administration there is little prospect of fair reduction in rates. The cost of working the telegraph system is greater than it would be in the hands of the State. If telegraphing were made the monopoly of the post office it would be able to work at much lower rates than the companies.

After speaking of the extortionate charges of the private companies in the paragraph already quoted, Postmaster-General Morley continues thus:

Not only were the charges high, but the systems were incomplete. It was in the nature of things that companies whose aim was to secure a profit for their shareholders should restrict their operations as far as possible to the principal towns. In the absence of an obligation to work the telegraphs as a national undertaking, they naturally refrained from extensions to the smaller towns and villages, or to districts remote from the chief centres of population, which could not be expected to yield a remunerative business. Thus several towns in England and Wales with from 3,000 to 6,000 inhabitants were without any telegraph facilities, being situated at distances of from 5 to 10 miles from the nearest telegraph station. Where such towns were provided with telegraphic communication, the office was, as a rule, situated at the railway station, frequently at an inconvenient distance from the centre of the town. The

⁵ Now that Great Britain has a National Telegraph the proportions are 1 to 22, 1 to 30, and 1 to 30 respectively.

telegraphs were originally confined to the railways, and to a large extent this system prevailed up to the time of the transfer. It was only in the large towns that "town offices" had been opened, and these offices were neither numerous nor suitably distributed.⁶

In the large towns the telegraph offices were not well distributed. The offices of three or four companies were apt to be clustered together in the business centre of the city, sometimes only a few yards distant from each other, while the suburbs and outlying districts were almost wholly neglected. When the inquiry of 1865 was instituted the total number of places supplied with telegraphic communication by all the companies together was about 1000, while the number of places having postal communication at the same date was 10,685.

Postmaster-General Morley says, p. 34:

It was a natural result of these conditions that the use of the telegraph was confined to a comparatively small section of the population. The companies themselves stated that their wires were chiefly used by "stock brokers, mining agents, ship brokers, colonial brokers, racing and betting men, fishmongers, fruit merchants, and others engaged in business of a speculative character, or who deal in articles of a perishable nature."

The situation is thus graphically described by Mr. Scudamore:

By maintaining high charges as long as they could, by reducing those charges inch by inch as it were, and only under pressure, by the confinement of their operations to important towns, and by planting their offices mainly in the business centres of those towns, the telegraph companies had brought speculative men, and speculative men only, to a free use of the telegraph. Whoever could make money on a turn of the market, whoever could advantageously place a few pounds when "Bumblebee" went below "Dulcibella" in the betting, whoever had it at heart to let Thames Street know that there was a large take of herrings at Wick, rushed cheerfully to the telegraph office, and would have submitted to any inconvenience, and paid any charge, to get his message through in time. But the general public, puzzled by a variable and complex tariff and disheartened by the distance of the telegraph offices from their doors, had got to regard the telegraph as a medium of communication which they might use in times of sore necessity, and then only, and to look upon a telegraph message with a feeling amounting to fear.

The parallel between the English telegraph before 1870 and our own system to-day is very striking — we have in an aggravated form all the evils the English reformers complained of, and several additional ones of our own — boundless dilution of stock, enormous profits, telegraphic millionnaires, monopoly of market reports, systematic ill treatment

⁶41st Rep. Eng. P. M. Gen'l, p. 33.

of employees, etc. England had abundant reason for revolt; America has still greater reason.

The press of Great Britain, as we have seen, demanded a government telegraph, and persisted in discussing the subject in spite of the threatened stoppage of their despatches.

During the years 1865 to 1868 the agitation was taken up by mercantile associations all over the kingdom, and finally the Chambers of Commerce of thirty prominent cities memorialized the House of Commons, and sent a deputation to confer with the Postmaster-General. The memorial stated that the petitioners "had reason to complain of the high rates charged by existing companies for the transmission of messages, of frequent and vexatious delays in their delivery, of their inaccurate rendering, and of the fact that many important towns and even whole districts are unsupplied with the means of telegraphic communication."⁷

The House of Commons referred the memorial to a "select committee on the telegraph bill," and this committee made a very lengthy investigation of the whole subject. A great number of witnesses both friendly and unfriendly to the proposed legislation were called and examined, among them Mr. Scudamore, who most ably advocated a national telegraph system and successfully met all objections. He advocated the union of the telegraph and postal services, the reduction of rates, the extension of facilities to the whole population, the improvement of the service by keeping the offices open longer and making better arrangements for rapid transmission and delivery, the provision for an effective "free trade" in the collection of news for the press (of which collection the old telegraph companies had possessed a virtual monopoly), the severance of domestic and commercial telegraphy from the railway service, and provision for the transmission of money orders by telegraph.⁸ He pointed to the amalgamation of the telegraph and the post office in Belgium, Switzerland, France, Victoria, New South Wales, etc.; the establishment of places of deposit for messages in addition to the places of transmission as in Belgium; the use of telegraphic stamps in Belgium and France; the telegraphic money-order offices of Switzerland and Prussia; and called attention to the low rates, general use, great economy, efficient service, and universal satisfaction afforded by the government telegraphs in

⁷ See account of the memorial in H. Rep. 114, pp. 6-8.

⁸ See Scudamore's Supplementary Report, p. 142.

the countries named. He disclaimed originality in respect to any portion of the plan he proposed, showing that every part of it was already in successful operation in other countries.⁹

The telegraph companies used every effort to prevent and impede the reform. The objections they raised were :

1. It was not the government's business to telegraph.
2. There would be a loss if it did.
3. The telegraph would be better conducted under private enterprise.
4. The government rates would be higher.
5. And the use of the telegraph would decrease.
6. The government service would be non-progressive — no stimulus to invention, etc.
7. The secrecy of messages would be violated.
8. The telegraph would be used as a party machine.
9. The government could not be sued.
10. To establish a public telegraph would be an arbitrary and unjust interference with private interests. The companies had risked their capital in the new enterprise, and just as they were about to get their reward the government was going to take the business away from them, — private enterprise experimented and the people wanted to steal the fruit.

These objections are very familiar. Our monopolists know them by heart, and use them over and over, taking no notice of the answers to them no matter how many times they are refuted. It is easy to answer them *a priori*, and the overwhelming demonstration of their falsity by the actual experience of England ought to have buried them forever beyond the possibility of disinterment.

1. It is the government's business to transmit intelligence, and that business includes the use of the telegraph and all other appropriate means of transmission.

2. If rates remained the same, an increase of profit instead of a loss was to be expected by reason of the economies that would result from a united telegraph in combination with the postal service. The people could keep rates up and realize a large profit, or put rates down, thereby increasing the usefulness of the telegraph, and taking their profit in the form of more and better service for the same money. They did the latter, and as a matter of fact they have saved, at the lowest estimate, 150 millions of dollars in 25 years — the telegraphing they have done would have cost them at least 150 millions more than it has cost, including expenses of operation, extensions, repairs, interest on the capital, water purchase and all.

⁹ Minutes of Evid. taken by Commons committee.

3. It stands to reason that a servant appointed and paid by himself, and whose avowed interest and effort are to line his own pocket with the utmost possible "giltiness" consistent with his personal safety, — it stands to reason that such a servant will not conduct your telegraph or any other business of yours as well as you can do it yourself, or have it done by your own agent. As a matter of fact the public telegraph service turned out to be vastly superior to the private telegraph service according to the universal verdict of the English people.

4. It was reasonable to expect that the government rates would be lower, because the government would work at cost, and would moreover secure an absolute economy relatively to private corporations in the conduct of the telegraph. In fact the rates dropped at once $\frac{1}{3}$ to $\frac{2}{3}$, average $\frac{1}{2}$, and afterward the ordinary inland rate was again reduced almost $\frac{1}{2}$.

5. The use of the telegraph doubled the first year.

6. The government service has adopted new inventions, and shown a progressive spirit in respect to employees, as well as the service of the public.

7. There has been no complaint of violation of secrecy.

8. Nor the least suspicion of partisan use.

9. The government can be sued and is sued. Claims against the government are tried judicially the same as other claims.

10. Interference with private interests to accomplish a public good is not arbitrary and unjust, it is the very essence of justice and good government. The private interests of gamblers, saloon-keepers, opium-sellers, ship-owners, house-builders, powder-makers, bone-grinders, grain-elevator men, etc. — private interests both good and bad — are interfered with for the sake of the public welfare. Telegraph interests form no exception. The companies had already received large returns on their investment, and would receive full compensation for their capital when the public took their plant — more than full compensation as it turned out.

The companies themselves knew enough to understand that all their pleas from one to nine were nonsense, — mere scarecrows to frighten ignorant timidity. It is possible they might have put some faith in the tenth point.

Men who have long enjoyed the privilege of putting their hands in their neighbors' pockets may really regard an interference with their time-honored custom as arbitrary and unjust.

Kings and emperors have not been noted for recognizing the wisdom and justice of democracy. No matter how arbitrary and unjust a despotism may be, it will hurl the whole of ethics at anyone who brings a suit of ejectment against it.

The merchants, the press, and the people generally were not deceived by the outcry raised by the companies and a few conservatives who, not being able to distinguish between proper and improper extension of government functions, were fearful of any enlargement of public activities. The people knew, without reading the refutations of learned men, that the companies' pleas from one to ten were lies and sophistries, that their only real objection was the loss of an opportunity for unjust profits (profits far larger than could be expected from the same capital in any fair field of investment), and that private profits and private interests must yield to the public good even when those interests and profits are just and right, much more when they are in themselves a menace to the commonwealth. It was clear that a postal telegraph would serve the people better and at less cost than a private telegraph, and therefore a postal telegraph must be established.

In 1868, as we have said, the Chambers of Commerce petitioned the Commons, charging the existing telegraph system with extortion, error, and inadequacy. Mr. Scudamore's reports and the committee's investigations gave overwhelming evidence of the truth of the charge and of the advantages of a national system. The press urged a change. The liberal leader, Mr. Gladstone, then as always anxious for the public weal and for that alone, took up the measure, bore down the opposition of the companies, and secured the passage of a law (July 31, 1868) enabling the Postmaster-General to purchase the whole, or any part he thought fit, of any existing telegraph property. And in 1869 another act was passed giving the post office the exclusive control of the telegraph business.

On the 29th of January, 1870, all the telegraphs in the kingdom became an integral part of the post office. The government bought from the companies 77,000 miles of wire with equipment for \$32,108,214, or \$416 a mile. The lines had cost the companies only \$11,000,000, and were really worth at the time of the transfer not more than \$8,000,000.¹⁰ This was England's mistake. She paid at least four times

¹⁰ Bronson C. Keeler in the *Forum*, Vol. IX, p. 457. The 41st Rep. of the Eng. P. M. Gen'l, p. 37, gives in round numbers £8,000,000 as the payment for existing lines and £2,130,000 for immediate extensions.

the value of the lines, probably more — the French government put up 68,000 miles of wire with equipment for \$65 to \$66 a mile.¹¹ When the acts of 1868-9 were passed in spite of all the companies could do, they determined at least to make the transfer as difficult and costly as possible. It was easy to raise the value of stock in contemplation of a government purchase, — such a rise would be apt to take place to some extent even without manipulation. In some cases shares that were selling for \$125 in 1866-7 realized the holders \$400 when the lines were sold to the government. The shares of another company rose from \$132 in November, 1867, to \$255 at the time of the government purchase. In another company the shares rose from \$30 to \$133.¹² And yet the companies did not always get what they asked by any means. The Northeastern Railway Company claimed £540,292 in compensation for its telegraph department besides a large sum for interest; it was awarded in all £168,696. The Metropolitan Railway Company claimed in all £433,000 and were awarded £51,907. These two instances out of more than twenty suffice to show the extent to which the fraudulent greed of the companies would have bled the country if it had had its way unchecked.¹³

The government's first move was the rapid extension of the lines into districts hitherto unprovided with telegraph facilities, and the reduction of the tariff to the uniform rate of 1s. for 20 words social or commercial, and 75 words press by day, 100 words by night, all irrespective of distance, a reduction estimated at one-third to one-half.¹⁴

The result was a vast and immediate increase in the popular use of the telegraph. Social messages and newspaper traffic developed enormously. The telegraph became something more than an aid to speculation, and began to be of use to the *people*. The government continued year by year to improve the means of communication, and in 1885 the tariff

¹¹ Keeler; H. Rep. 114, p. 88; Sen. Rep. 18.

¹² H. Rep. 114, p. 36. B. C. Keeler in *Forum*, Vol. IX, p. 450. Wanamaker's Arg. p. 130.

¹³ Twenty-fifth Rep. of Eng. P. M. Gen'l, 1879, p. 21.

¹⁴ Considering ordinary inland messages (not including press despatches) Mr. Scudamore calculated that the average rate was reduced from 36 cents to 26 cents or about one-third. (Ex. Doc., 1871-2, P. M. Gen'l Creswell's Rep., Nov. 18, 1871, p. xxvi, citing Mr. Scudamore's figures.) Taking the entire business into account, Mr. Price and our Senate committee, 1874, say that the average rate was reduced about one-half. (Sen. Rep. 242, 43-1, p. 9; "Postal Telegraphy," by J. A. Price, November, 1882.)

was further reduced to 12 cents for 12 words and 1 cent for each additional word. The address, however, which up to 1885 had been free, had now to be counted and paid for. Concerning this change Postmaster-General Morley says :

The reduction of the tariff in 1885 opened a new era. A comparison of the old tariff of 1s. for 20 words with 3d. for each additional group of five words and the new tariff of 6d. for 12 words with $\frac{1}{2}$ d. for each additional word is complicated by the fact that the free addresses allowed under the former tariff were abolished under the latter. But the point that can be clearly seen is that, whereas it had been impossible to send a telegram, however short, at a less charge than 1s., a telegram of 12 words could now be sent for 6d. The fact that addresses were now charged for did not prevent the senders of telegrams from so reducing the number of chargeable words as to obtain the full benefit of the lower tariff. The actual length of the telegrams was largely curtailed, especially in the addresses; and economy was effected through the operation of certain new rules, one of which prescribed that figures, formerly chargeable each as a single word, should be counted at the rate of five figures to a word. In the result a large proportion of the total number of telegrams was brought within the minimum charge of 6d., while the average charge, which had been 1s. 1d. in 1885, was reduced to about 8d. in 1886, and has since fallen below $7\frac{1}{4}$ d. Under the reduced tariff, telegraph business again received a powerful stimulus. The charge was so low as to popularize the telegraph service still further, and to render it available for purposes for which it had not hitherto been used. In particular, it became adapted to the requirements of local traffic; and in London the local telegrams were more than doubled in about two years, having risen from about 1,800,000 in 1884-85 to 3,800,000 in 1886-87.¹⁵

No class or interest was more benefited by the change than the press. The comparison between the year before and the year after the transfer is clearly and concisely stated by Postmaster-General Creswell in his report for 1871 :

The companies before the transfer sent news to 306 subscribers in 144 towns only in the United Kingdom; the postal telegraph sent news to 1,106 subscribers in 365 towns. The companies sent news to 173 newspapers only; the postal telegraph sent news to 467 newspapers, showing an increase of 221 in the number of towns to which news was sent, an increase of 800 in the total number of subscribers for news, and an increase of 294 in the number of newspapers taking news. There was, moreover, a vast increase in the quantity of news transmitted. The companies sent, during the session of Parliament, nearly 6,000 words of news daily; during the remainder of the year they sent nearly 4,000 words daily. The postal telegraph sent, during the session of Parliament, in behalf of the news associations, nearly 20,000 words of news daily; and during the remainder of the year nearly 15,000 words daily. The postal telegraph also transmitted 15,000 to 20,000 words daily for the ordinary newspaper correspondents; and seven newspapers rented special wires during the night at the uniform rate of £500, instead of rates ranging from £750 to £1,000, as before.¹⁶

Postmaster-General Morley speaks of the press service as follows :

¹⁵ Forty-first Rep. Eng. P. M. Gen'l, 1895, p. 35.

¹⁶ Ex. Doc., 1871-2. P. M. Gen'l's Rep. Nov. 18, 1871, pp. xxvi, xxvii.

The charge specified in the Telegraph Act of 1868 for press telegrams is 1s. for 75 words during the day, or for 100 words at night. But a proviso was added that for copies the charge was to be only 2d. per 75 or 100 words, and no condition was laid down as to the copy being for the same town as the original. The newspapers accordingly combined to receive from the news associations, messages in identical terms, and by dividing the cost they are enabled to get the benefit of a rate which comes nearer 2d. than 1s., the average charge being, in fact, about $4\frac{1}{2}$ d. per 100 words.¹⁷

And again :

The tariff for press telegrams in this country, working out as it does, on the average, at about $4\frac{1}{2}$ d. per 100 words, is the lowest in the world, and the amount of work performed for the press is without a parallel in any other country. Although the press telegrams, 5,400,000 in number, are included in the total of 71,589,000, no allowance is made for their exceptional length. Being of an average length of about 120 words, they contain an aggregate of about 650,000,000 words as compared with an aggregate of about 970,000,000 in all other telegrams. It is a striking fact that the words dealt with for the press form no less than two-fifths of the total number of words.¹⁸

The wonderful growth of the English system since 1869 is shown in the following table : ¹⁹

TABLE I.

| | 1869 | 1870 | 1871 | 1879-80 | 1894-5 |
|------------------------|-----------|------------|------------|------------|------------|
| No. of offices | 2,488 | 3,000 | 5,000 | 5,331 | 10,000 |
| Miles line | 5,601 | 15,000 | 22,000 | 23,156 | 35,000 |
| Miles wire | 48,990 | 60,000 | 83,000 | 110,851 | 215,000 |
| Instruments | 2,200 | 4,000 | 6,000 | 12,000 | 26,000 |
| Messages | 6,500,000 | 10,000,000 | 12,500,000 | 26,547,000 | 71,589,000 |

Note the great extension of lines and the increase of offices and instruments in the very first year of public ownership.

Even before it took charge of the traffic the government built many new lines, and put up a great deal of wire in order that it might so far as possible offer the people reasonable facilities at the very start. The statistics as to offices

¹⁷ 41st Rep. Eng. P. M. Gen'l, 1896, p. 37.

¹⁸ *Ibid.* pp. 35-6. For the composition of the 71,589,000 messages in detail, see note 17, Part IX of this discussion.

¹⁹ The facts will be found in the 41st Report of the Eng. P. M. Gen'l, pp. 34, 36; the report of Hon. Henry Fawcett, Aug. 14, 1880; the Report of the Exec. Com. of the Nat'l Board of Trade, Nov. 15, 1882; "Postal Telegraphy," by J. A. Price; P. M. Gen'l Creswell's Rep. for 1871; Report of Select Com. on Telegraphs, 1876 (Commons Session Papers, No. 357).

do not fully disclose the difference between the two systems, for, as we have seen, in many places the offices of several different companies were clustered together within a few rods of each other, while each office of the postal telegraph was in the centre of a distinct locality.²⁰ Moreover, the post offices and post boxes are used as places of deposit, for telegrams, stamped like letters for transmission at uniform rates. The number of contacts of each hundred persons with the postal facilities is very much greater than with the telegraph offices, especially when they are chiefly located in railway stations as was the case before the transfer. The number of times per month that the average citizen goes to the post office or passes near it or a post box is vastly greater than the number of times he goes to a railway station or passes near it. Referring to English progress in the middle of the postal year 1870-1, Senate Document 79 says:

Since the purchase 1,807 old offices have been continued in operation and 2,133 new offices opened. *Ninety-one per cent of the telegrams pass through the new offices because they are easier of access and more conveniently located.*²¹

The number of messages per annum nearly doubled within two years after the change, and the volume of business transmitted, the words sent over the lines, came near doubling the very first year after the transfer.²² The actual amount of work done by the telegraph, the number of word-miles, in all probability more than doubled the first year after the transfer.²³

The percentage of growth in the business of the British

²⁰ 41st Rep. of Eng. P. O., p. 34.

²¹ Sen. Mis. No. 79, 42-3, p. 5.

²² This was due partly to the large increase in the number of messages, partly to the increased length of messages resulting from lower rates, and partly to the enormous increase of press work. (See Creswell's Rep. 1871, above quoted.) The data indicate about 2,000,000 words of press in 1869, and 12,000,000 words in 1870, — a tremendous growth which has continued to the present time, the words of press handled by the telegraph in the year 1894-5 being 650,000,000. (41st Rep. of Eng. Postmaster-Gen'l, p. 36.) The U. S. Consular Report of 1895, cited in Sen. Doc. 205, 54-1, p. 49, places the press work of 1870 at 22,000,000 words, but this does not agree with the data of reports made at the time so far as counsel have been able to inspect them.

²³ The transmission of one word one mile constitutes a word-mile, which we think might be used as the unit of telegraph work, just as a car-mile is the unit of railroad work. It would be more scientifically correct perhaps to take a letter-mile as the unit, since words vary so much in length; but so minute a unit would prove burdensome in practice, and in comparing any considerable volumes of business the average length of a word will be found to be so nearly a constant quantity that the word measure will give very satisfactory results. The number of word-miles may be found by multiplying the number of words transmitted by the average distance of transmission in miles; or by multiplying together the number of messages, the average number of

telegraph during the first year of public ownership was four times greater than the largest growth ever made in one year by the American system according to the figures published by the Western Union. The growth of the British telegraph from 1869 to 1895 is double the growth of the American telegraph in the same time, the business of England being now about eleven fold the business of 1869, while the business here is only $5\frac{1}{2}$ times our business in 1869, — a contrast which is greatly intensified by the fact that our population has increased about three times as fast as Great Britain's, so that relatively to the population the English public telegraph has grown six times as fast as our private telegraph. The following table shows the facts, — the year 1889 being taken instead of 1895 because the census affords precise data as to our population for that year :²⁴

TABLE II.

| | Population in Millions | | | Messages in Millions | | |
|-----------------------|------------------------|------|----------|----------------------|------|----------|
| | 1869 | 1889 | Increase | 1869 | 1889 | Increase |
| Great Britain | 31. | 37.8 | 22 % | 6.5 | 62.4 | 860 % |
| United States | 38.5 | 62.4 | 63 % | 13. | 57. | 340 % |

The reader will note that the percentage of increase in population here is nearly three times the English increase, while the percentage of increase in the English telegraph is more than two and a half times the telegraph increase here ;

words to a message, and the average transmission in miles; or by multiplying the words of each message by the distance it is transmitted and adding the products. The number of words transmitted in 1869 appears to have been about 175 millions, and in 1870, 300 millions, within 16 per cent of doubling the quantity of words; and as the average distance of transmission was considerably greater in 1870 by reason of the large extension of lines across more thinly peopled districts, there seems no room to doubt that the actual business done by the telegraph of 1870 was more than double the business of 1869.

²⁴The number of messages sent on all the lines in the United States in 1899 is taken from Western Union statements and testimony by the Washburn committee in 1870 (H. Rep. 114, pp. 21, 22, 37, 49, 125, 129), and the testimony of Gardiner G. Hubbard (*Ibid.* p. 150). The committee's own estimate was higher. We have taken the lowest figure that will accord with any of the statements made at the time so as to give our telegraph every possible advantage in the comparison. The number of messages sent on all our lines in 1889 is taken from Mulhall's Dictionary of Statistics. The population of Great Britain is stated on the same authority. The population of the United States is from the census returns, and the message statistics of Great Britain are from the 41st Rep. of the Eng. P. M. Gen'l. See further, "Postal Telegraphy," by J. A. Price; Rep. of Nat. Bd. Trade, Nov. 15, 1882; Hon. Henry Fawcett's Rep., Aug. 14, 1880.

wherefore the English telegraph has grown more than 6 times as rapidly as ours relatively to the population. In 1869 there was about 1 message to 5 persons in England, and 1 to 3 persons in the United States, — our telegraph was considerably ahead of the English telegraph when both were in private hands, but when the English system became public it speedily came up with ours, passed it and left it far in the rear, and now the messages are nearly 2 to each person in Great Britain and less than 1 to each person here.

On the other hand the postal service, which is public in both countries, has developed much more rapidly in this country than in Great Britain. Starting centuries after the English post, our system has overtaken it and passed it.²⁵

Aside from interest on the telegraph debt (which was a mistake we do not need to imitate) the English telegraph has paid all expenses (operation, repairs, extensions, etc.) from January, 1870, to July, 1895, and given the country a profit of more than 8½ millions — the profit above operating expenses alone being over 25 millions.²⁶ The postal service as a whole turned into the treasury last year more than 14 millions of dollars net — enough to pay interest on the aforesaid debt and all cost of new construction and still leave a clear profit of about 12 millions.

²⁵ For 1892 the total correspondence according to official international statistics stood 76.8 *per capita* in the U. S., and 71.2 in Great Britain. (41st Rep. Eng. P. M. Gen'l, p. 2.) For 1894-5 the figure was 74 for G. B., and about 77 for the United States. The number of letters and postal cards dealt with by our post office is about one-fifth less *per capita* in the United States than in Great Britain. (Mulhall's Dictionary of Statistics, p. 457; 41st Rep. of Eng. P. M. Gen'l, pp. 2, 40; Rep. of P. M. Gen'l of U. S., 1894, p. 32.) But the total use made of the post office is greater with us than in Great Britain. The beginning of the government postal service in Great Britain goes back to the 13th century. Mounted messengers in royal livery carried government despatches. The period at which these public messengers began the systematic carriage of private letters is variously stated as the 13th, 14th, 15th, and 16th centuries. That it was at least not later than the 15th century seems to be proved by private letters still existing and bearing indorsements showing that they were conveyed by relays of men and horses under government control. Sir Brian Tuke (1533) is the first postmaster whose name has come down to us. James I greatly improved the service, and in 1607 made James Stanhope postmaster-general of England. In America the first notice we have of the post office is in the records of the General Court of Massachusetts in 1639. In Virginia the colonial law of 1637 required every planter to provide a messenger to convey despatches as they arrived to the next plantation, the forfeit in case of failure being a hog'shead of tobacco. In 1672 the government of New York established "a post to goe monthly from New York to Boston." The office of postmaster-general of America was created in 1692, and Franklin became the acting postmaster-general in 1753.

²⁶ 41st Report of Eng. Postmaster-Gen'l, p. 10, etc., and Mr. Morley's returns to the Commons for 1895. See Part I, note 12.

The success of the English system has been achieved under considerable difficulties. While the change of tariff in 1885 reduced the average amount received for a telegram from 1*s.* 1*d.* to 7*d.*, a large addition was made to the main element of cost, namely, the pay of the staff. The proportion of the amount expended in salaries and wages to the total telegraph expenditure, which, in 1881, before the revision of Mr. Fawcett, stood at about 55 per cent, has since risen to about 65 per cent.²⁷ From 1870 to 1895 the proportion of wages to receipts rose from 39 per cent. to more than 72 per cent.²⁸ Since 1881 the hours of labor have been reduced from 56 per week to 48 day and 42 night, and all Sunday work is paid for as overtime.²⁹ Besides this, allowances for good conduct have been introduced, and the workers have pension rights, full pay during absence on sick leave (instead of half-pay as formerly), vacations of two to four weeks on full pay, medical attendance free, etc.³⁰

In addition to all this the department loses about \$1,500,000 a year on press messages which are carried somewhat below cost.³¹ The country makes the newspapers a present every year of a sum that is more than sufficient to pay the interest on the telegraph debt.

Finally "the post office has had to contend with an increasing competition on the part of the telephone companies, who have chiefly competed in that class of business, the local traffic, which afforded, under the new tariff, the greatest promise of growth. It is stated by the National Telephone Company that the volume of their business is equivalent to 280,000,000 messages of an average length of 100 words each. A good proportion of this vast business would undoubtedly, in the absence of the telephone, have been transacted by the post office."³² Yes, and if Great Britain had not dozed off again after she captured the telegraph, but had kept awake and made the telephone service a

²⁷ 41st Rep. of Eng. P. M. Gen'l, p. 37.

²⁸ Mr. Morley's returns to the Commons, Feb. 11, 1895.

²⁹ 41st Rep. Eng. P. M. Gen'l, p. 11. Counsel has not been able to ascertain with precision the hours under the old *régime* of private telegraphy, but from the best information attainable it appears that on the average they were not less than 75 to 80 per week—it is likely they were more rather than less except in a few of the largest offices.

³⁰ 41st Rep. of Eng. P. M. Gen'l, pp. 7, 11.

³¹ *Ibid.* p. 37.

³² *Ibid.* p. 34.

part of the post-office work as it ought to be, — if Great Britain had done that the *whole* of the 28 billion word business would have come to the post office and a great deal more with it, for the low rates of public service would have enormously increased the business in the case of the telephone just as they did in the case of the telegraph.³³

The difference between public and private enterprise is strikingly shown in the statement made in 1876 by a committee of the Commons that the superintending and managing staffs of the post office in 1876 comprised 590 persons as against 534 persons on the staffs of the private telegraph companies of 1867, although the telegraph system of 1876 was more than three times the bulk of the system in 1867, and the messages were over 20 millions as against less than 6 millions in 1867,³⁴ — nearly a two-thirds saving in the item of superintendence, and more than two-thirds in the money paid out for superintendence, since the salaries of public managers are much more modest than those which the managers of private corporations vote themselves.

The economy to the public in the cost of transmission

³³ When the government took the telegraph the telephone was not in use. In 1880 several telephone companies began business in England. The Postmaster-General at once brought suit on the ground that the telegraph acts gave the government a monopoly of all improvements in telegraph communication, and in the same year the case was brought before the Exchequer Division, and decided December, 1880, in favor of the government. The Postmaster-General, however, allowed the companies to continue their business on condition of paying a small royalty (10%), and numerous licenses have been since granted, so that telephonic communication has been substantially left to private companies, with the result that they have absorbed an enormous business and a vast revenue which might have been gained by the people, and really belonged to them under the acts of 1868 and 1869. (27th Rep. of Eng. P. M. Gen'l, p. 5; 28th Rep., pp. 5, 6; Law Journal Reports, January, 1881.) England has shown a disposition to mend her fault by the purchase of the telephone. The telegraph act of 1892 authorized the purchase of the trunk lines and the construction by the government of a telephone network to connect the chief centres of the United Kingdom. Proposals were long pending between the government and the National Telephone Company, which has absorbed all the others, for the purchase of the trunk lines, but it seems difficult to make satisfactory arrangements for such a purchase of the arteries alone, leaving the capillaries disconnected, and the prospect is that the government will have to make the whole system public. (Hazell's Annual, 1896, p. 639.) Later information shows that the government has already constructed a system of trunk lines, a part of which was opened to the public in 1895 and has worked very satisfactorily. The London *Electrician* of June 14, 1895, said: "We may expect that as soon as the telephone trunk system of this country has passed into the charge of the able heads which direct the telegraph system of the United Kingdom, the full capacities of inter-urban telephoning will be made apparent." The *Electrical Review* also speaks of the telegraph management as vastly superior to that of the telephone.

³⁴ Report of Select Com. on Telegraphs, 1876 (Commons Session Papers, No. 357), p. iii.

clearly appears in the sharp comparison stated by our Senate committee in 1874:

The 18 million messages of last year cost the public just what 9 millions would under the old system.³⁵

And to-day nearly 36 million messages are transmitted for the amount that 18 million cost in 1873,³⁶ so that \$1 will buy about four times the telegraph service in England now that it would in 1869 under private ownership, and yet telegraph labor is far better paid now than it was then. In this country \$1 will buy only a little more than twice as much telegraphing as in 1869, according to the Western Union reports, and labor gets a great deal less than it did, instead of more as in England. In Great Britain the money that would pay for a message in 1869 will pay for four messages now. In the United States the money that would pay for a message in 1869 will pay for about two messages now,³⁷ and the money that will buy one message here will buy nearly two in Great Britain, the average rate here being 31 cents and 16 cents in Great Britain. Public ownership has about doubled on "competition" in progressive economy and reduction of rates, in spite of the shrinkage of wages in this country and the contraction of the currency.

The progress of the English telegraph in respect to quality has been as marked as in respect to quantity and reduction of cost. Not only have all accusations of extortion become dim memories of the old *régime*, but its sister complaints of error, inadequacy, and delay have likewise practically ceased

³⁵ Sen. Rep. 242, 43-1, p. 9.

³⁶ See 41st Rep. of Eng. P. M. Gen'l, pp. 37, 66.

³⁷ In statements made at the time the Western Union said that its average charge per message in 1867 was 57 cents, and in 1869, 62 cents. (Report of the president of the Western Union for 1869, p. 41; Sen. Mis. 79, 42-3, p. 7; H. Rep. 114, pp. 20, 37, discussing W. U. pamphlets and reports, and pp. 125, 127, 129, President Orton's testimony.) The average cost to the company per message in 1869, according to President Orton, was 40 cents. (H. Rep. 114, Orton's testimony, p. 129.) The average charge is now reported as about 31 cents, and the average cost 23 cents.

In later statements the Western Union in tabulating its statistics from 1866 down has made the average charge 89 cents in 1869 and over \$1 in 1867-8, and the average cost to the company is stated as 54 cents in 1869. (Sen. Mis. 79, p. 7; Bingham Hearings, 1890, p. 53; and recent reports of the Western Union Company.) This ingenious improvement in book-keeping makes it appear that Western Union charges have dropped from more than \$1 to 31 cents, instead of from 57 to 31 cents as indicated by the early reports, and that the cost to the company has fallen from 54 to 23, instead of from 40 to 23. A variation of nearly 50 per cent between statements of the same fact by the same company suggests a doubt whether any statements of cost or any other statements of that company can be much relied upon.

to exist, while with us the volume of complaint on all four counts grows greater year by year.

The United States consul at Southampton writing in 1895 says:

The service is performed with the most perfect punctuality. It is calculated that the average time employed to-day in the transmission of a telegram between two commercial cities in England varies from seven to nine minutes, while in 1870 (under private ownership) two to three hours were necessary.³⁸

This shows that the managers of the postal telegraph have been alive to their duty of improving the organization of the service and adopting better methods of communication. In 1870 the telegraph sent only 75 words a minute and one message on a wire, — now it sends 500 words and more in a minute and 5 or 6 messages travel at once on a single wire.³⁹ England has adopted and put in practice inventions that the Western Union has kept out of use in America.⁴⁰ England has adopted the telephone, the multiplex and the automatic in her postal system, doing at least half her telegraphing with the latter, and the department is always pushing forward to new improvements, — the Western Union has done very little with any machine system, nothing with the multiplex, and refused the telephone entirely though it might have had it for a song. The English telegraphic engineers stand in the front rank. We have seen that the Western Union sent for one of them to come to the United States and examine its lines and instruct it what to do with them, and that he found the said lines in bad condition and told the Western Union how to doctor them.⁴¹ The English electricians have not deteriorated because of the transfer of the telegraph to the government. They are just as anxious to discover improvements as ever — more so, in fact, because they are surer of appreciation and reward, — the public service is more progressive than our private service and therefore promises more to progressive men, — England welcomes telegraphic invention because she aims at service, — the Western Union aims not

³⁸ United States Consular Reports, Vol. XLVII, No. 175, p. 564, Feb. 4, 1895.

³⁹ *Ibid.*

⁴⁰ Jour. Soc. Tel. Eng., Vol. XV, p. 231; and Sen. Doc. 291, 54-1, pp. 2, 6, Delaney's testimony.

⁴¹ Part III, two pages after Table III, Mr. Varley's verdict. Way along in the eighties we have evidence of the Western Union getting English operators to come to New York to help it establish a part of the English system in that city. See Part IV, note 35.

at service, but at money, and welcomes only such inventions as will help her make more money without sacrificing her investment, — if her capital is endangered, no matter how greatly the discovery would improve the service, she frowns upon it, boycotts and imprisons it.⁴²

In respect to adequacy the superiority of the English system is equally clear. It would not be fair to compare the number of offices or messages per square mile, for England is more thickly populated than the United States, but it is fair to compare the relation between telegraph facilities and postal facilities in the two countries. Great Britain has 20,000 post offices and 10,000 telegraph offices, less than one-fourth of which are railroad offices. The Western Union (the Mackay offices are mostly needless duplications) has 21,000 offices (about three-fourths of which are railroad offices or situated at places inconvenient or inaccessible to the general public, such as stock exchanges, policy shops, etc.), as against 70,000 post offices. The relation between telegraph and post office is therefore 1 to 2 in Great Britain and 1 to 3½ here, including the railroad offices, and 1 to 2.6 in Great Britain as compared with 1 to 10 in the United States, taking the commercial offices alone. That is, to every 14 post offices in Great Britain there are 7 efficient telegraph offices, while in this country to every 14 post offices there are not more than 4 efficient telegraph offices, and considering the commercial offices alone there are over 5 to 14 post offices over the sea, and about 1 to 14 post offices here. This comparison of offices, however, significant as it is, does not do full justice to England's superior telegraphic facilities, because every post office and every post box is a place where a telegram may be deposited to be taken by the postal carriers to a telegraph office and transmitted, so that, including the railway offices, the telegraph facilities of Great Britain are somewhat more extensive than even those accorded to the mails.⁴³

The real expansion of facilities from 1869 to 1895 is not disclosed by the figures of Table I. It appears to be five or six to a dozen fold, while in reality it is in all probability beyond fifty fold, because of the better location of offices and the utilization of the postal plant already referred to, and because the adoption of the quadruplex and multiplex and

⁴² See Part VIII.

⁴³ British Post Office Guide, Jan. 1, 1895, p. 437, § 22.

the increased rapidity of transmission have greatly multiplied the capacity of wires and instruments. One wire and one instrument to-day may be the equivalent in business capacity of 4, 6, 20, 40, or more wires and instruments in 1869.

The evidence of the success of public ownership in England is conclusive. In his report of Nov. 13, 1880, p. 42, Postmaster-General Maynard said :

During my visit to the British post office I examined with much interest the system of telegraphy for several years past connected with the postal service. This method of correspondence is thought to have made a great advance since it was changed from the management of private corporations, responsible to nobody, hardly to public opinion, and placed under the control of the government. *The business has increased many fold, the cost of sending messages has been largely reduced, and the service is performed in localities it would never have reached under the pecuniary stimulus of private enterprise.* At the same time it yields a margin of profit to the royal treasury. Is it not time for us to renew the inquiry whether it is wise for us to leave this important instrument of correspondence in charge of corporations whose primary object is gain to the managers and stockholders, and the convenience of the public secondary only?

Arnold Morley says :

The mainspring of the movement which led to the acquisition of the telegraph by the State was the public expectation that the post office would be able to provide for the benefit of the nation as a whole an improved service at a rate which would bring it within the reach of all classes of the community, and the post office can justly claim that this expectation has been fulfilled.⁴⁴

Bronson Keeler says :

The service is prompt, efficient, and accurate. There has never been even the slightest intimation that the telegraph is used for political purposes, or the slightest fear on the part of the people that their secrets are not safe with the government.⁴⁵

The only fault that even the Western Union has been able to find with the English postal telegraph is that at the start it could not handle all the business that came to it, — the reason being that the reduction of rates and extension of lines increased the business even beyond the expectations of the postal authorities so that it required a few weeks to completely adjust the system to the new conditions. The complaint when understood is really an argument for public ownership.

Summing up we find that for twenty-seven years Great Britain permitted the telegraph to remain in private hands ;

⁴⁴ 41st Rep. Eng. P. M. Gen'l, p. 33, July, 1880.

⁴⁵ *Forum*, Vol. IX, p. 457.

that the companies combined to keep the rates up and to destroy any real attempt at competition; that the tariff was exorbitant, the service very poor, the lines confined to the most populous districts, the treatment of employees such as is usually accorded them by private corporations; that a few thoughtful men called attention to the existing abuses and advocated national ownership as the remedy; that the Chambers of Commerce and the press took up the matter and with the help of a leading statesman carried the measure against the powerful opposition of the companies and the inertia of those afflicted with the heart failure of extreme conservatism and public distrust; that the immediate results were:

1. *A reduction in rates of $\frac{1}{3}$ to $\frac{1}{2}$.*
2. *A vast increase of business, — the work done by the telegraph doubling in the first year after the transfer.*
3. *A great extension of lines into the less populous districts so as to give the whole people the benefit of telegraphic communication.*
4. *Large additional facilities by opening more offices, locating offices more conveniently, and making every post office and post box a place where a telegram may be deposited to be taken to the nearest telegraph office for transmission.*
5. *A considerable economy by uniting the telegraph service with the mail service under a single control, avoiding useless duplications, using the same offices, the same collecting and delivery agencies, and often the same operatives for both services.*
6. *A marked improvement in the service, throwing complaint out of the steady occupation she had had so long, — the aim of the post office being service, not dividends.*
7. *A decided gain to employees in pay, hours, tenure of office, etc.*
8. *Unprecedented advantages to the press for cheap and rapid transmission of news, at the same time freeing it from the pressure of a power that claimed the right to dictate the views and opinions it should express.*
9. *The development of business and strengthening of social ties, ties of kinship and friendship, through the growth of business and social correspondence.*
10. *The removal of a great antagonism and the cessation of the vexatious and costly conflict it had caused between the companies and the people.*

Looking at the subsequent history of the English postal telegraph we find:

1. *A further reduction of nearly one-half in the average cost of a message.*
2. *More than a tenfold increase of business in twenty-five years while population increased but one-fourth — over 1000 per cent telegraph growth to 25 per cent population increase.*

3. A sixfold extension of lines and fiftyfold increase of facilities.
4. A steady policy of expanding and improving the service, adopting new inventions, putting underground hundreds of miles of wire that formerly ran over houses and streets, etc.
5. A systematic effort to elevate labor, resulting in a progressive amelioration of the condition of employees in respect to wages, hours, tenure, promotion, privileges, and perquisites.
6. A good profit to the government (excluding interest on the water-logged capital cost) in spite of low rates, large extensions into thinly populated areas, advancing wages, heavy losses through carrying press despatches below cost, competition of telephone companies in the best-paying part of the traffic; etc.
7. Satisfaction with the telegraph service even on the part of conservatives who objected to the change before it was made.

Comparing the English situation with our own we find:

In England.

Low rates.
 Good service.
 Extension of telegraph facilities to the masses.
 Rapid growth, 40 times as rapid as the growth of population and 4 times as fast as the growth of the letter mail.
 Progressive improvement of labor.
 Harmonious uninterrupted operation.
 Large popular use of the telegraph.
 A management aiming solely at serving the people.
 Moderate salaries for leading officials.
 No big fortunes from telegraph manipulation.
 Universal satisfaction with the telegraph situation.
 Public monopoly.

In the United States.

High rates (twice as high).
 Poor service.
 Facilities only for the classes.
 Slow growth, less than one-sixth of the growth of the English system.
 Progressive maltreatment of labor.
 Big strikes.
 The telegraph an adjunct of speculation.
 A management aiming solely at serving themselves.
 Exorbitant salaries for leading officials.
 The telegraph a millionaire machine.
 Universal discontent.
 Private monopoly.

We do not need to imitate England's mistakes

in paying too much for old lines,
 in serving the press below cost,
 in allowing the telephone to remain so largely in private hands;

but we may well imitate her energetic adoption of a needful reform, her economies, her progressive administration, her care for the welfare of labor, her public spirit in this matter of the telegraph.

Two farmers named J. B. and Uncle S. each planted his "taters" and melons in a low-down shady spot where the soil was very moist. The plants were small, slow of growth,

stunted, altogether inferior, and the crop was bad, disagreeable to the taste, hard on the digestion, causing at times severe colic. J. B. concluded he'd leave the low, shady, watery earth and plant on higher ground, in a drier soil and in the light. So he planted his "taters" and melons and corn in the open, up on a sunny slope, and the crop has been fine ever since.

Old Uncle S.
Sez he, "I guess
I can play at that game myself," sez he.

(To be continued.)

THE RELATION OF INDUSTRIALISM TO MORALITY.

BY MRS. MARIE C. REMICK.

In his work on *Ancient Law*, Sir Henry Maine states: "It is most difficult for a citizen of western Europe to bring thoroughly home to himself the truth that the civilization which surrounds him is a rare exception in the history of the world." The western world ignores the fact that there is among the millions of Asia, in countries that were already hoary with age before the Roman legions penetrated the forests of Germany, an ideal of morality and of the highest good totally at variance with its own. The Asiatic ideal is ascetic and has for its keynote renunciation; it seeks to diminish desires and produces holy men, seers, and mystics, — the highest moral and spiritual development of a few individuals, — but leaves the masses of the people in direst poverty, misery, and degradation. Industrialism, the ideal of the Western world, develops the highest social level, political and religious freedom, and constant increase in material well-being.

In the *World's Parliament of Religions*, in the afternoon devoted to missions, Darmaphala, the Buddhist monk, said: "You must send to us men filled with unselfishness. Buddhism made Asia mild, but western civilization is undoing its work. Your missionaries wear fine clothes and live in good houses. Let them go about clothed in rags and beg their bread from door to door, and the people will hear them." Nothing could better exemplify the impassable gulf between oriental and occidental religious thought. The Western world sends its missionaries to ameliorate physical as well as spiritual conditions, and indeed considers an improvement in material well-being essential to spiritual improvement.

Christianity in becoming the religion of the Western world has never been able wholly to harmonize the ideal of asceticism, renunciation, with the spirit of development and progress which forms the basis of European civilization. Many of Christ's precepts have always been stumbling-blocks explained away by its teachers. For example, "Take no

thought for the morrow." Western civilization is based on taking thought for the morrow, and in so far as this forethought is developed is a community civilized according to the industrial standard. "Sell all that thou hast, and distribute unto the poor," "Resist not evil," are preached in Christian pulpits on Sunday, and absolutely ignored on week days. There is much truth in Herbert Spencer's sarcasm: "School discipline leads men six days of the week to take Achilles for their model, and on the seventh to admire Christ."

After the barbarians had sacked Rome, ruined the great cities of the empire, and destroyed all literature, art, and almost all civilization, all enterprise was paralyzed by the widespread belief that the world was to be destroyed in the year 1000, and asceticism held full sway. With the gradual improvement in outward condition, hope returned to the hearts of men, and after the thirteenth century a marked change took place; with the dawning of the Renaissance industrialism began to replace asceticism.

The influence of this growing industrialism upon the morals of society can be clearly traced. The forces which have worked in the development of society are complex, and it is impossible to say how much is due to one agent and how much to another; but industrialism, under which term I mean to include trade, commerce, and all applied machinery, has certainly exercised great influence. To trade is due the change of public opinion in regard to usury. In the time of Christ all payment for the use of money was considered wrong, and there was but little change until the Reformation. This condemnation was owing to false ideas in political economy. It was held that money being sterile by nature produces nothing, and that when the borrower has returned the exact sum loaned, all has been returned. The first public record of the growing change in sentiment on this question is found in a bull of Leo X, issued early in the sixteenth century, where it is stated that "a small sum exacted in return for money loaned was no usury, because it was simply a fee for the payment of officials, and not the price of the loan." Commerce was much hampered all through the Middle Ages by the difficulty and expense of borrowing money. Money-lending being condemned by public opinion, only the most unscrupulous would engage in it, and exorbitant rates of interest were demanded. The extension of commerce con-

vinced men that "money bred money," and a change in moral sentiment about usury gradually came about, but so slowly that long after the Reformation, English divines condemned the taking of interest. In 1698 Gen. Noordt, a Dutch jurist, published a treatise on usury, wherein he endeavored to prove its natural and religious lawfulness.

The spread of commercial relations has probably done more than any other single agent to prevent wars. Even Voltaire held "that he who wishes the good of his own country must inevitably wish evil to other countries;" but trade and commerce have taught the nations that their weal and woe are bound together. Every new railway, every steamship, every fresh commercial enterprise is an additional guarantee of peace. To-day commercial interests are supreme, and recent events, both in Europe and America, show that commercial interests have kept the peace of the world. The richest nations, having most to lose by war, are most anxious for peace, although at the same time strongest in war, as war has become not only a question of the strongest battalion, but of the longest purse. Industrialism produces a change in men's ideas in regard to courage, honor, and glory. The pomp and circumstance of war are less considered, and more is thought of the miseries which follow in its wake. Commerce languishes in a state of war, as do art and literature; therefore military glory has less attraction for industrial nations, and military honor, which encourages duelling, is suspended by a respect for law. Commercial nations have laughed away the duel, as Cervantes laughed away chivalry. Commerce cleared the seas of pirates, for trade must have safe highways.

Wealth, the result of industrialism, is the basis of civilization. An accumulation of more than enough for the wants of the day is the first step in social progress. Wealth gives comforts, luxury, and a higher standard of living, so that the necessities of to-day were the luxuries of the past. Love of knowledge and love of wealth have been two main factors in human progress. The desire for better physical conditions stimulates the energies of men. Rousseau's cry for a "return to nature" means a return to barbarism. We talk of the simplicity of life in Greece; but that society rested on eighty thousand freemen, where four hundred thousand slaves performed the manual labor, and created the surplus wealth necessary in a climate where nature reduces man's physical

wants to the lowest limit and, freed from "cares of bread," left the Athenian free to discourse on politics and philosophy. The development of new countries, inventions, great commercial enterprises furnish the best opportunities for the development of men and women; the great industrial organizers must have the qualities of great generals. The great maritime discoveries were due to the commercial, not the military, spirit. Vasco da Gama and Columbus sailed in search of a market and discovered new continents. The English occupancy of India began as a commercial enterprise, and commerce with its settled government, and railroads, have done more for the comfort and happiness of the millions of India than have Buddhism, Brahminism, and Mohammedism. Railways are doing more to abolish caste than all other agencies. The railway makes much higher rates for first-class carriages which carry only high-caste passengers, and it has been found that for cheapness the Brahmin will risk defilement and ride third-class with the Sudra.

The commercial and artistic spirits are apt to be considered incompatible with each other; yet the wealth acquired by trade has been used to encourage art. The merchants of Florence and Venice, as well as the Dutch burghers, were princely patrons of art. The Duomo of Florence was built by a tax levied by the wool merchants on rich woollen manufactures. The merchants of the German cities and of the republics of Italy in all the refinements of life were a century in advance of the nobles. To-day, as in the past, wealth is the foster mother of art. The generosity and public spirit of the business men of Chicago made the "White City" possible. Art and universities now look to business men for the patronage formerly given by prelate and prince.

The industrial nations of the world are the nations among whom most stress is laid upon fidelity to engagements. Truthfulness is the special virtue of a commercial people; for, notwithstanding the great temptations to deception in industrial enterprises, truthfulness is so absolutely essential to commercial success that "a man of his word" becomes among commercial people a synonym for character. There is no doubt much dishonesty in trade to-day; but Defoe's "English Tradesman" shows the improvement in honesty in England since the eighteenth century, and no modern "deal" could be sharper than that little transaction in the birthright between Jacob and Esau.

"To write a history of the inventions and discoveries of modern times would be to write a history of the human intellect." The inventions of labor-saving machinery have nearly all come into being as the needs of industrialism required, and have had enormous influence on morals. Railways have not only civilized and humanized men by contact with one another, thus removing prejudices and diminishing wars, but they have made famines impossible in Europe by reason of the facility with which the bountiful harvests of one country can be brought to supplement the scanty harvests of another. In the great famine in China, a few years ago, five million people died of starvation in the famine district, while in other portions of the empire harvests had been plentiful. The same condition of affairs prevailed in France in the last half of the eighteenth century.

This facility of distribution has cheapened food and made it various and abundant. David A. Wells, in a work entitled "Recent Economic Changes," says: "Evidence is conclusive that a varied supply of attractive and nutritious food can be furnished in the United States and Great Britain at a cost not exceeding twenty cents per day for each person." He also states that, owing to increased and cheapened production due to applied machinery, wages of all classes of labor in Great Britain have advanced in the last fifty years about one hundred per cent. Carroll D. Wright claims that money wages have advanced in the United States a hundred dollars per year for the day laborer since 1880. That the condition of mankind is better under this growing industrialism is proved by the fact that pauperism and crime have decreased during the past fifty years in Great Britain, Scotland, Prussia, France, and Italy.

Recent investigations show that the average duration of human life in Europe has increased by from seven to twelve years since the beginning of this century. This is due to improved sanitary conditions, better houses, better food, better clothing. To-day the English laborer lives in a well-built house, and has more comforts than kings enjoyed in the thirteenth century; while in non-industrial China, the Chinaman crawls into a hole and sleeps on a board. The Sudra lives in a hut without furniture. Neither has made any improvements upon the dwellings of savages.

Perhaps Mr. Edward Atkinson's statement that ten men with machinery can grow, grind, and bake the bread neces-

sary for a thousand persons for one year, will give some idea of what machinery has done to lighten the toil of men. This has a direct bearing on moral progress, for it takes fewer hours of labor to earn a livelihood, wages are higher, money has greater purchasing power, therefore the laborer can rear his children under better conditions and has more time for intellectual and moral improvement. Railways in transportation have added a force somewhat greater than that of a horse working twelve hours per day for each inhabitant of the globe. The Berlin Bureau of Statistics, 1889, estimated the power capable of being exerted by steam engines of all kinds as equivalent to two hundred million horse power, representing in men three times the population of the globe.

The minor discoveries and the introduction of products from foreign lands have done much for comfort and happiness; gas, oil, electricity have given greater possibilities to men, enabling them to add a number of working hours to their day. In New England towns in the last century candles were so dear few could use them; curfew rang at dark, and people rose at daybreak. Lighting the streets has greatly diminished crime. In London in Addison's time it was a serious and dangerous matter to go upon the streets after dark; men went in bands and armed as for a military expedition.

The introduction of hot drinks into Europe (chocolate was brought into Spain from Mexico toward the middle of the sixteenth century, and tea from China and Japan about the same period) perceptibly lessened drunkenness. D'Aussy, in "*Histoire de la vie privée des Français*," says, "The introduction of coffee into France, taking the place of strong drinks, tended to refine manners, and to bring men and women together in social meetings." Commerce brought the potato, other vegetables, and fruit into Europe in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, changing the diet from bread, meat, and wine or beer. This change not only gave new pleasure to the palate, but according to modern scientific theories in regard to the influence of food on character, had a beneficial influence on morals, tending to refine manners and customs.

The growth of religious toleration was helped on by commerce. Contact through commerce with men of other religions helped to wear away old prejudices and to convince men that those holding other religious views were not necessarily

wholly bad. The Jews, always (at least after their dispersion) a commercial people, first profited by this change in sentiment. The merchant governments of Leghorn, Pisa, and Genoa accorded to the Jews a degree of toleration unknown elsewhere in Europe. Religious fanaticism with its inevitable persecution has in all countries been most disastrous to commercial prosperity. The financial ruin of Spain dates from the expulsion of the Moors and the Jews. The Moors made Andalusia a garden by their careful system of cultivation; the Spaniards allowed that system of irrigation to fall into decay; the olive, lemon, and orange groves have almost disappeared, and to-day much of fair Andalusia is a barren waste, with no vegetation for miles but the cacti. The Jews were able financiers; with them Spain lost her commerce. The Armada built by fanaticism, and the long war of the Netherlands, waged at the command of the Inquisition, ruined Spain, notwithstanding the gold of Peru and Mexico. The expulsion of the Huguenots from France struck a worse blow to her prosperity than did the long wars and extravagance of Louis XIV. Religious persecution under Mary seriously impaired the commercial prosperity of England, and history continually repeats the lesson that commerce fails where fanaticism rules. Buckle illustrates by the history of Glasgow the decline of the persecuting spirit brought about by the growth of industries and consequent aggregation in cities. The inhabitants of the country have always been more superstitious than are the dwellers in cities, because the agriculturist deals with unknown forces and elements beyond his control, while the manufacturer owes his success to his own skill and energy. Conditions are more under his control. To change conditions is the main element of power given to man.

The industrial spirit has been equally powerful in developing political liberty. The Wars of the Roses in England caused a great decline of industries, and there was an accompanying loss of political freedom. But with the long peace begun at the ascension of Henry VII and continued, with few foreign wars and few domestic disturbances, for one hundred and fifty years, there was great increase of popular power as well as of wealth, so that to quote Mr. Bagehot, "The slavish parliament of Henry VIII grew into the murmuring parliament of Elizabeth, the mutinous parliament

of James I, and to the rebellious parliament of Charles I." The great commercial republics of France, Venice, and Pisa were in their days of glory very jealous of their political liberty. In the days of the greatest prosperity of Florence no noble could be a member of the Signiory without renouncing his birth and entering a merchant guild; every citizen could cast the white or black bean, vote and be voted for. The free cities of the Hanseatic League stood staunchly for their privileges. The Dutch war for independence was a war of traders and peasants. The Dutch nobility were not steadfast to the cause of political and religious freedom, but the Dutch merchants and peasants were unfaltering in courage and devotion, and furnished material for a hundred epics. England, which Napoleon called a "nation of shopkeepers," was the only country which successfully and steadfastly resisted his aggressions.

Industrial civilization is not unsympathetic as has been charged. Charity never was so general as in this last decade of the nineteenth century; penal laws were never before so mild; prisons never before so generally managed with a view to the reformation of the criminal. Aged paupers, dependent children, the insane and defective classes were never before so wisely cared for, and never in all history has there been among the upper class of society such a feeling of responsibility toward the unfortunate, such an earnest desire to ameliorate their condition. Compare the attitude of the French nobility in the age of Louis XIV toward the suffering of the people, when a woman like Madame Sévigné, lauded by her contemporaries for her amiability, could write of the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, which condemned to death one million five hundred thousand people, unless they renounced their religion, which sent into exile four hundred thousand of France's best citizens and condemned thousands more to the galleys, dungeons, and the stake: "You have no doubt seen the edict by which the king revokes that of Nantes; nothing can be more beautiful than its contents, and never did a king do anything more memorable." Of the barbarities inflicted upon the Bréton peasants because they had thrown stones into the garden of their duke, she writes gayly to her daughter: "They have taken sixty bourgeois and begin to hang to-morrow; this province is made a beautiful example to others to respect their governors and not throw stones in their gardens." Again she writes: "Only one

execution in eight days to maintain justice. The hanging appears to me now refreshing." Surely the Christian doctrine of the brotherhood of man has made many converts since that day. The hostility between classes is the most serious problem of to-day, but perhaps the present is the crisis of the disease, — just the turning point toward convalescence, — and the fact that the present evils of society are so clearly perceived may mean that the improvement has already begun. It may be that society to-day is suffering from a divine discontent, and that these symptoms which seem so serious are only the growing-pains of the transition period of industrialism. Even with increased wages incomes have not kept pace with the increasing standards of living. To the intelligence of the working classes is due a large part of the discontent of labor. Read Carlyle's "Past and Present" and "Sartor Resartus," and the conclusion is inevitable that the condition of the workingman to-day is that of a prince compared with the agricultural laborer of England in the eighteenth century.

It has often been said that the heroic virtues decline with advancing industrialism, that our modern life is petty and sordid, incapable of heroic deeds. It is true that to-day "the plumed knight with visor down" no longer carries all before him; there is no more riding forth to deliver "imprisoned maidens" and to "slay dragons." But heroism springs perennial in the human breast, and to-day knights just as true as any in days of old fight against worse odds and without applauding spectators. To-day heroism saves life instead of taking it. Hardly a day passes that a newspaper paragraph does not tell us of life lost or risked to save life; of an engineer who has met death at his post; a child rescued from death; nurses and physicians voluntarily going to cholera-stricken districts. In actual life we regard as quite ordinary events risks tenfold more dangerous than any of the combats of the steel-encased knights of chivalry.

Anyone who thinks heroism lost to humanity should read the history of our civil war. The North was intensely commercial; the average Northerner of that period probably would have made little claim to heroic qualities. War was eminently distasteful to him; he wished neither to kill nor to be killed; yet the first shot fired on Fort Sumter found these shopkeepers and farmers ready as one man to give their lives for their country, and throughout the villages of the North

the men fell into line, and of these commonplace men every community can relate heroic deeds fit to adorn a nation's annals.

The Copernican theory and the discovery of America gave to the sixteenth century a new heaven and a new earth; science and inventions have made as radical a change in outward conditions and intellectual conceptions in the nineteenth century. Within the past fifty years mechanical inventions without number, discoveries of new agents, forces liberated by science, steam, and electricity have made such a revolution in production, transportation, intercourse between nations, manner of living, etc., that if a person who had left this planet in 1840 could return to it to-day, he would be as amazed as the man who in Bulwer's story descended into the depths of the earth and discovered "the coming race."

In steam and electricity, science has invoked for man servants in comparison with whom the genii of the East were mere pigmies. Instead of the prince and princess being wafted on the magic carpet, commonplace men and women are carried in palace cars and floating palaces over land and sea; instead of rubbing the magic lamp to summon the slave to carry messages, electricity can circle the globe with almost the swiftness of thought.

In the intellectual world evolution has altered the conception of the creation and government of the universe. No wonder there are suffering and confusion in this adjustment to totally changed conditions. The marvel is that the whole fabric of society has not been destroyed in the transition.

Before the nineteenth century man sought the Golden Age in the past; evolution bids him look for it in the future. This planet has been a fairly comfortable abiding place for the rich and the great, but the good time for the common people seems to be dawning. When the incalculable force which machinery can put at the service of mankind is fully apprehended and righteously employed, an improvement in material conditions now impossible to comprehend will take place; and if this material improvement is followed by the moral and intellectual improvement made possible by the changed conditions, the Golden Age will have dawned!

Industrialism is a history of facts and figures, and by carefully considering these facts and figures comfort may be found for to-day and hope for the future.

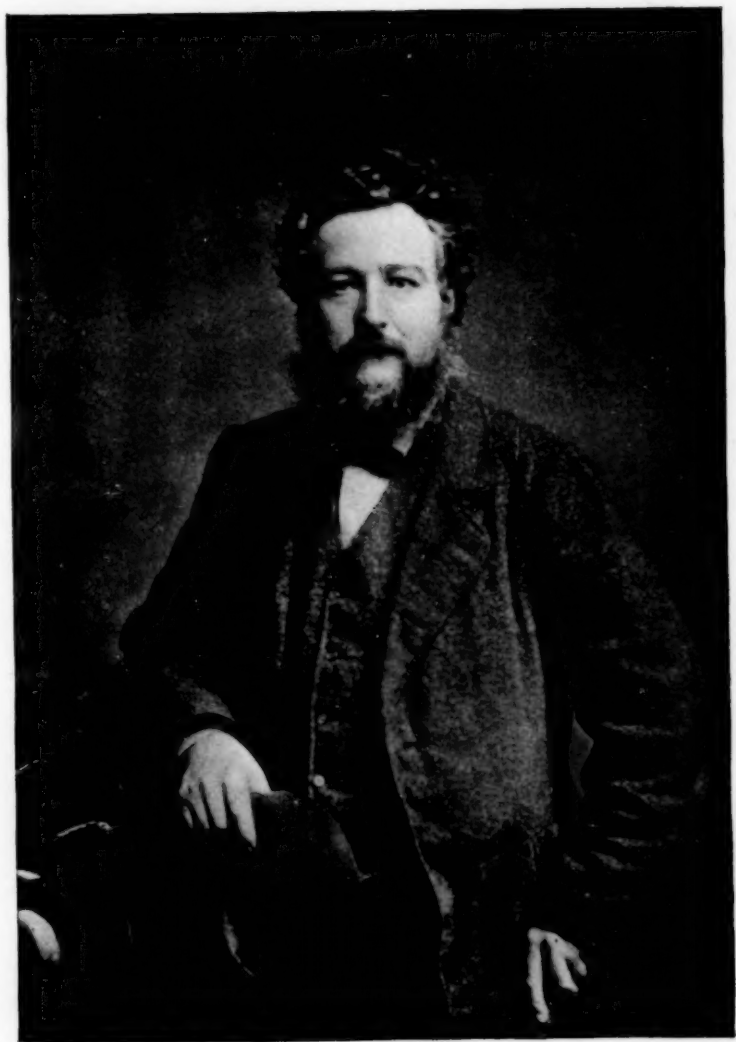
WILLIAM MORRIS AND SOME OF HIS LATER WORKS.

BY B. O. FLOWER.

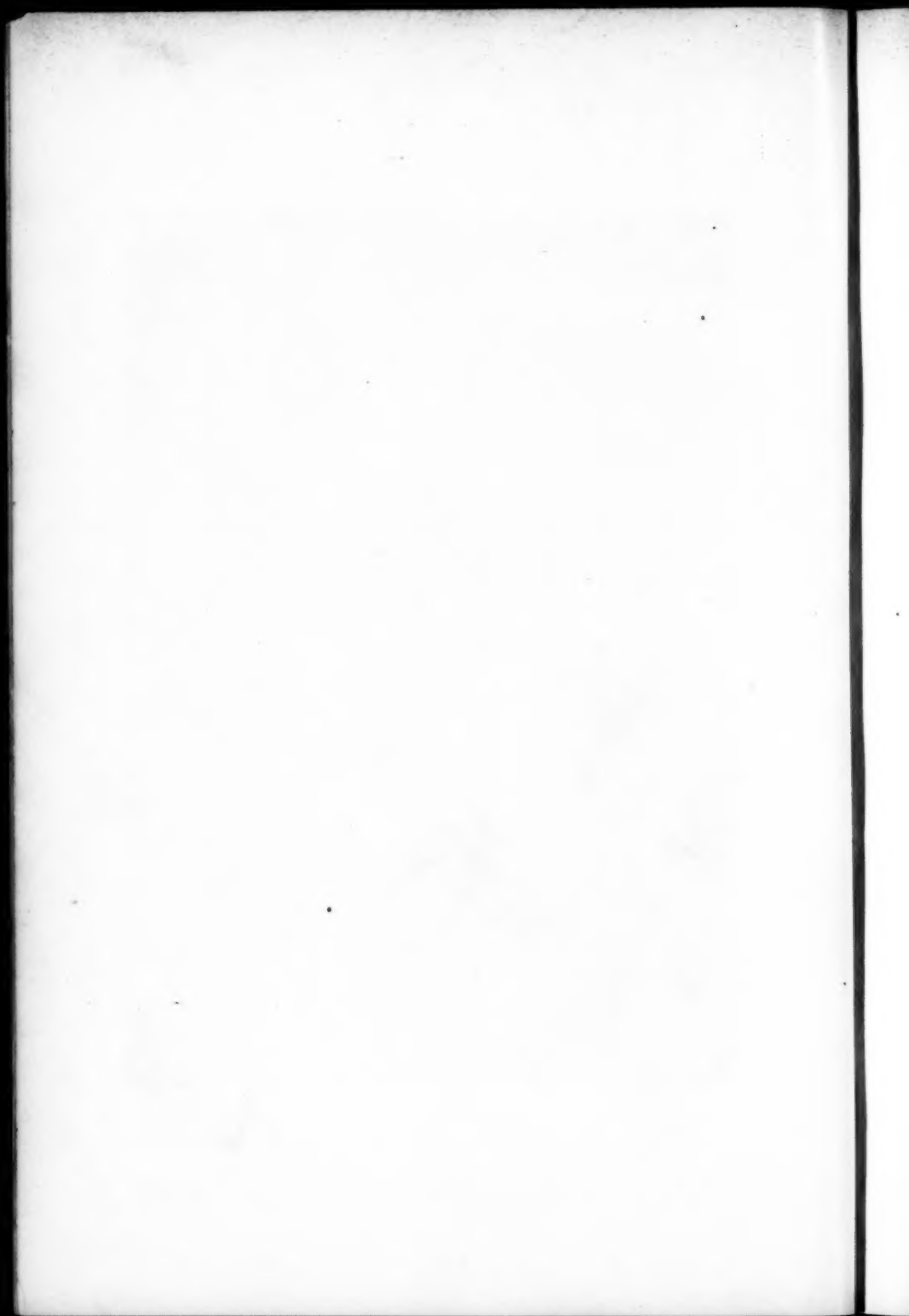
On the third day of October, there passed from this life one of the most striking figures and one of the truest men of our time, — a genius who excelled as poet, essayist, and mystic no less than as a shrewd business man, and who in his later years towered aloft as a practical reformer; an exponent of Social Democracy who practised what he preached.

In viewing a life so versatile as that of William Morris one is at a loss to know what peculiarity of this remarkable man stands out most boldly. It is rare indeed that we find a man who is essentially a poet, artist, mystic, and a successful business man; and when with this rare combination is blended the spirit of the bold and fearless reformer, we have a character so interesting and inspiring that even those who belong to that class who love the mere literary and artistic work of "an idle singer of an empty day" cannot fail to be interested in this many-sided genius of our times.

Perhaps in approaching the life of William Morris the general reader will first be impressed with the deep, artistic and poetic impulses which ever held so large a sway over his great soul. He was a man of imagination, a man to whom color, song, and poetry were irresistible. His early work revealed the artistic and mystical bent of his mind, while in later life his soul was moved by the divine afflatus and he became one of the most aggressive and influential reformers of England. This is a reversal of the general rule. Many who are reformers and enthusiasts in youth become conventional dreamers later in life. Not so with William Morris. His "Earthly Paradise," "The Life and Death of Jason," and other poems made for him an enviable place among England's great poets of the nineteenth century, as measured by conventional critics. In all these earlier poems we find the "art for art's sake" seeming to predominate, with a clearly defined thread of mysticism running through the work. His love for art, his delight in richness of color effects are also



WILLIAM MORRIS.



seen in his decorative designs. For in 1863 with several partners he founded a manufactory for the artistic production of stained glass, wall paper, and household decorations, which, owing to his skill in blending colors and the rich imagination with which he was endowed, no less than his business sagacity, became phenomenally successful.

In later years Morris's life underwent a transformation. Though he perhaps knew it not, he received the baptism of the spirit. In considering this wonderful change I am reminded of Victor Hugo's references to Paul's experience on his way to Damascus, in which the great Frenchman observes: "The road to Damascus is essential to the march of progress, to fall into the truth and to rise a just man—a transfiguring fall—that is sublime." And so in the later works of Morris, in which we find a lofty mysticism on the one hand and on the other the spirit of "social democracy" overmastering the popular conventional poet of other days, we are reminded of Paul's being blinded by the light, although perhaps William Morris himself did not recognize the spiritual influences which were wrought upon his humanity-loving brain.

Of his mysticism I will speak first. In his wonderful work, "The Land of the Glittering Plain,"—where consciously or unconsciously (for, as has been observed, genius often yields to the type, so real is the ideal) we have a work, in my judgment, incomparably superior in many points, both in truth and fidelity of conception, to John Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress,"—in "The Land of the Glittering Plain; or, the Acre of the Undying," we have a fascinating story clothed in quaint, early-English verbiage, which veils a wonderful allegory of humanity's struggle in its ascent. We see the human soul with divine aspirations, (1) braving the forces of enemies far greater in number; (2) resisting the seduction of gold, power, sensuous beauty; (3) conquering adversity and tempted by ease, wealth, power, sensuous love, and glory; (4) being stricken in body and almost mentally unbalanced for refusing the temptation; (5) facing the savagery of the elements, which are finally overcome; and (6) overcoming the temptation to gain its desire through deception.

This story, as many of my readers will remember, opens with a description of Hallblithe, of the House of the Raven, a typification of humanity shrouded in the darkness of sense perceptions, well symbolized by the bird of dark plumage. But Hallblithe is not evil; **his** is the darkness of ignorance,

and, moreover, he has received a glimpse of divine truth; he has seen, even in this infant period, the glory of the Hostage (Truth or the divine afflatus), daughter of the House of the Rose, and is determined that she shall be won. Truth is always ready to be wooed by the human soul, but man can no more win and possess the divine truth of the higher spiritual life while the sense perceptions are dominant, than can an acorn become a giant oak without years of battling with storms and continuous growth. This fact is beautifully brought out in the story we are considering. After Hallblithe has encountered three men who are seeking the Acre of the Undying, desiring to live, as men to-day who are worshipping Mammon desire to live, for their own sensuous pleasure, enjoying the mere delights which may come from the gratification of the physical life, he is rudely awakened to the fact that the Hostage has been seized by some bold sea robbers and taken from him. Before he goes on that quest which humanity has been pursuing since beyond the dawn of what we call civilization and which every soul must pursue before it reaches absolute satisfaction, he meets with Puny Fox, who strongly typifies the sense perceptions, so frequently false and misleading when the animal and the intellectual are divorced from the spiritual, and allows himself to be guided by this person to the Isle of Ransom and the House of the Ravagers in quest of the divine ideal, only to meet with a series of disappointments and temptations, which, sooner or later, will come to every soul, to every civilization, which surrenders to sense perceptions. Rising superior to these disappointments, however, and lured by the hope of finding his betrothed (the divine afflatus), which haunts the soul of humanity as it has haunted the soul of all the noblest and best throughout the ages, he embarks for the Land of the Glittering Plain with an old man who seeks for naught but the shallow satisfaction of rejuvenated life on the animal plane.

Reaching the mystic isle, which typifies the ideal of the state of those who to-day set wealth, ease, luxury, and pleasure on the sensuous plane above all else, the two travellers are met by beautiful maidens. The old man is rejuvenated; in other words, he receives the satisfaction which so frequently seems to come to those who merely live a butterfly life, and upon whom the great burdens and the mighty inspiration of a higher and diviner life have no influence. Hallblithe resists all the temptations of these

beauteous maidens, which fill the measure of joy of his old seafaring companion, and is conducted to the King of the Glittering Plain. It is to be noted here that in this realm all mention of death seems to cast a gloom over the inhabitants. They would live for to-day and deceive themselves into believing that they will live always. Such indeed is the life of those who lead a merely superficial existence.

On meeting the King, Hallblithe states his mission. The King encourages him and prepares him for a supreme temptation, telling him that he is to behold her whom he should love, who turns out to be none other than the fair daughter of the King,—Princess of the realm. Here the hero is proffered beauty, power, glory, dominion, and love on the sense plane, while no hope is given him of ever finding the Hostage (the divine truth) who has fascinated him in other days.

It is not the clash of arms in open conflict which carries half so much of danger for a civilization, for a nation, or for an individual, as do those insidious temptations which offer wealth, ease, glory, and the gratification of all that is sensuous in man. Great is the spiritual supremacy when these temptations can be successfully resisted,—doubly great, when in the case of an individual the temptations are accompanied with the displeasure of a power which the intuitions of the tempted fully understand means revenge. In the case of Hallblithe, one is reminded of the banishment of Epictetus, the practical driving of the Puritans to the bleak shores of New England, the enforced exile of Roger Williams, and numerous other similar instances which might be cited; for it will be remembered that, after the Son of the Raven leaves the uttermost house which marks the boundary of the Land of the Glittering Plain, he is stricken and his food is spoiled. The subtle curse of power is upon him, but he struggles on until at last the three men whom we find in the beginning of the volume seeking the Glittering Plain, come upon him, and, remembering his hospitality and kindness in other days, they nourish him. He in return pilots them to the country of their desire, little recking what may befall him. For their sake he again enters the Land of the Glittering Plain and guides them to the boundary of the woods, where is the King's pavilion. He then wanders to the sea and dwells for a time amid the wood, and becomes loved of all he meets, and is known as the "wood lover."

Just here it is well to remember that at various times Hallblithe received visions, and, like so many of the psychical experiences of our present time and like so many dreams which impress themselves upon the soul of man, some are strangely true and some are strangely deceptive in character. But while dwelling in this simple manner he receives a vision which gives him an inspiration. He builds a boat and sails out on the vast sea. At length he reaches the Isle of the Ransom, the home of the Ravagers. Here again he is met by Puny Fox, who, as I have stated before, represents so markedly sense perception, — a perception which under the dominion of the low elements is cunning, treacherous, false, but under the dominion of the spiritual may be transformed until it no more resembles its former self than do the barbarians in the early stages of human history resemble that lofty phase of civilization which marked the founding of our own great republic. Against his own will and desire, guided by subtle force, but not surrendering his ideal, he lands in the harbor from which he sailed to the Glittering Plain. And here it is he comes face to face with his old-time deceiver, Puny Fox, who becomes his friend. In the house of the Ravagers he meets Puny Fox in battle, but his opponent does not attempt to hurt the Son of the Raven, it being understood that the victor shall be the slave of the other, and Puny Fox desires to turn from his old life and to go to the land of Hallblithe and become one of his people. After Puny Fox is overthrown Hallblithe refuses to accept victory in the garb of deceit; and though he is surrounded by enemies and though he knows his confession will probably mean his death, he declares that the result of the victory was a subterfuge. His high-mindedness wins. Instead of repulsing the Ravagers, his nobleness of soul enforces respect even from the most animal natures, and he is given back the Hostage and immediately returns to his own land with her for whom he has undergone at the hand of man all temptations of nature, through force and the more dangerous seductions of beauty, power, fame, and glory, together with misery, and for a time the blighting curse following upon his refusal to yield his higher nature to his lower nature, as well as a battle with the elements.

There are in this wonderful story many points which might be dwelt upon at length, many of which I think it is possible escaped the perception even of the author, who,

like all real geniuses, yielded, at times unconsciously, to the ideal, and like the Athenians of old, who erected a temple to the unknown God, wrote a beautiful and quaint tale which told a wonderful story of the ascent of the human race and of the soul of man from the darkness to the light. It is not necessary for a man to profess a dogma to be profoundly religious. Even Jesus was dismissed by the conventional religionists of his day as "a winebibber and a friend of publicans and sinners." It is not necessary for a genius to conceive the full import of what he writes, but it is necessary for a man to be willing to make sacrifices for his conviction, and this William Morris evinced after his mind had become illumined with a higher thought than that which ruled his brain in earlier days.

His later literary works, among the most prominent of which are "News from Nowhere," "The Vision of John Ball," "Signs of Change," and "Poems by the Way," no less than his own life, reveal a new man. William Morris was the leader of a band who strove for "social democracy." He was wealthy and gave liberally for the support of the little group of poor men with whom he mingled. He was a man who believed in practising what he preached, and he never shrank, in season or out, from delivering lectures among the poor of the poorest part of London, or in fulfilling any other duties assigned him by the members of his organization.

He worked on designs for stained glass and various other kinds of decoration the greater part of the week, he wrote a portion of the time, and devoted a part of each week to the cause of Social Democracy. How heavily the weight of the world's misery weighed upon him and how clearly he saw what might be, are revealed in such utterances as the following :

"The world has always had a sense of its injustice. For century after century, while society has strenuously bolstered up this injustice forcibly and artificially, it has professed belief in philosophies, codes of ethics, and religions which have inculcated justice and fair dealing between men : nay, some of them have gone so far as to bear one another's burdens, and have put before men the duty, and in the long run the pleasure, of the strong working for the weak, the wise for the foolish, the helpful for the helpless ; and yet these precepts of morality have been set aside in practice as per-

sistently as they have been pushed in theory ; and naturally so, since they attack the very basis of class society.

* * * * *

"Society is now divided between two classes, — those who monopolize all the means of the production of wealth save one, and those who possess nothing except that one, the Power of Labor. That power of labor is useless to its possessors, and cannot be exercised without the help of the other means of production ; but those who have nothing but labor power, *i. e.*, who have no means of making others work for them, must work for themselves in order to live ; and they must, therefore, apply to the owners of the means of fructifying labor, *i. e.*, the land, machinery, etc., for leave to work that they may live. The possessing class (as for short we will call them) are quite prepared to grant this leave, and indeed they must grant it if they are to use the labor power of the non-possessing class for their own advantage, which is their special privilege. But that privilege enables them to *compel* the non-possessing class to sell them their labor power on terms which insure the continuance of their monopoly.

* * * * *

"Now I think, and some who read this will agree with me, that we are now living in one of these times of conscious change ; we not only are, but we also feel ourselves to be, living between the old and the new ; we are expecting something to happen, as the phrase goes : at such times it behooves us to understand what is the old which is dying, what is the new which is coming into existence. That is a question practically important to us all, since these periods of conscious change are also, in one way or other, times of serious combat, and each of us, if he does not look to it and learn to understand what is going on, may find himself fighting on the wrong side, the side with which he really does not sympathize.

"What is the combat we are now entering upon—who is it to be fought between? Absolutism and Democracy, perhaps some will answer. Not quite, I think. . . . *The two foes are now Mastership and Fellowship. This is a far more serious quarrel than the old one, and involves a much completer revolution.*"

The intensity of Morris's feeling for the poor and for the essential injustice of granting special privileges to a few are

dwelt upon at length in "Signs of Change." In one outburst in which he writes of the "parasites of property" and a "privileged class" he says:

"And all these we must remember have, as a rule, one aim in view: not the production of utilities, but the gaining of a position either for themselves or their children in which they will not have to work at all."

At another time his deep feeling for the wealth-creators and his love of justice for *all* finds expression in these striking words:

"It is right and necessary that all men should have work to do which shall be worth doing, and be of itself pleasant to do: and which should be done under such conditions as would make it neither over-wearisome nor over-anxious."

"Turn that claim about as I may, think of it as long as I can, I cannot find that it is an exorbitant claim; yet again I say if society would or could admit it, the face of the world would be changed; discontent and strife and dishonesty would be ended. To feel that we were doing work useful to others and pleasant to ourselves, and that such work and its due reward *could* not fail us! What serious harm could happen to us then?"

In these lines from "The Voice of Toil" we find the bitterness of the soul of the great humanitarian when confronted by an ocean of misery, the result so largely of injustice and ignorance:

I heard men saying, Leave hope and praying,
All days shall be as all have been;
To-day and to-morrow bring fear and sorrow
The never-ending toil between.

When Earth was younger mid toil and hunger,
In hope we strove, and our hands were strong;
Then great men led us, with words they fed us,
And bade us right the earthly wrong.

Go read in story their deeds and glory,
Their names amidst the nameless dead;
Turn then from lying to us slow-dying
In that good world to which they led;

Where fast and faster our iron master,
The thing we made, forever drives,
Bids us grind treasure and fashion pleasure
For other hopes and other lives;

Where home is a hovel and dull we grovel,
Forgetting that the world is fair;
Where no babe we cherish, lest its very soul perish.
Where our mirth is crime, our love a snare.

Who now shall lead us, what god shall heed us
 As we lie in the hell our hands have won?
 For us are no rulers but fools and befoolers,
 The great are fallen, the wise men gone.

* * * * *
 Come, shoulder to shoulder ere the world grows older!
 Help lies in naught but thee and me;
 Hope is before us, the long years that bore us
 Bore leaders more than men may be.

Let dead hearts tarry and trade and marry,
 And trembling nurse their dreams of mirth,
 While we the living our lives are giving
 To bring the bright new world to birth.

Come, shoulder to shoulder ere earth grows older!
 The Cause spreads over land and sea;
 Now the world shaketh, and fear awaketh,
 And joy at last for thee and me.

Also we see how deeply Morris's soul was stirred by the prophetic and mystic spirit, in the following stanzas from "All for the Cause":

Hear a word, a word in season, for the day is drawing nigh
 When the Cause shall call upon us, some to live, and some to die!

He that dies shall not die lonely, many a one hath gone before,
 He that lives shall bear no burden heavier than the life they bore.

* * * * *
 Some shall pause awhile and ponder on the bitter days of old,
 Ere the toil of strife and battle overthrew the curse of gold.

* * * * *
 There amidst the world new-built shall our earthly deeds abide,
 Though our names be all forgotten, and the tale of how we died.

Life or death then, who shall heed it, what we gain or what we lose?
 Fair lies life amid the struggle, and the Cause for each shall choose.

Hear a word, a word in season, for the day is drawing nigh
 When the Cause shall call upon us, some to live and some to die!

There is something of the old bard and prophet in the spirit of several lines of "The March of the Workers," of which the following are examples:

What is this, the sound and rumor? What is this that all men hear,
 Like the wind in hollow valleys when the storm is drawing near,
 Like the rolling on of ocean in the eventide of fear?
 'Tis the people marching on.

* * * * *
 Forth they come from grief and torment; on they wend toward health
 and mirth,
 All the wide world is their dwelling, every corner of the earth.
 Buy them, sell them for thy service! Try the bargain what 'tis worth,
 For the days are marching on.

* * * * *
 Many a hundred years, passed over, have they labored deaf and blind;

Never tidings reached their sorrow, never hope their toil might find.
Now at last they've heard and hear it, and the cry comes down the wind,
And their feet are marching on.

From the above selections it must not be inferred that William Morris was a pessimist. Indeed, nothing is more common than the inference of shallow conventionalism that the real reformers are pessimists. As a matter of fact, they are the true optimists, and it is because they feel that better, juster, and happier conditions can be brought about that they speak out fearlessly. William Morris's sturdy optimism is strikingly set forth in his famous poem, "The Day is Coming," from which I select the following characteristic stanzas:

Come hither lads, and hearken, for a tale there is to tell,
Of the wonderful days a-coming when all shall be better than well.

And the tale shall be told of a country, a land in the midst of the sea,
And folk shall call it England in the days that are going to be.

There more than one in a thousand in the days that are yet to come
Shall have some hope of the morrow, some joy of the ancient home.

For then — laugh not, but listen to this strange tale of mine —
All folk that are in England shall be better lodged than swine.

Then a man shall work and bethink him, and rejoice in the deeds of his
hand,
Nor yet come home in the even too faint and weary to stand.

Men in that time a-coming shall work and have no fear
For to-morrow's lack of earning and the hunger-wolf anear.

I tell you this for a wonder, that no man then shall be glad
Of his fellow's fall and mishap to snatch at the work he had.

For that which the worker winneth shall then be his indeed,
Nor shall half be reaped for nothing by him that sowed no seed.

O strange new wonderful justice! But for whom shall we gather the
gain?

For ourselves and for each of our fellows, and no hand shall labor in
vain.

Then all *mine* and all *thine* shall be *ours*, and no more shall any man
crave

For riches that serve for nothing but to fetter a friend for a slave.

* * * * *

O why and for what are we waiting? while our brothers droop and
die,

And on every wind of the heavens a wasted life goes by.

How long shall they reproach us where crowd on crowd they dwell,
Poor ghosts of the wicked city, the gold-crushed hungry hell?

* * * * *

It is we must answer and hasten, and open wide the door
For the rich man's hurrying terror, and the slow-foot hope of the poor.

Yea, the voiceless wrath of the wretched, and their unlearned discontent,
We must give it voice and wisdom till the waiting-tide be spent.

Come, then, since all things call us, the living and the dead,
And o'er the weltering tangle a glimmering light is shed.

Come, join in the only battle wherein no man can fail,
Where whoso fadeth and dieth, yet his deed shall still prevail.

A few years since Morris's friend, Mr. William Clarke, in writing for the *New England Magazine*, thus depicted the personal appearance of the poet and reformer :

"Morris's figure is the most picturesque in prosaic England. A stout, sturdy, stalwart man, with ruddy face, who looks frankly out upon the world with bright blue eyes. His grand, massive head is covered with a shock of gray hair, tumbled about in wild disorder, while upper lip (which is short) and chin are covered with gray mustache and beard."

He has left us for a brighter realm than the "Land of the Glittering Plain." For he who so unselfishly and fearlessly labored for justice and the happiness of the oppressed, has nothing to fear where justice reigns supreme and love illuminates all. He has gone, but his work remains. The seeds he has sown will never die; the inspiration he has shed abroad will touch, light, and fire other brains, and the cause of justice, progress, and fraternity will be carried on with far greater courage than if he had not lived, wrought, and written with soul aflame with enthusiasm for humanity.

THE LIFE OF THE SPIRIT.

BY LILIAN WHITING.

'Tis little I could care for pearls,
Who own the ample sea;
Or brooches, when the Emperor
With rubies pelteth me.

Emily Dickinson.

The life of the spirit is not to be considered as merely identical with devotional attitudes or with religious exercises. It is a life and not a litany; a conviction deeper even than a creed. If the life of the spirit could only be lived during stated periods of worship, or specific acts of charity or self-sacrifice, it would be inevitably a thing apart from the daily, hourly life of the world of busy and burdened men and women. But it is the life that is possible in every pursuit, every storm and stress, in every situation. It is the life that is still richer and more abundant in the press of daily demands, for there is the very theatre of its action, the very fibre of its reality. A religious recluse may find his personal luxury in giving himself up to personal devotion, to religious ecstasies; but the teacher in a school beset with exacting demands; the lawyer in his office, with crime, with injustice, with tissues of falsehood confronting him in the difficult problems of his work; the superintendent of organized labor with unreasonable demands or complaints ringing in the air about him; the laborer himself, suffering from defective conditions, from rank injustice, tortured by the privations and suffering of those dearer to him than himself; the saleswoman at the counter, facing again a long day's task made unduly hard by the thoughtlessness and selfishness of many of her customers, — how shall they live this life of the spirit? What is the life of the spirit? It is joy, peace, and love. Can the man or woman in hard, sad, and exacting conditions live the life of joy, peace, and love? Here we face our problem.

If the life of the spirit is simply a devotional luxury, possible only to the life of leisure or to the life of a voluntary recluse, then it is not feasible for the average life. We find ourselves here in a world whose demands tax every energy;

the spirit is housed in a physical body which must be duly cared for in order that it serve well as the instrument through which to work: and in the struggle for the primary needs of food, shelter, and clothing many of us are submerged; again, there is the struggle to carry on large enterprises, or to effect great achievements: and again the demands of the visible, the tangible, engulf the worker. How is he to lift up his heart and live the life of the spirit?

First, it may be by a clear and definite realization as to the nature and purposes of that life. It is not an exotic life. It is not a life to be anticipated in some indefinite future. It is the immediate concern of the hour. It is the key to all this problem of conflict, of limitations, of denials, of defeats. It is the clue that faithfully followed leads directly to successful achievement, to peace, to love, to joy in the Holy Spirit. Right thinking makes right living, and a true conception of the nature and purposes of existence determines the processes of thought.

The first truth to realize is that we are, here and now, spiritual beings inhabiting a spiritual world governed by spiritual laws. Man is primarily a spiritual being, and only secondarily a physical being. That is merely the incidental, the temporary condition by means of which he is enabled to bring his spiritual energies into direct relation with physical objects. Indeed, all that we call the physical world is rather a manifestation of the spiritual world than it is a different kind of world of its own. As the click of the telegraph that conveys the message is a manifestation of electricity rather than any specific power of its own, so the building of a railroad across the continent, the carrying of the cable under three thousand miles of ocean, the marvellous feats of civil engineering that bridge rivers and construct the appliances of a higher civilization, the work of a great manufactory, the organization or the individual work in any scope or direction, whether it be art or architecture, ministry or manufacturers, charity or commerce, — all are simply the manifestations, on the physical and visible plane, of the spiritual energies of the spiritual beings who, clothed in temporary physical bodies, inhabit this world for a limited period of time. The life of the spirit is as truly the life for the busy worker, in the conflict of exacting demands, as it is for priest, prelate, or poet.

Now when one stands off a little, so to speak, and considers

this panorama of the world we are in as something apart from his real self, as the merchant may survey his store, or the writer his manuscript; when one can attain that angle of vision by means of which he clearly perceives that his real self dwells in an unseen world and is allied to its forces: that this real self is in close and direct relation to the divine life of which it can receive to the utmost degree of its own capacity for reception, and that increasing the receptivity to this divine life it increases its power over circumstances and moves on from higher to higher conditions, — once realizing this, all the panorama of life assumes an entirely different aspect. The man feels something like a prince in disguise encountering temporary hardship, trial, or misunderstanding, that in no way affect his real identity or his subsequent dominion over temporary trial. The very moment that man recognizes and asserts his divine birthright he assumes a new attitude in the changing world of appearances — the “flowing conditions of life,” as Emerson well phrases them. A moment’s reflection will reveal to anyone the vivid truth of this characterization. Five years ago on Oct. 14 of 1891, Rev. Dr. Phillips Brooks was consecrated Bishop of Massachusetts. Apparently, here were settled conditions for perhaps a quarter of a century to come, for the diocese of which he was the spiritual head, and that larger realm in which he was recognized as a great spiritual teacher and leader. Yet in fifteen months this majestic figure, standing for all that makes for righteousness, for divine love and illumination, was withdrawn into the unseen world. A few months more and the places that had known him were filled by others, — by men true and wise, but whose taking up of the work of the parish and the episcopate, the two fields in which Dr. Brooks had consecutively worked, inevitably brought a new aspect into those “flowing conditions of life.” Nothing here is permanent. The worker manifests himself in some phase and passes on into that other condition unseen to mortal eyes.

The inevitable inference of reason, as well as the revelation of faith, is this: that the limited term of years on this plane of consciousness is an experimental phase; that in the life just beyond this — which is probably limited and proceeds to the next stage by an event as determining as is death in this life — that in this life just beyond, events and affairs and experiences become still more vivid, more important, more deeply significant than they are here, as the expe-

riences of mature life are more vivid and more significant than those of childhood. To be fitted for entering this life beyond requires all kinds of discipline, and it is the end, not the means, which is to be considered. If a man is selfish, shall he not be grateful and glad for that discipline, however severe and torturing at the moment, that shall kill selfishness in him? For until this is done, a barrier which he cannot pass interposes between him and that life of the spirit which is peace and joy. If a man is proud and harsh, because his outlook is too narrow for him to realize his relation to the universe, his pride must be transmuted into the divine grace of humility, his harshness must be transformed, by spiritual alchemy, into sweetness of spirit before he can live in joy and peace. Should not these transforming processes be welcomed, even as the patient welcomes the dentist's chair, the surgeon's knife, as the means to a desired result?

It is not the place here to revert to social economics. I do not refer to the limitations, the privations, the tortures of the ignorant, the helpless, the underpaid, as presenting a direct instance of divine discipline. I know too well how profound a truth is expressed by Rev. George D. Herron, D. D., when he says in that marvellous sermon of his on "Unconsecrated Service:"

Much of what we call Christianity is no less than an aristocratic and shameless pauperism, thriving on the wealth of sacrifice inherited from the past, resting in high-priced pews and fashionable residences, cunningly squeezing a luxurious living out of humanity, and superciliously labelling as charity the appeals made to serve the humanity that supports it.

One does not say that the prince has achieved a character which renders comforts and pleasures its just reward, and that the pauper requires cold, hunger, suffering of every form in order to evolve and develop higher qualities. Such views would be as idiotic as they are ignominious.

Our standards of value are somewhat wrong. The one supreme purpose of the soul's sojourn in this world is to develop its spiritual powers in this complex plane of manifestation. Whatever circumstances and conditions conduce to this end are fortunate circumstances and conditions, no matter how difficult or how uncomfortable they are. Whatever circumstances hinder this development are unfortunate ones, no matter how alluring they may appear to the senses.

Let us suppose two youths sent to Paris for special study,

and that on achieving a perfect mastery of the subject pursued, very definite and desirable positions await both. The one pursues his work. He may go to his daily lessons through storms and cold, perhaps insufficiently clad, perhaps hungry; he may pursue his object under the most painful and adverse conditions; nevertheless he acquires the knowledge, and returns well fitted to assume and carry on an important, an interesting, and an enjoyable work. He enters now on the more real phase of his life. Associations widen and friends and interests multiply. One stage leads naturally to another, and he finds life full of increasing satisfactions. The other youth has simply enjoyed himself. He has lived luxuriously and given his time to amusements and entertainments. He returns, not better instructed than when he left, not more fit to engage in the specific work. Which, then, has had the fortunate life abroad — the one who returns enriched and prepared to enter into high achievements, or the one who has given his time to mere luxury and pleasure and returns as barren as he set forth?

The analogy may not be wholly untrue to that of the soul's period in this world which should be the time for development and for achieving those qualities which are fitted to enter into the higher experience of the life to come. These qualities are those of zeal, patience, persistence, of intellectual grasp, of moral balance, of spiritual aspiration. They are the culture of sweetness of spirit, of sympathy, of untiring helpfulness and unselfish interests. The culture of these qualities is that which promotes the life of the spirit. It is, therefore, the life that may be lived here and now.

There can be little question that the higher self, one's real self, dwells perpetually in the unseen and in a more direct communion with the divine forces. To the degree in which we can realize this higher self, establish an identity with it, to that degree can it manifest its powers on this physical plane of life. This is what is sometimes called the subliminal self, whose powers, when unlocked by the hypnotic trance or by some sudden and supreme occurrence, reveal so marvellous and unsuspected a store of energy or of knowledge or power. To live constantly the life of the spirit instead of the life of the senses is to live in receptivity to this higher self and its remarkable powers. It is to so live that one may avail himself to an increasing extent of this illumination and force.

So to live is richness of life; so to live is to find perpetual joy, peace, and love; it is to radiate happiness. One may miss pleasures — and pleasure; but happiness is the divine atmosphere, and we may live in it if we will. Pleasure appeals to the senses alone; but happiness appeals to the spirit. Those who own the ample sea do not set undue value on pearls; those who live in a shower of rubies do not lament because a single one has missed their grasp.

Between the two worlds of the Seen and the Unseen, there may be perpetual telepathic communion. Telepathy is the language of the spirit, but its purpose is not restricted to the life after death. Spirit to spirit approaches here, whether in or out of the physical body, and he who now lives the life of the spirit, in its radiant energy, its peace, joy, and love, shall find himself privileged with direct and conscious communion with his friends in the unseen world. He will find himself in the current of achievement, in the midst of constantly enlarging opportunities for usefulness; and so shall life overcome the fret and jar of transient anxieties and live on the divine plane even while here. As Emerson truly says: "Our painful labors are unnecessary; there is a better way." To this better way is all humanity moving, and there is approaching a new life of finer achievement, of exaltation, and of gladness. Happiness is the normal state of the spirit as health is the normal state of the body. The life of the spirit is love and peace — the life of radiant energy and abounding joy.

AN INHERITANCE FOR THE WAIFS.

BY C. F. TAYLOR, M. D.

When an owner of property dies the property that formerly belonged to him is distributed to his children or his nearest kin, or according to his will, if he has left a will. We are so accustomed to this that we think heirs of the blood have a "natural" right to claim the property that belonged to their kinsman now dead, or that a possessor of property has a "natural" right to direct by will what shall be done with his property after he is dead. Instead of being natural rights these rights are entirely artificial. Being created by law they can be unmade by the same power that made the law.

As a brief inquiry into what is "natural" in these respects let us take a peep into the animal world. Who ever heard of a bird building nests to leave to its grown-up descendants? The following would be a very ludicrous picture: An old and prosperous bird dies. He leaves a row of nests to be rented out to other birds for the benefit of his fortunate family. The rental price is a nice fat worm of certain dimensions every morning and evening for each nest. Let us imagine one of the heir-birds suffering from indigestion and headache. The doctor is sent for, and being of a sensible and independent sort, says plainly, "You need exercise." The indolent heir-bird does not like the idea of "hustling" out upon the wing, so sends for a very fashionable quack doctor, who praises, flatters, and indulges, and her birdship spends a life of indolent, miserable ease, and the unfortunate "renters" spend lives of anxious, overworked hardship.

An equally ludicrous picture could be drawn from any sphere of the animal kingdom. And it does not take us long to see that the *natural* method is as follows:

Parents give protection and sustenance to their offspring until adolescence; then comes a brief period of training and partial sustenance, which soon terminates in the young adult animal being left to depend upon his own exertions.

Now let us look into the community life of the savage. Possessions other than distinctly personal objects are usually in common. Both individual and tribal existence is depen-

dent upon the protection for which the tribe was originally formed; and this fact is worth taking into account: possessions at death revert to the tribe or to the head of the tribe, to be used for the general good. To this day the sheik of a bedouin tribe possesses all the property of the tribe, not for himself but for the tribe; he is manager for the tribe. For example, the guides at the pyramids turn their earnings over to the sheik. At the death of the sheik, the property descends to the succeeding head of the tribe, as guardian rather than possessor, and always for the general use of the tribe.

As we approach civilized life, we note the individual ownership of property. Out of this grew the laws of individual inheritance. There are those who claim that all the glories of civilization, the discoveries of science, the perfection of art, the exalted hopes and aspirations of the race grew out of the defining of individual property rights and the protection thereof. And there are those who believe that the crime, the corruption, the misery and woe, the want and destitution, selfishness and greed, and all the misshapen children of these black and hideous monsters, all the unnatural and loathsome sins of body and soul, all of which are confined chiefly to so-called civilized society, are due primarily to the individual ownership of property.

Perhaps a brief consideration of how property comes into existence will throw some light upon the right of individual ownership and transmission and the limits thereof.

Robinson Crusoe did not become wealthy. By his unaided efforts he could not create much wealth. The power to create wealth is vastly increased by tools, division of labor, machinery, inventions, etc., and manifestly these are due to society. These agencies have wonderfully increased man's efficiency in creating wealth; and by means of these agencies civilized society has become extremely wealthy in every material comfort, convenience, and luxury.

The supreme question which is forcing itself to the front and will soon demand a solution, is, To whom do these comforts and luxuries, these many forms of wealth created by society, rightfully belong?

While giving individual initiative and enterprise every rightful credit, yet these alone would be futile. However industrious and enterprising Robinson Crusoe might have been, he could never have had the comforts that the humblest laboring man in civilized society enjoys. Give Crusoe the

choicest tools and he would be poor. Place on his island the most advanced machinery of modern times and teach him all the arts of the skilled machinist and leave him alone again, and he would still be poor. He must have the co-operation of his fellows before his position would be substantially improved.

Given all these conditions, and we find that, while the masses labor from morn till night year after year and get only a small portion of the product of labor, a few get much more than their just share, have servants, go abroad to live, leave vast estates, etc. If the workingmen are indebted to the advantages of society for the improvement of their condition over that of Crusoe, how much more is the man who has accumulated (not created) wealth indebted to society! For example, in the midst of our great fortunes of to-day, the following calculation will be interesting: It will be readily granted that a workingman who saves one dollar per day above living expenses, every working day, and who has the opportunity of doing this continuously month after month and year after year, is very fortunate. But let us suppose that a workingman began working and saving at this rate at the beginning of the Christian era, and that his life had been miraculously prolonged through all these centuries, how many millions (barring interest) would he be worth to-day? You will be surprised to hear that his first million would be only a little more than half earned. Then what shall we say of those who *get* not only one million but many millions during the brief time of the efficient portion of a human life? Certainly millionnaires get more than the advantage of tools, machinery, and co-operation in the ordinary sense. It is only by special privileges of some sort that the accumulation of so much as a million dollars is possible. And the "accumulation" is not the process of earning, but of in some way inducing the forces of civilized society to contribute to individual coffers instead of to the general good.

Our laws give protection in the possession of these unearned and unnaturally large fortunes; not only protection in their possession, but the right to transmit the same at the death of the owner according to his will, or in the absence of a will the property goes to the descendants of the owner. Let us notice that society, the forces of which much more than the industry of the individual created the fortune, makes no claims as an heir to the fortune; or, to put it in

another way, the State, by means of whose institutions and fostering protection the accumulation and retention of a large fortune become possible, makes no claims as an heir at the death of the owner. There are two reasons why society or the State should be an heir in these cases. The first is, if the forces of society rather than the forces of the individual created the fortune, society should have a right to the possession of at least a part of the fortune, if not at the time of the accumulation, certainly after the accumulator is dead.

Second, the State has many wards growing up in vice and ignorance, and it *needs* its rightful resources to give healthful and moral surroundings and needful educational advantages to those who without such aid will become criminals and paupers instead of useful citizens.

We have seen that in the animal world the "natural" inheritance of the offspring is sustenance during the period of incapacity, and training during the period of adolescence. It is seldom, and only through accident, that the young animal fails to receive this natural inheritance. When adult life is reached further inheritance invariably ceases. Should not society, or as some would prefer to express it, the State, insure to its needy young this "natural" inheritance, particularly when it has so good a claim as an heir to these large unearned fortunes? Those who inherit by descent or will these immense fortunes (only by grace of the law) get a superabundant and undeserved inheritance, while the waifs of society do not even get their natural right of sustenance and training.

My proposition is to take a portion from the excessively large inheritances and with this portion restore the natural and rightful inheritance to the waifs.

The abstracting of a part of an inheritance is usually called an inheritance tax; but I protest against this theory. An estate whose former owner is dead belongs to no one except by the grace and consent of the State. Ex-Premier Rosebery says that the dead hand has no rights. The will that the hand now dead has executed is also dead, except as the State brings it to life. The descendants of the former owner did not earn the wealth, hence it is not theirs except as the State may permit. There is abundant legal authority for this position.

I contend that the State should be a first and preferred heir to a portion of every excessively large estate; after

which the remainder may be divided as at present. The State's inheritance should not be put into the general fund for ordinary expenses, but be devoted to the establishment of institutions for the sustenance and training of children from the slums of the cities whose natural protectors have either died or are incompetent.

The principle of inheritance taxation is well established all over the civilized world. England gets twelve per cent of her total revenue (about \$55,000,000) from this source, and some countries get as high as twenty per cent. France taxes gifts during life, as well as property transmitted at the death of the owner. The experience of the world shows that this kind of a tax is collected easily and without much expense; and it is a burden to no one, for nothing is taken from anyone, — the dead have no needs and the survivors get what they did not formerly have. As a tax and a source of income it is ideal and certain. It has long been a source of income in a number of our states, as Pennsylvania, New York, and some others, and the number of such states has recently increased to about fourteen. These taxes are laid upon the portion going to each individual and are complicated by "direct" and "collateral" considerations. I contend that these complications are unnecessary, and that the State take a portion of the estate first, and afterward the remainder be divided according to will or laws of descent; and, also that this be not construed as a tax, but as a national inheritance; and also that whatever the different states may do in this matter, the nation be the first and preferred heir, and that the proceeds be not put into the general fund, but be devoted to the sustenance and training of the nation's needy little ones.

Last winter I prepared a bill that I called a "National Heritage Law," and had it introduced into Congress. It provided that the nation should inherit a portion of all estates above a million dollars in valuation according to the following scale: All estates up to a million dollars not affected; but of all fortunes above a million dollars and less than two millions, at the death of the owner the nation shall inherit 1% of the excess above one million; if above two millions, the nation shall inherit 2% of all in excess of one million; if above three millions, the nation shall inherit 3% of all in excess of one million, and so on up to 50%.

This I know is only a millionaire affair, but it is so intended at first until the principle shall be established; then

the law can easily be amended to apply to smaller fortunes. It is difficult to estimate the income from this law, but I roughly calculate that it would rarely be less than one million dollars per year, with an occasional inheritance of a number of millions from a single estate upon the death of some extremely wealthy multi-millionnaire. But in a few years the law could be amended perhaps to approach the present English law, which we have seen brings in an income of \$55,000,000 per year; the same law in this country would yield a greater amount in proportion as this country is more populous, wealthier, and, unfortunately, more given to the accumulating of vast private fortunes than is England.

My proposed application of this national inheritance to the needs of the waifs is briefly as follows: This should be a purely national affair, disregarding all state boundaries. Great fortunes are accumulated in this country regardless of state lines; none of them have been built up without drawing upon the resources of many states. Then this national inheritance should be used without reference to state lines.

A board of managers consisting of say three men distinguished for works of philanthropy and for executive ability, should be appointed by the President from a list to be submitted to him by one or several prominent charity or correctional associations. Institutions to be established in convenient localities throughout the country, for the reception, sustenance, and education of dependent children. A part of the time of each inmate to be given to work in garden, farm, or suitable shops belonging to the institution, and a part of the time to education in the fundamental common-school branches. I will propose the name work-schools or school-farms, or national protectories, for these institutions.

Every child between the ages of five and fourteen found in need or lacking proper hygienic, moral, and educational advantages shall be brought before the nearest probate court, and if found advisable, sent to the nearest one of these school-farms. Parental right shall always be surrendered to the institution, and an important function of the institution shall be to suitably place inmates in private homes when possible, by either indenture or adoption, and the institution shall exercise suitable supervision over those so placed.

As to the cost, I have investigated extensively as to the *per capita* annual cost in various public institutions, and I calculate that the *per capita* expense in these proposed insti-

tutions would perhaps be between \$150 and \$200 per year, including clothing, teaching and every necessary expense, but excluding cost of grounds and buildings. However, if the co-operative industrial features which would be in the direction of self-maintenance should attain any considerable degree of success, these figures would be materially diminished.

Let us suppose that we have an annual income of ten million dollars, and that by means of the industrial features the annual expense is reduced to \$100 per inmate; then we would have one hundred thousand children taken from bad surroundings, saved from want, ignorance, vice, and crime, and so nurtured and trained that they would become useful and respectable citizens. If left in the slums, a large portion would sooner or later become far more expensive charges of the State, either as criminals or paupers. Here we have, as if by magic, an income the obtaining of which wrongs no one, is a burden to no one, makes no one poorer; and also as if by magic, at a cost no greater than the State would ultimately have to incur for the same individuals, it takes hold at the promising end and builds up the State by giving it healthy, trained, and educated young men and women in the place of criminals and paupers.

Four hundred and fifty-two thousand children (under twenty-one years) were arrested in this country during 1894, at an expense of over \$10,000,000. Average cost of every arrest is \$20. It has cost \$500,000,000 to build the prisons of the United States, and maintenance costs between \$50,000,000 and \$75,000,000 per year.

After elaborating this plan I was happy to find that the state of Michigan had been successfully practising the latter part of it for twenty-two years (see in the issue for May, 1896, of the *American Journal of Sociology*, an article on "The Michigan System of Child Saving," by C. D. Randall). The money for establishment and maintenance is gotten by appropriations instead of inheritances. The great majority of the children are sooner or later indentured or adopted into private families, and good treatment is assured by an elaborate system of supervision by agents of the institution. The institution there is called the State Public School. Experience there has shown that such an institution does not conflict with private charities or local institutions.

Let us use the means so easily and justly within our reach

to clear the slums of their miserable and hopeless young, and remove from the streets children selling papers and blacking shoes, and children workers from factories and sweat-shops, and do our duty by them by making them comfortable and giving them training and education as they deserve.

My proposed National Heritage Law, introduced in Congress last winter, was "smothered" in committee. Let us endeavor to elect a large number of liberal and progressive congressmen next November, and have the Committee on Ways and Means made up of that kind of men. I will then prepare a bill embracing the principles advocated in this paper, and let us all use our influence to get it through Congress. When this is done we shall be on the right track. Then justice and law will systematically and thoroughly do the important duty now left to the spasmodic and inefficient efforts of charity.

PRACTICAL CHRISTIANITY AS I CONCEIVE IT—A SYMPOSIUM.

I.

There is not a sect in Christendom that may not claim to be developing "practical Christianity." Why then this revolt and this modern emphasis on the word "practical"? If all denominations are trying to make mankind better, it would seem as if our definition might be found in the ordinary terms of the average theologies and creeds.

But time produces different motor-centres in religion. The Calvinist in his day was able to coerce human nature toward goodness by fear and by warning concerning future penalties. Calvinism is dead. Its legacy of true doctrine (the sifted seed-corn of truth) has been bequeathed to a more reasonable view of divine government.

To-day, for thoughtful people, there is a revision of reason; that is to say, Christianity is operative, if at all, from other sources than the five points of Calvinism.

I suppose in the popular mind "practical Christianity" stands contrasted with doctrinal Christianity. This discrimination is not correct. No movement, religious or other, can gain momentum except from the motor-centre of ideas. The power of a liberal, humanitarian religion to uplift men must first start from certain clear truths. The higher the source, the greater the power. To say that we will benefit mankind is a noble resolve; but the extent of our strength and helpfulness will depend on the intensity of our convictions. Those convictions in my case are as follows:

I conceive Christianity to be a working force for the transformation of humanity. Cleared of all contemporary errors, the "gospel" of Jesus is a call to kingdom-making. His phrase was, "The kingdom of God," or "of heaven," synonymous terms in his mind. He proclaimed freedom for the individual, — character the test, brotherhood the tie, aspiration the spirit.

Practical Christianity, from my point of view and work, is one of the mighty agencies provided by the evolution of his-

tory for our use in civilizing the world. It is a product of Hebrew roitage, now adapted to the wants of the Anglo-Saxon race. Freed from misconceptions it will take a commanding place in the reform and progress of the twentieth century. Science is not hostile to this position. Science is resolutely opposed to certain theological dogmas once supposed to be inherently identified with the Christian scheme of renovation. Two talented authors have done much to present this truth, yes, three — Dr. Draper, Prof. John Fiske, and Hon. Andrew D. White, with a glorious company of associate teachers.

It is true that Col. Robert G. Ingersoll on the basis of agnosticism has preached an inspiring message. This would seem to refute my argument, that certain ideas or truths must be the source of a successful working force for humanity's welfare. Not so. Faith in something is the only main-spring adequate to move the pointer of progress. Col. Ingersoll has faith in the essential value of sincerity, kindness, sacrifice, and justice. His enthusiasm flames high as he studies life here — life unfolding in happier homes, juster laws, freer minds, and sunnier hearts. There may be a God, there may be personal immortality, there may be this or that abstractly considered; I know not, he says, but this I do know: 'Tis well, 'tis best to improve the material, political, and social conditions of *this* life. His look forward is to the coming generations, not to a future heaven or hell.

Practical Christianity obtains its enthusiasm by adding faith in truths which partly assume and partly explain the order of things. It affirms a belief in one Supreme Power of perfect goodness and justice; in a deathless destiny for the individual; in the continuous growth of man under divine education; in the naturalness of religion; in the dignity and worth of the soul viewed in the light of its origin. It does not hesitate to use terms which refer to an immanent God, to a higher law, to a spiritual responsibility. Then, backed up by this army of convictions, it wages a campaign of reconstruction among the pursuits, standards, and motives of men.

"By its fruits" ye shall know this type of religion. The uplift of mankind is the cardinal law. By making the narrow, exclusive, pharisaical church broad, inclusive, ever-active. By setting the pursuit of truth above all limiting results of dogmatic finalities. By calling together the lovers

of mankind, of all sects, into coöperating ranks, ready to fight the battles of righteousness, at the polls, in society, and on ecclesiastical fields. By putting in the place of future salvation the thought of present service. By training the young in ethical and unselfish ideals. By diminishing the wastes and burdens of theological tyranny and bigotry. By impressing the idea of stewardship and trust on the consciences of the rich, the talented, and the favored. By sharing in the reforms of each era, and not, as of old, waiting for the "outside world" to lead and denounce. By lighting up the Bible with modern knowledge, and freeing its oracles from superstitions and ignorant interpretation.

Practical Christianity is not only a worker in the "slums," it seeks to purify the high places of wealth, luxury, and power. Once lodged in the zeal of leading spirits of all denominations its career will broaden. The need now is for an uprising in behalf of oppressed humanity. Burdens of a grievous kind are laid upon us because of the partisanship and blindness of sectarian methods. Money is squandered, animosities fostered, energies scattered, progress held back, because the prosperity of a sect is placed above the welfare of the community. I have hope of better things. Slowly, but surely, the Christianity of the Sermon on the Mount begins to dawn. It differs somewhat from Paul's, from Augustine's, from Calvin's, but it is the Christianity of Jesus, from whom Paul, Augustine, and Calvin imperfectly, though honestly, took their watchwords.

EDWARD A. HORTON.

II.

My conception of practical Christianity would be of little value if it were not based upon some knowledge of the methods of the founder of Christianity, and any theory which I might hold would count for little if it had not been tested by experience. The record of what Christ did is as emphatic as the report of what He said, and one of His most striking utterances upon eschatology is the threatened punishment, not for refusal to believe, but for failure to act.

In the early Christian church the spirit of ministration was prominently set forth, and the first disturbance in the church is thus stated: "In those days, when the number of the disciples was multiplied, there arose a murmuring of the Grecians

against the Hebrews because their widows were neglected in the daily ministration," and the outcome of this dispute was the choice of seven men "of honest report, full of the Holy Ghost and wisdom," whom the Apostles appointed over this business. In the history of the church subsequently there are epochs when ministration is made prominent: *e. g.*, in 1540 was instituted the Brothers of Charity, a lay order in the Roman Catholic Church, founded in Portugal, by John of God, for the care of the sick and fallen; and in 1580, when the first Separatist Church was formed in England, by Robert Browne, the constitution of the church was evidently based upon that of the primitive church, for, after naming the pastor and teacher of the church and defining their duties, provision is made for one or more deacons or deaconesses to care for the secular matters of the church, to visit the sick and afflicted, and to relieve the wants of the poor. The so-called Institutional Church of to-day has been thus defined: "At its best it is dominated by the spirit of Christ, and it does as far as possible what He would do were He living and laboring among men to-day. It strives to meet every contingency, and is organized to do extraordinary rather than ordinary things. It does not move mechanically, but magnifies the personal element." As yet, however, very few churches have attained to this ideal.

The "greatest thing in the world" might still be styled charity, if the meaning of the word were not somewhat degraded. What better proof of this than in the epithet "objects of charity"? And do we not invariably associate the word with mendicancy, although its root meaning is "dear, costly, loved"? One of the *fin de siècle* movements is designed to restore the word to its former position. As Prof. Ely remarks: "We are beginning to hear of the science of charity, and it is surely needed, for old-fashioned almsgiving is a curse."

It is assumed for the sake of argument that practical Christianity is best developed and practised by and through the Church. The theologian, Paul, was liberal enough to say: "As we have therefore opportunity, let us do good unto all men, especially unto them who are of the household of faith." It would seem at this late day as if those in the bonds of Christian fellowship would be mutually helpful. In the chapter from which are taken the words above quoted, the Apostle says to the Galatians, "Bear ye one another's

burdens, and thus fulfil the law of Christ." This is not the place to discuss the duty of the Church toward its indigent members. The subject demands that we go beyond this limitation and take up the command, "as we have opportunity let us do good unto *all* men," which clearly proves the duty of the Church to those beyond its fellowship.

We may step over another boundary line, that which includes the members of the congregation as distinct from those of the church, and look out upon the broader parish as the spirit of the Master demands. Why are there so many unchurched people to-day? Largely because so many professed Christians take no vital interest in the non-church-going element in the community. And yet what is the material that every band of Christians under their Leader is to move upon? "They that are well need not a physician, but they that are sick," and the Church owes a duty to the body politic greater than that which is due to its own membership. The analogy of the physician in his daily rounds is neither fanciful nor forced. A portion of the community have learned and practise the laws of health and in a natural way communicate this knowledge to others. But these do not demand that the physician make systematic visits to them, to the neglect of the sick and suffering. His duty is along the line of professional calls, and pastoral theology ought to emphasize the duty of the minister to make his calls of a professional rather than of a social nature, and to give his attention more largely to those outside the church for the purpose of bringing them under right influences, than to his own peculiar flock.

A writer tells how a little child once preached a sermon to him :

"Is your father at home?" I asked a small child on our village doctor's doorstep.

"No," he said, "he's away."

"Where do you think I could find him?"

"Well," he said, with a considering air, "you've got to look for some place where people are sick or hurt, or something like that. I don't know where he is, but he's helping somewhere."

The complaint of church members in prosperity and health because of the failure of the minister to make social calls is to their shame and discredit.

It is not meant by this that the servant of Christ is to set traps and snares, but he is to use material means for spiritual ends, though of course there are many instances where com-

mon humanity will prompt him to render service even to the ungrateful. If practical Christian work were always done in the name of Christ ingratitude and deception would cut a very small figure. If Christ was willing to heal ten lepers knowing that only one would return to give thanks, our consciences should be satisfied with our faithfulness rather than our success. The criticism and the censure of others should not deter us from going straight forward. The very sneer of men may become the praise of Christ.

Sympathetic charity is preëminently the work of practical Christianity. This is the sort that "suffereth long and is kind." Its field is the world. It makes no distinction of creed or race. While it believes that man's greatest possession is "the pearl of great price," and that his greatest need is of the Saviour of mankind, it recognizes that the physical demands must be first met before the man can be elevated spiritually. Practical Christianity is showing also that social redemption is involved in moral redemption, and that the short cut to the latter is by taking hold of the power of God. Leaving theorizing now, some concrete cases will illustrate what I think practical Christianity ought to be and is :

A man came to my office from Deer Island with a letter from one of our church members who, "having fallen from grace," was paying the penalty of his transgression. The messenger tried hard to "work" me, but with poor success. His failure to accomplish his purpose raised me in his esteem, and after leading the life of a tramp for a while he came again, with less of malice prepense. But he was too much in the toils of sin to break away easily, and it was only when in the hospital, apparently near his end, that he succeeded. The physician in his morning rounds intimated to the patient that his family had better be notified, when he was startled by the proposition, "Doctor, I'll bet you the only dollar I have that I'll get well!" But a few hours later on his return he found the patient improved and ordered alcoholic stimulants to be given him. This time he was equally surprised at the refusal of the man to take his prescription. The patient persisted, and to-day is in good health, occupying a responsible position, and he is a Christian, as he says, not for anything that was said to him but for what practical Christianity did for him.

Here is a neighborhood by no means unique. A number

of men are employed hereabouts, and in some cases their duties keep them out of doors most of the time. When the days are bitter cold the saloon is very attractive. To offset this, a coffee lunch is served at noon regularly. It may not be immodest to say that toilet privileges were furnished for these men, when we found that such was the last bond that drew them to the saloon. Tentatively during the heated season a barrel of ice-water was kept on tap during the day. Later a large tank was substituted and kept in operation day and night. The office of the church became the centre for practical Christian work. Hither people flocked with their various needs. A consumptive is refused admission to the hospitals because his case is hopeless; we find a place where he can be cared for during his remaining days on earth. An order of eviction is served upon a woman upon her sick bed; it completely prostrates her; an attendant reports the case to us, and we serve notice upon the landlord that she must remain until her physician decides it advisable for her to be removed. This man wants to sign the pledge; he is under the influence of liquor, and, perhaps to be rid of him, we humor him, but he comes again, this time sober, and to-day is leading a consistent Christian life. Helpful advice is freely given, and the work is increased tenfold because of the ability to coöperate with the established charitable and philanthropic organizations and other institutions. A pensioner squanders his money for drink, and when, for his own good, aid is refused, his request is granted that he may have a guardian appointed who will make his pension money last the whole of the quarter instead of a few days. Scores of people come for material assistance who are shown the way to help themselves; and it has been one of the surprises in practical Christian work to find how many have certain rights, which, if secured to them, would make them independent. A woman strays in, under the influence of liquor; she says afterwards that she started for a house of ill-fame, and cannot explain why she brought up at the church office. Once she would have been handed over to the police, but we have learned a better way, and, on finding she has a son, we divide the care of these two with another branch of Christians.

A volume would not suffice to show by facts what is the right conception of practical Christianity, but the limits of this article forbid the mention of more than a few. I know

a worthy woman whose husband was injured by a brewery wagon. By the accident, not only was the family deprived of the earnings of its head but the hands of the mother were now tied, and her contribution to the weekly income was cut off. A suit was instituted, but lawyers and doctors played into the hands of the enemy. It required only a few days to put the case into competent and honest hands, though it has taken months to secure a favorable verdict. In the mean time the family has been cared for and the burdens of the over-worked mother have been removed.

I cannot forbear to give another example: An infidel, a man of learning and ability, one whose character had been above reproach, committed a crime in order to provide food for his family. His Christian wife presented the case to us, and the husband was saved before the law could touch him. This single act wrought upon him far more effectively than any didactic volume of Christian evidences.

It may be allowable to say in closing that practical Christian work should centre in the church and radiate from it as a centre. All honor to those churches that have grasped the full meaning of their mission! But the so-called Institutional Church is still on trial, and will continue to be until needless obstructions are removed. It will succeed when, in the spirit of the Master, it employs the most improved modern methods based upon primitive Christian principles.

REV. RUFUS B. TOBEY.

III.

When we speak of religion, what do we mean? If we are speaking of the Christian religion, the Jewish religion, or the Mohammedan religion, we mean the doctrines formulated and expounded in books which contain the creed of the Christian, the Jew, or the Mohammedan. We also speak of religion in another and very different sense. As man has an intellectual side and a social side, so has he a religious side, which distinguishes him from the animal, and which makes it as natural for him to feel reverence toward the power above him as it is for him to think or to speak. The Greek word for man, *anthropos*, means "he who looks upward." "And certain it is," says Müller, "that what makes man to be man, is that he alone turns his face heavenward and yearns for something which neither sense nor rea-

son can supply." This yearning we call the religious instinct, and it is natural to man.

What now is the Christian religion? It has been the custom of its advocates to unduly depreciate all other religions, and to claim that until its advent the world was without a knowledge of God or a revelation of His will. They have assumed that countless millions of human beings, in an imperfect stage of development, in earlier ages of the world have been left at the mercy of false religions, which rendered their worship profanation, made of their lives a cruel farce, and utterly destroyed their chance of salvation after death.

"There is no religion without some grain of truth," said Saint Augustine. Every religion has always been the best possible at the time. It has expressed the highest thoughts and sentiments of the generation accepting it, and its intention has always been toward a nobler ideal of perfection than had existed before. Each has prepared the way for something better. And through them all the race has been steadily climbing higher for tens of thousands of years, as it has advanced in civilization and grown more intellectual and more ethical, until the Christian religion has been evolved with its simple, universal, and eternal truths.

Nor can Christianity be judged by its counterfeits, its excrescences, and the transient falsities which become attached to it in its progress. No religion must be judged by the errors and blunders of its advocates, by the crudeness of their comprehension, their ignorant misstatements of what it teaches, nor yet by the immorality of their lives. We must not follow the methods of Ingersoll, who judges Christianity by its misconceptions, and its degeneration by its distortions and the semi-paganism which overlies it. Do we judge art by the ugly and clumsy statues of our parks and the glaring and gaudy pictures which lumber our galleries?

When we judge a religion we must study it as it was promulgated by its founder. If we want to know what Platonism is, we go back to Plato himself and learn from his teachings. We do not go to the unwisdom or immorality of his followers or to the corruptions of Platonism which were taught centuries later. So with Christianity. We must go back to Jesus Christ, its author, and learn what he thought. And he summed up all religion as love to God and love to man. "*Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy mind, and all thy soul, and thy neighbor as thyself.*" These two

elements are the constituents and essentials of the Christian religion, and they form a perfect religion. The religion of Jesus is taught in the beatitudes, in the Lord's prayer and the golden rule, and runs through all his public utterances.

The golden rule is as fundamental to all right relations in the world of duty and happiness as is Newton's law of gravitation in the world of matter. Applied to the adjustment of the serious problems of America it would settle them promptly and with perfect satisfaction. This divine law had long sought expression before the advent of Jesus. Confucius taught it as a negation: "You must not do to others what you would not they should do to you." Plato uttered it as a prayer: "May I, being of sound mind, do to others as I would they should do to me." Jesus gave it as a law of life to be observed every day, in every place, under all circumstances, by every human being, and then he lived what he taught by a life of wonderful import, and died a martyr to his marvellous doctrines.

The Christian religion has incorporated itself in creeds and churches and forms of worship, but the time has not yet come when communities and nations are moulded by it. It is yet to conquer the realm of civil government, and to readjust all the relations of nations one with another. It is to dominate the business world, the departments of trade and commerce, domestic life, and society in all its manifold relations. It proclaims the duty of strength to assist weakness, that wealth should lend a hand to the helping of poverty, that prosperity should take care of misfortune.

It urges that the disputes of nations shall be settled by international courts of arbitration, and not by a resort to war. It condemns the insane and vulgar greed for riches that actuates monopolies, corporations, and other similar organizations, whose tendency is to make the rich richer, and the poor poorer. It is diametrically opposed to the gigantic liquor interest, which is the prolific cause of crime, suicide, insanity, poverty, disease, and wretchedness; and it arraigns the government for its nefarious partnership in the sinful business by which it adds hundreds of millions of dollars to its treasury annually. In short, whatever in human institutions or human life antagonizes the golden rule or the Sermon on the Mount is at variance with the Christian religion as taught, expounded, and lived by its great founder, Jesus Christ.

MARY A. LIVERMORE.

IV.

When President Garfield lay prostrate at the hand of Guiteau, he had every attention that tenderness and skill could give save one: the fatal bullet was not removed, and the consequence was death, in spite of nurses and physicians. So, to-day, the Christianity of our civilization lies dying. We have churches, schools, orphanages, hospitals. We carry flowers to the sick, food to the hungry, clothes to the naked. Church wealth accumulates, numbers increase, popularity extends, and power wanes.¹ The reason is, we do not probe wisely for the bullet, the centre of poison, the agent of death.

To me, practical Christianity means the removal of the causes of evil, the destruction of the motives for wrong, the creation of an atmosphere of purity, truth and love. Concerning loving ministrations, it is enough to say: "These ought ye to have done, and not to leave the other undone." The omission of loving justice, the failure to demand laws consistent with changed conditions is the sin of the church of to-day.

The parable of the lost sheep needs a new interpretation. It means that God will not be satisfied until his lost child has a fair chance in the rivalry of life. It is not sufficient to say that the majority are well enough off, that all except a few have a fair chance; God will never rest content with any people, any nation, any civilization that does not give the lost one a fair chance to climb the highest heights of worldly and spiritual good. This is the Christianity of Christ as distinguished from the Christianity of the church.

There is enough in the world for all, and yet, as Massey says:

We hear the cry for bread, with plenty smiling all around,
Hill and valley in their bounty blush for man with fruitage crowned;
What a merry world it might be, opulent for all and aye,
With its lands that ask for labor, and its wealth that wastes away.
This world is full of beauty as other worlds above,
And, if we did our duty, it might be full of love.

If we did our duty there is no reason why not only the hungry body but also the hungry soul should not be fed with all the good it craves. There is no reason why women should starve for want of the beautiful, nor why man

¹ The fact that the liquor saloon still reigns is sufficient evidence that the Christian influence of the Church does not keep pace with its material growth.

should long in vain for those things which God has designed to sustain the soul.

The trouble is, we do not do our duty. Whenever a great crisis arises in human affairs, a crisis which means the welfare of millions, the church as represented by the clergy is never ready for it. At this writing a great crisis is upon the American people. A movement for a new social order is astir; a very few clergymen comprehend it, a very few are even interested in it. In fact, the ignorance displayed by a majority of those preachers who have spoken on the money question in New York and New England is equalled only by the indifference of the larger number who have remained silent; and the general ignorance of the Church on great social problems, it would be impossible to exaggerate. Men cry for justice, and we fling them an alms and talk to them about heaven. We do not even know what their cry for justice means, and perhaps blame them for uttering it.

The religion of Jesus is a religion of deep, universal, and eternal principles. It means the regeneration not only of the heart of man but of the heart of society. It means a new civilization whenever the old fails in its mission,—and its mission fails whenever justice fails. No institution of man is essentially sacred or divine. Humanity alone is God's great care, and for its sake He has incarnated himself in it. As Herron says: "God is human, man is divine." Whatever institution gets in the way of human progress must perish. However venerable, however seemingly sacred, the "strong one in his wrath" will eventually smite every "godless shrine." The first duty of a practical Christianity may sometimes be to destroy the Church itself. Though the Church die, Christ will still live, will still be heard, and will build something better in the place of that which is overthrown.

Even to-day there is outside the Church an intense demand for the more perfect application of Christian principles to society, to government, and to life. It is a demand which must be heeded. It is the incarnate Christ-voice calling for judgment, mercy, and faith, a voice pronouncing the sentence of death to man's greed and lust for power.

The traditions of the Church forbid the active participation of the clergy in any movement which requires political action. They must stick to the creed and preach that which nobody will dispute. If, perchance, they break from tradition and touch upon politics, they are more than likely to be

upon the wrong side. The Church, as an organization, in its general assemblies spends its time in electing officers, discussing methods for its own enlargement, tinkering its discipline, and passing stale or worthless resolutions. Really vital interests it ignores until pushed to their consideration by forces from the outside.

I would not have the Church dictate political creeds, nor enter into a scramble for spoils, but I would have it search out principles and pronounce upon them with no uncertain sound. I would have it show the way of life to earth's toiling millions without waiting for a future heaven. When great crises arise I would have it first in the field with its declarations of righteousness and truth. I would have it show their duty to men of wealth, and be first in its demand for a just and, if necessary, new civilization. Practical Christianity means sacrifice, sometimes of property, often of numbers, and these are too often the last things the Church is willing to give. Because it feels itself more divine than humanity, its mission is a partial failure. When it finds itself willing to fail for Christ's sake, the true practical Christianity will once more revive.

REV. ROBERT E. BISBEE.

V.

To the Editor of THE ARENA:

MY DEAR SIR, — Last night I heard our friend Mr. James Rhodes of the Prospect Union speak on the eternal principles on which the coöperative movements in England are based. I could not but think of your articles, with such a good illustration of practical Christianity.

Whenever you meet an enthusiastic temperance man, who has studied the subject of personal purity with real enthusiasm and from the spiritual point of view, not from the point of view of the Philistine, you have the same feeling: you say, "This man understands practical Christianity." Whenever you meet with a person who is interested in prisons, and acquaints himself with the needs of men who are awaiting trial or who have been tried, using his knowledge for the benefit of those men, or men like them, you say again, "Here is a piece of practical Christianity."

It is certainly very curious, it is very melancholy, that ninety-nine hundredths of the books which have been written

about Christianity in the last nineteen centuries make no reference to such practical matters. Generally speaking, they are useless discussions on sin and the nature of sin. Sometimes they mount so high as to give some good advice to some one individual how he shall save his own soul. But the definite business of enlarging life, of making the world a stronger and wiser and better world, is passed by in such literature as if it were a business with which men have as little to do as butterflies seem to have.

This having been the direction which the authorized Christian teachers have chosen to take, it becomes more necessary for men and women in our age to try to show that there is no Christianity unless it acts. The illustrations in the life of Jesus Christ are curiously apt in this regard. Perhaps the noblest description ever made of him is that "He made himself of no reputation, and took upon himself the form of a servant." That is, he was ready to be of use to other people. And another description like this says that "He went about doing good." For any person to stay in the house year in and out, not doing good, and still call himself a Christian, is a most lamentable misuse of language.

In what we call the "Four Mottoes" of the Lend a Hand Clubs, the first is, "Look up and not down." This is the nineteenth century rendering of the appeal for faith in God. The second is "Look forward and not back," which is our rendering of the appeal for hope, by which Paul meant man's outlook into the infinite world. So much for faith and hope, the first two of what Paul names as the Three Eternities. They are much more than graces; they are the foundations on which life stands. Greater than these, according to Paul's statement and according to the eternal truth of things, is love; and the third of our mottoes, "Look out and not in," represents in the language of the nineteenth century what Paul meant by love. It is what some people like to call altruism now. But it is not enough that love should be represented by the desire to "look out"; a man may look out as Rebecca looked out of the tower window. It is the man who is striking blows, or fighting the fight, or building a house, or pouring in oil and wine, who lives the life of love. And it is for this reason that to our motto "Look out and not in" we add the motto "Lend a hand." We do this for the purpose of showing that the expression of love is nothing until a man carry it into action.

I see, as you do, with great satisfaction that churches, societies, guilds, orders, nowadays are not satisfied with mulling over the theories of people on the improvement of the world, but address themselves directly to practical action in that way. I am myself convinced that a great deal more can be done than has generally been done in showing children what public spirit is and how they can live for others. If you can make four or five boys who have joined together in a Lend a Hand Club teach a lame boy who is shut up for the winter how to use a jigsaw,—that is to say, if you can organize them as a society for the help of others, instead of that very questionable organization, a Mutual Improvement Society,—you have taken a definite step in practical Christianity.

EDWARD E. HALE.

THE CONCENTRATION OF WEALTH.

BY ELTWEED POMEROY.

Many persons commonly considered wealthy are in reality no more wealthy than the locks of their own strong boxes are; they being inherently and eternally incapable of wealth; and operating for the nation, in an economical point of view, either as pools of dead water and eddies in a stream (which, so long as the stream flows, are useless or serve only to drown people, but may become of importance in a state of stagnation should the stream dry); or else as dams in a river of which the ultimate service depends not on the dam but the miller; or else, as mere accidental stays and "impedimenta" acting, not as wealth, but (for we ought to have a correspondent term) as "illth" causing various devastations and trouble around them in all directions; or lastly acting not at all but as mere animated conditions of delay (no use being possible of anything they have until they are dead), in which last condition they are nevertheless often useful as delays and "impedimenta" if a nation is apt to move too fast. — *Ruskin*.

In the July, 1895, number of *The American Federationist* I gave some facts relative to the concentration of wealth in the United States and an argument for one of the remedies for it, a progressive inheritance charge. Since then, more statistics supporting the facts then given and the conclusions arrived at have come under my notice. I propose to give an opening view of the problem, a brief *résumé* of these facts with diagrams, state my conclusions, and briefly the remedies.

THE LUST FOR POWER.

The world moves in cycles. Its general progress is upward, but it is not a steady upward movement. It seems to go in spirals, a rapid advance under the impetus of some new force. That power spends itself and old and evil forces recur which drag civilization back into the depression of the spiral until some new inspiration starts the upward movement again. The force of a lust for power, which has shown itself in past ages in the institutions of slavery, ecclesiastical machine domination, serfdom, imperialism, aristocracy and class rule, is to-day reappearing in a new guise, in a new slavery, in a new serfdom, in a new imperialism, in a new aristocracy, in a new class rule. The old forms of domination are being superseded by the new form of a concentration of wealth in a few hands, of a concentration of the ownership of the earth and the fulness thereof. Those who do not own are as truly slaves now as under any of the old

forms of domination. How rapidly this is progressing, the facts that follow show. Few appreciate the imminence of the peril.

OUR PRESENT IMPETUS.

The discovery of the new world four centuries ago gave an impetus to progress which is not fully spent. We are still on the rise of the spiral. Will this evil force of a lust for power through the ownership of vast wealth drag us down into the fall of the spiral, there to wait in the misery of the masses and the opulence of the classes for a new redeemer, a new inspiring force? Or will the crude democracy, which is apparently now the world's inevitable governing power, inspired by universal education, see the impending evil, see the remedies and apply them? Let us hope the latter.

A STRONG DOMINATION.

Yet the new domination by the ownership, not of men but of wealth, is more insidious, more subtle, more strong than any other domination. Other dominations cared for the lives and health of the slaves because they were property and any injury to them was an injury to the property of their owners. The domination by the ownership of wealth cares naught for the lives and health of the nominally free white slaves: they are not property; nature will replace them when worn out or injured. It is true she will replace them with a lower grade of men and woman, physically, mentally and morally. But what cares Concentrated Wealth; it will be able to carry out its plans the more securely. A common humanity may prompt some ameliorations, but Concentrated Wealth says: "The public be damned!" And the further this concentration continues, the stronger it becomes. Can it be thrown off?

THE QUESTION.

This power enters into our life not by setting up an open standard like the domination of a king or an aristocracy which can be openly attacked. It entrenches itself behind the respectabilities and legalities of civilized life. With its corrupting grasp it permeates and controls the government and the institutions for civilizing. It dangles before the ambitious young man its glittering prizes and debauches him

into a gambler, to be either flung aside, squeezed dry, or, satiated with opulence, made rotten through and through. It is the most insidious, secret and subtle of dominations. The facts show how far it has gone. They are startling. Can an intelligent application of remedies still preserve us on the upward course, or will this civilization perish of inherent rottenness, and only form the soil for some new civilization to arise ages hence?

THE METHOD USED.

When the tax assessor makes his valuation of property for taxation the owner will lie to escape part of it. It is a game of wits between the man who knows all about the property and an outsider, and the owner wins. Such a method of getting at the distribution of wealth is very faulty. The same is true in a slightly less degree of the census returns of the ownership of wealth; and these are often taken with haste and carelessness. They do not furnish the best statistics to define and state this concentration of wealth. But rich and poor die, and neither can take his property with him. It must be left in the charge of the state till distributed among the heirs. The records of the estates of dead men are a very accurate gauge of the distribution of wealth among all the people. The man who knows most about each estate and who could most skilfully undervalue it, its former owner, is dead. It goes into the hands of strangers to it, the executors, who are under strict government supervision. There is no incentive to undervalue. In fact, each one of the heirs will insist on an accurate and honest valuation. The only element of uncertainty in these statistics is the fact that the well-to-do, as insurance statistics show, live longer than the poor, so that, in proportion to the population, fewer of them die than of the poor. Hence these statistics underestimate the concentration of wealth. Nevertheless they furnish the most accurate method we have. The figures following are derived from these statistics of dead persons' estates.

CONCENTRATION IN ENGLAND.

Although the domination of wealth has perhaps grown more rapidly and flaunted its viler features more openly in the United States than elsewhere, it is not confined to our country, but is a world movement. England is a notable

example. One of her recent blue books presents a series of facts which are as startling as they are accurate.

For over half a century England has had a progressive inheritance charge which is now firmly rooted as one of the large sources of public revenue. It has been in operation for so long that the machinery for gathering it and the facts relating to it are in almost perfect condition, and the facts thus gathered can be relied on for showing the truth.

According to the Statesman's Year Book for 1896, an acknowledged authority, the total number of deaths in Great Britain (this covers Ireland, Scotland and Wales as well as England) in the five years, 1890-1894, was 3,595,447. According to William Farr's Vital Statistics, 54 per cent of the deaths in Great Britain are of persons under 25 years old. Therefore, I deduct 54 per cent, or 1,941,541, from this amount, leaving 1,653,906 deaths of persons old enough to take care of themselves and to own property. I would have preferred to have had the percentage for under 18 or 20 years old instead of under 25 years old, as that is the time of majority, but it could not easily be found. So, by subtracting those dying under 25 years old, my estimates of the concentration of wealth are underestimated again.

There are in Great Britain, according to my first authority, 51 per cent of women to 49 per cent of men. Hence I next deduct 51 per cent, or 843,492, from the deaths 25 years old and over. This leaves 810,414, or the total number of men dying 25 years old and over. Many women are amply capable of earning their living, and do, and hold property. So that by deducting all the women, I err on the side of understating the concentration of wealth a third time.

The rest of my facts are taken from the Thirty-seventh Report of the Commissioners of Inland Revenue for Her Majesty Queen Victoria. In the appendix is a table covering the five years 1890 through 1894. This gives the number of persons dying with property and the valuation of their estates classified into thirteen classes. For instance, the first is of those not over one hundred pounds in value; the thirteenth is of those between two and three million pounds in value. These are condensed into seven classes and, with the percentages, are shown in the following table and diagrams. In this table the value of an English pound is reckoned at \$5, although it is really a little less:

| Class | Average Wealth. | Num- ber. | Population Percent- age. | Aggregate Wealth. | Wealth Percent- age. |
|--------------------------------|--------------------|--------------|--------------------------------|----------------------|----------------------------|
| No. 1. Property nothing | | 459,694 | 56.723 | | |
| No. 2. Under \$500 | \$ 279.50 | 96,369 | 11.521 | \$ 26,090,000 | .617 |
| No. 3. Under \$1,500 | 964.00 | 91,175 | 11.250 | 87,900,000 | 2.077 |
| No. 4. \$500 to \$5,000 | 2,461.00 | 87,836 | 10.852 | 216,400,000 | 5.113 |
| No. 5. \$5,000 to \$50,000 | 16,251.50 | 64,307 | 7.935 | 1,045,070,000 | 24.693 |
| No. 6. \$50,000 to \$1,250,000 | 167,433.50 | 13,706 | 1.691 | 2,294,845,000 | 54.223 |
| No. 7. Over \$1,250,000 | 2,475,727.00 | 227 | .028 | 561,960,000 | 13.277 |
| Totals and Averages.... | \$ 5,222.50 | 810,414 | 100.000 | \$4,332,295,000 | 100.000 |

What is to be specially noticed about this table is not, either the number of people who have died in this period nor their aggregate wealth, but the percentages. These percentages clearly show the distribution of wealth in England. This table extends over a period of five years, so that local variations, like the death of one person of towering fortune, are almost entirely eliminated. It is official, and the facts were gathered for an entirely different purpose, so that the statistics have not been doctored, as is sometimes charged in this country. In my opinion, it is an underestimate of the concentration of wealth in Great Britain; and yet the facts are startling. Over 56 per cent own nothing; and if we add the three first classes together, we have nearly 80 per cent owning less than 3 per cent, and then a little over 20 per cent owning over 97 per cent; if we add the first four classes together, we have over 90 per cent of the people owning less than 8 per cent of the wealth of the country, and under 10 per cent owning 92 per cent; and if we take the last two classes, we find that less than one-fiftieth of the people own over two-thirds of the wealth; and then look at that last class of millionnaires, numbering less than three one-hundredths of one per cent, and yet owning over 13 per cent of the wealth! The danger in Great Britain is imminent.

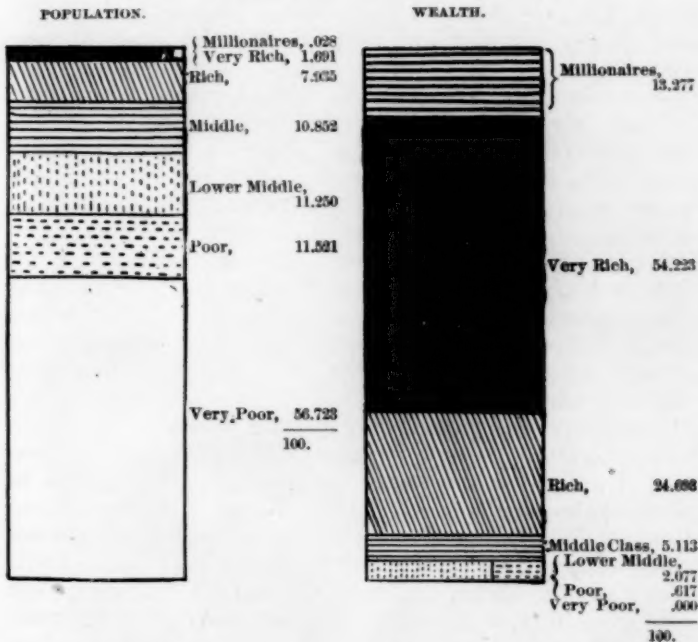
The diagrams on next page show graphically these facts.

CONCENTRATION IN MASSACHUSETTS.

The second group of facts is taken from the Twenty-fifth Annual Report of the Massachusetts Bureau of Labor Statistics and from the Registration Reports of the same state. The Commissioner of Labor has carefully collated the Probate Office returns, which give the facts regarding the property left by deceased persons in Massachusetts for the census

years 1830, 1860, 1880 and 1890, and for one year on each side, making four groups of three years each. He took a census year, so that the figures might be compared with the United States census statistics, and he added the year on each side, so as to eliminate any accidental variations in one year. By thus making the base of the figures more broad, he has made them more accurate.

DIAGRAMS SHOWING BY PERCENTAGES THE POPULATION AND WEALTH DISTRIBUTION IN GREAT BRITAIN BY THE PROBATE RECORDS FOR 1880-1894.



He took 1830 as the first period, as it was before our present factory and industrial system had made progress enough to change conditions. It is also at the beginning of the emigration. Eighteen hundred and sixty was taken next, as it was before the War of the Rebellion, whose mighty influence in destroying old conditions and preparing the way for our factory industrialism we are just beginning to appreciate. Eighteen hundred and eighty was then taken, because it was

far enough off from the war period not to be directly affected by the war's great destruction of wealth, and the last period, 1890, brought the figures down as near to date as possible.

But I have dropped out of consideration this last group, 1889 to 1891, because I think the figures inaccurate from a change in the circumstances. In Massachusetts it is not obligatory that an inventory be filed of dead persons' estates. There are certain advantages why it is better that an inventory be filed, but it is not necessary. Accordingly we find that in 1829-1831, 10 $\frac{3}{4}$ per cent of the estates filed no inventory, in 1859-1861, 9 $\frac{3}{4}$ per cent filed no inventory, in 1879-1881, 12 $\frac{1}{4}$ per cent filed no inventory, and in 1889-1891, over 42 per cent filed no inventory. The first three of these percentages are small and do not radically affect the total result. But the percentage for 1889-1891 is very large. We are only certain of little more than half of the results. The other percentages show this. There is a certain regular progression in the first three groups of figures, but the fourth group is irregular, it does not carry out this progression. Nothing can be deduced from this fourth group. Its percentages are contradictory and confusing. The reason for it is probably that in 1891 or 1892 a law was passed placing a tax on certain estates and the considerable agitation before the law was passed, and the law itself, probably induced many executors not to file inventories lest in some way the estate might be taxed.

But the probate records only give the number of dead persons with estates. In order to get an idea of the concentration of wealth, we must have the total number of deaths of persons who should have estates. To get this I have taken from the Registration Reports of Massachusetts the number of males who died in 1859 to 1861 and in 1879 to 1881. These reports tell me that for 1879 to 1881, 66.89 per cent died over 20 years old, and so I deduct one-third as the number who died under 20 years old, and who were therefore minors and not likely to hold property. From this I subtract the percentage of the total probates of the males dying for whose estate no inventory was filed; this is done because it is presumed that there will be the same percentage of different-sized estates among those who do not file an inventory as among those who do; but usually the estates filing no inventory are either large ones, whose executors fear to show the size, or very small ones, where it is not thought worth

while. To this figure I add the number of estates left by females making inventory, and thus I get the total number of deaths of persons who should leave some estate if there were an equitable distribution of wealth. This is an underestimate rather than an overestimate.

In making up the figures for 1829-1831 I have to pursue a somewhat different method, as there are no registration reports for those years. The census figures for 1830, of 610,408 persons in Massachusetts, are taken as a basis. It is there shown that in 1851-1855 the average yearly death-rate was 1.86 per 100, hence for three years it would be 5.58 per 100, or 33,821 for the years 1829-1831. I find that the male deaths for a period of years were 49 $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent; hence I take 49 $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent of 33,821, which gives me 16,065, or the deaths of males for the three years, and then I proceed the same as with the other two periods.

These tables are then condensed from thirteen to seven divisions, with the following results :

DISTRIBUTION OF WEALTH IN MASSACHUSETTS IN 1829-1831 AS SHOWN BY PROBATE OFFICE RETURNS.

| Class. | Average Wealth. | Num-ber. | Population Percent- age. | Aggregate Wealth. | Wealth Percent- age. |
|-------------------------------|-----------------|----------|-----------------------------|-------------------|-------------------------|
| No. 1. Property nothing | | 5,957 | 61.81 | | |
| No. 2. Under \$1,000 | \$ 319 | 1,894 | 19.61 | \$ 604,552 | 4.17 |
| No. 3. \$1,000 to \$5,000 | 2,372 | 1,374 | 13.20 | 3,022,264 | 20.85 |
| No. 4. \$5,000 to \$25,000 | 9,806 | 452 | 4.68 | 4,432,297 | 30.58 |
| No. 5. \$25,000 to \$100,000 | 49,347 | 67 | .689 | 3,306,279 | 22.81 |
| No. 6. \$100,000 to \$500,000 | 206,766 | 9 | .009 | 1,860,898 | 12.84 |
| No. 7. Over \$500,000 | 633,909 | 2 | .002 | 1,267,817 | 8.75 |
| Totals..... | \$ 1,501 | 9,655 | 100.000 | \$14,494,107 | 100.00 |

DISTRIBUTION OF WEALTH IN MASSACHUSETTS IN 1830-1861 AS SHOWN BY PROBATE OFFICE RETURNS.

| Class. | Average Wealth. | Num-ber. | Population Percent- age. | Aggregate Wealth. | Wealth Percent- age. |
|-------------------------------|-----------------|----------|-----------------------------|-------------------|-------------------------|
| No. 1. Property nothing | | 13,433 | 66.00 | | |
| No. 2. Under \$1,000 | \$ 467 | 2,445 | 12.02 | \$ 1,043,732 | 1.96 |
| No. 3. \$1,000 to \$5,000 | 2,463 | 2,827 | 13.89 | 6,791,881 | 12.75 |
| No. 4. \$5,000 to \$25,000 | 10,195 | 1,304 | 6.40 | 13,294,300 | 24.97 |
| No. 5. \$25,000 to \$100,000 | 47,112 | 260 | 1.27 | 12,249,179 | 23.00 |
| No. 6. \$100,000 to \$500,000 | 184,862 | 80 | .39 | 14,789,000 | 27.76 |
| No. 7. Over \$500,000 | 848,109 | 6 | .03 | 5,088,632 | 9.56 |
| Totals..... | \$ 2,616 | 20,335 | 100.00 | \$53,256,794 | 100.00 |

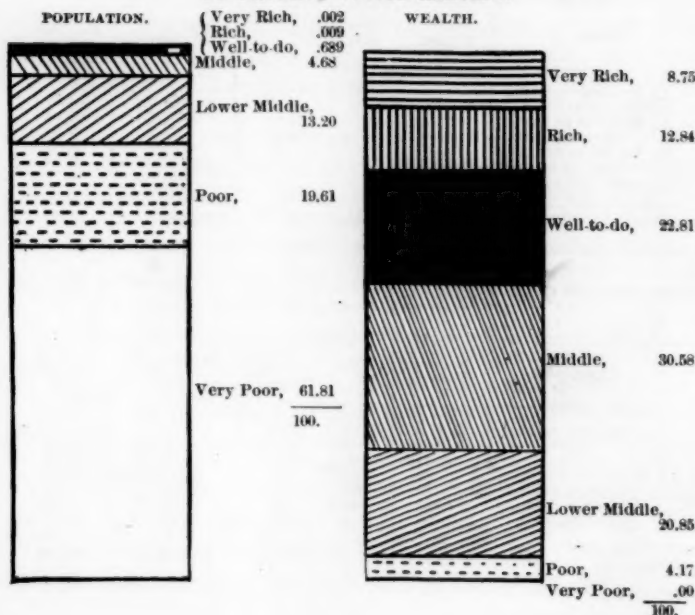
**DISTRIBUTION OF WEALTH IN MASSACHUSETTS IN 1879-1881 AS SHOWN
BY PROBATE OFFICE RETURNS.**

| Class. | Average Wealth. | Num- ber. | Population Percent- age. | Aggregate Wealth. | Wealth Percent- age. |
|-------------------------------|--------------------|--------------|--------------------------------|----------------------|----------------------------|
| No. 1. Property nothing | | 24,799 | 69.00 | | |
| No. 2. Under \$1,000 | \$ 457 | 3,273 | 9.12 | \$ 1,494,522 | 1.08 |
| No. 3. \$1,000 to \$5,000 | 2,458 | 4,588 | 12.76 | 11,275,295 | 8.21 |
| No. 4. \$5,000 to \$25,000 | 10,526 | 2,444 | 6.80 | 25,728,472 | 18.73 |
| No. 5. \$25,000 to \$100,000 | 46,661 | 628 | 1.74 | 29,302,842 | 21.33 |
| No. 6. \$100,000 to \$500,000 | 202,085 | 180 | .50 | 36,375,247 | 26.48 |
| No. 7. Over \$500,000 | 1,144,758 | 29 | .08 | 33,197,981 | 24.17 |
| Totals | \$ 3,822 | 35,941 | 100.00 | \$137,374,259 | 100.00 |

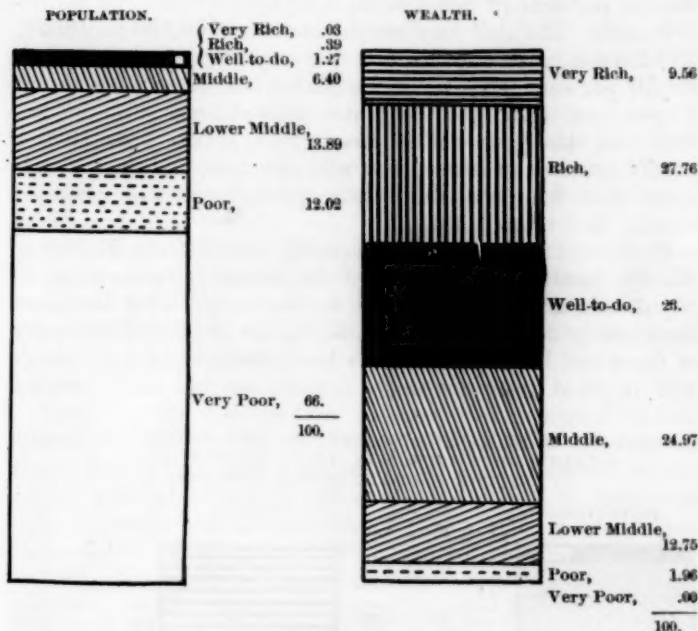
The special thing to be noticed about these tables is not the number of persons who have died, nor their aggregate wealth, but the percentages which clearly show the distribution of wealth in Massachusetts for these three periods. In my opinion, these percentages are roughly accurate for the whole country; also, they are, if anything, an underestimate.

The diagrams graphically show these facts:

**DIAGRAMS SHOWING BY PERCENTAGES THE POPULATION AND
WEALTH DISTRIBUTION IN MASSACHUSETTS IN 1829-31
BY PROBATE OFFICE RETURNS.**



DIAGRAMS SHOWING BY PERCENTAGES THE POPULATION AND
WEALTH DISTRIBUTION IN MASSACHUSETTS IN 1899-01
BY THE PROBATE OFFICE RETURNS.



WHAT DO THEY SHOW ?

What do these tables show us ? First, they show that the class with nothing have increased from under 62 per cent to 66 per cent and 69 per cent. If this goes on, in the year 1900 they will be over 72 per cent.

Second. The millionaires have increased from .002 per cent with 8 $\frac{3}{4}$ per cent of the wealth to .03 per cent with 9 $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent of the wealth, and to .08 per cent with 24 per cent of the wealth. If this goes on, in the year 1900 they will number about .15 per cent and own about 31 per cent of the wealth.

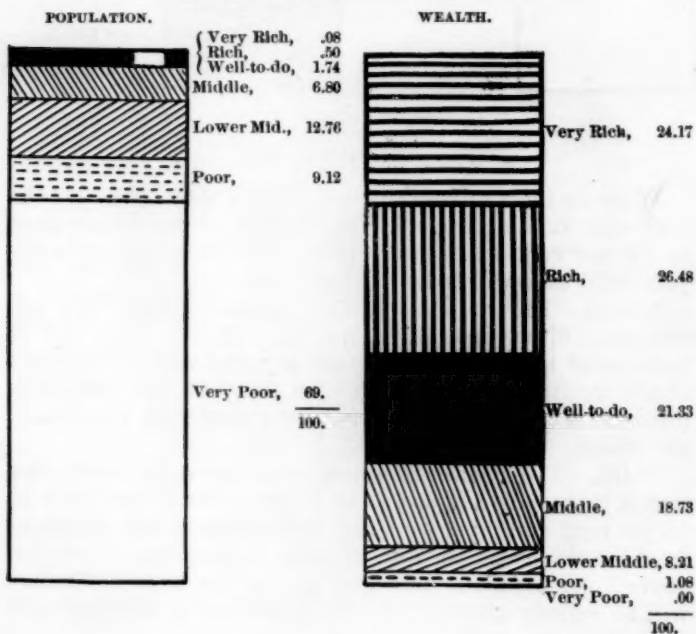
Third. The number of small property owners worth less than a thousand have decreased from under 20 per cent to 12 per cent and 9 per cent, and their property has decreased from a little over 4 per cent to under 2 per cent, and to just above 1 per cent. If this goes on, in the year 1900 they will be entirely crowded into the class owning nothing, and

their places will be filled from the grades above them, so that they will number about $7\frac{1}{2}$ per cent, and own about three-fourths per cent of the wealth.

Fourth. The rich men worth between \$100,000 and \$500,000 have increased from .009 per cent to .39 per cent and to .50 per cent, and their wealth has increased from nearly 13 per cent to $27\frac{3}{4}$ per cent, and then decreased to $26\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. If this goes on, it means that in the year 1900 a goodly number of these men will rise into the class above, some few fall, and that their percentages will probably remain about the same.

Fifth. The moderately well-off, worth from \$1,000 to \$5,000, have remained nearly the same in percentage of population, around 13 per cent, but their wealth has decreased from nearly 21 per cent to $12\frac{3}{4}$, to $8\frac{1}{4}$. In the year 1900 many of them will have sunk into the lower classes and their places will be filled from the upper classes, so that their number

DIAGRAMS SHOWING BY PERCENTAGES THE POPULATION AND WEALTH DISTRIBUTION IN MASSACHUSETTS IN 1879-81 BY THE PROBATE OFFICE RETURNS.



will be about 12 per cent of the total, but their percentage of wealth will have shrunk to 5 per cent or 6 per cent.

Sixth. The moderately wealthy, worth from \$25,000 to \$100,000, have increased in percentage from $\frac{2}{3}$ per cent to $1\frac{1}{4}$ per cent, to $1\frac{1}{4}$ per cent, and their percentage of wealth has remained nearly stationary between the first two periods, and shown a slight fall at the third period. In the year 1900 they will probably occupy the same relative position in the population, numbering about 2 per cent, but their wealth will be about 20 per cent.

Seventh. The exactly middle class have increased from $4\frac{2}{3}$ per cent to $6\frac{2}{3}$ per cent, to $6\frac{1}{4}$ per cent, and their wealth has decreased from $30\frac{1}{2}$ per cent to 25 per cent, to $18\frac{3}{4}$ per cent. In the year 1900 they will probably number the same percentage of the population, but their wealth will have decreased to 15 per cent.

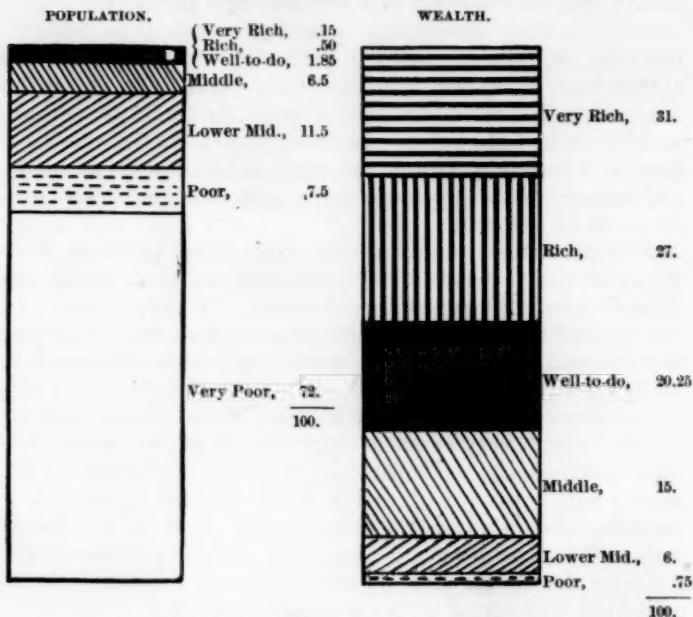
Hence we see a progressive increase in the classes without wealth or with very small average wealth and a decrease in their possessions, accompanied by a small increase in the classes with great wealth and a great increase in their possessions, while the middle classes suffer both in population ratio and in wealth ratio. How long can this continue?

Using the figures above, I have made up diagrams of the estimated wealth and population distributed in the year 1900. (See next page.)

CORROBORATING FACTS.

There are some other facts which these Massachusetts figures show which corroborate my conclusions. In the total probates the percentage of women increased from 16.4 per cent in 1829-1831 to $27\frac{1}{4}$ per cent in 1859-1861, to 38 per cent in 1879-1881, to 44.6 per cent in 1889-1891. Also the average estate of the females was about a third of that of the males in 1829-1831 and it had increased in 1889-1891 to about one-half. These two groups of facts show two things: First, the growing importance of women in our civilization. Second, that, as wealthy women as a class are not producers, workers and managers of their wealth, that wealth is going into the hands of those who do not operate it. This is an evil tendency. And as the flow is far more rapid than, in my opinion, the increased importance of women would warrant, the evil, it seems to me, more than balances the good.

DIAGRAMS SHOWING BY PERCENTAGES THE ESTIMATED POPULATION AND WEALTH DISTRIBUTION IN THE YEAR 1900.



CONCENTRATION IN MARYLAND.

These facts are corroborated by the report of the Maryland Labor Bureau for 1895, which has been investigating the distribution of personal property as shown by the probate records in Baltimore. This investigation covers two periods of six years each, and *The Outlook* says of it:

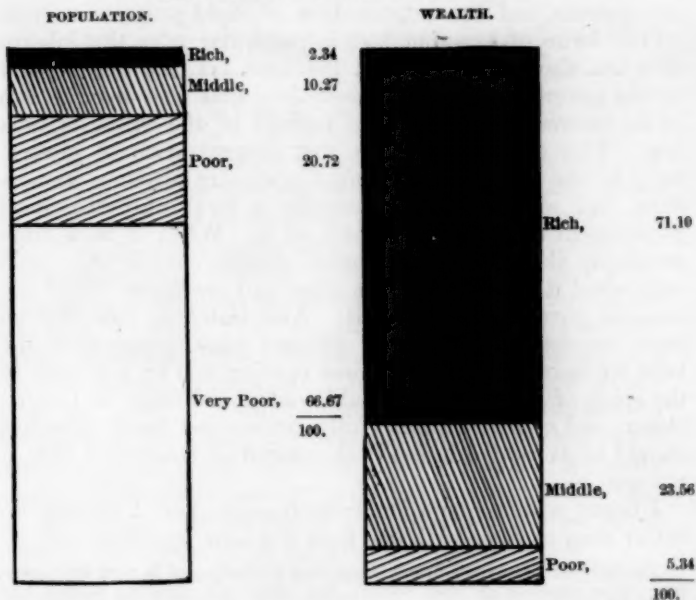
In Baltimore about one person in ten who dies leaves an estate. This means that about one-third of the families own some personal property besides their household furniture.¹ Among this property-owning class the distribution of personalty during the six years ending in 1893 was as follows:²

| Class. | Average Wealth. | Num-ber. | Population Percent- age. | Aggregate Wealth. | Wealth Percent- age. |
|--------------------------------|-----------------|----------|-----------------------------|-------------------|-------------------------|
| Property nothing. | | 11,828 | 66.67 | | |
| Under \$2,500 | \$ 858 | 3,675 | 20.72 | \$ 3,154,957 | 5.34 |
| From \$2,500 to \$25,000. | 7,634 | 1,822 | 10.27 | 13,910,486 | 23.56 |
| Over \$25,000. | 100,700 | 417 | 2.34 | 41,990,125 | 71.10 |
| Totals | \$ 3,310 | 17,842 | 100.00 | \$59,055,568 | 100.00 |

¹ How strikingly this corroborates the Massachusetts figures.

² Note: I have added to this table the non-property-owning class, the average wealth, and the percentages, and have made up the diagrams which follow it.

DIAGRAMS SHOWING BY PERCENTAGES THE POPULATION AND WEALTH DISTRIBUTION IN MARYLAND ACCORDING TO THE PROBATE RETURNS FOR 1888-1893.



In other words, about two-thirds of the property owners held 6 per cent of the property, while a small fraction of the property owners held twice as much as all the remainder.

DOES IT MEAN DESPOTISM?

Can this continue and the Republic live? No; either the propertyless masses will rise in bloody revolution and snatch from the wealthy some part of their ill-gotten gains, while destroying the rest in anarchy and war, or else a despotism of wealth more corrupting and subtly poisonous than that of church, king or aristocrat will fasten its slimy grip upon the throat of our civilization, and, while all is splendid on the surface, will drain its lifeblood, till naught but a lifeless corpse remains to topple over at a touch from the barbarians it itself has created.

CAUSES AND REMEDIES.

Its causes are class legislation, inequitable taxation, monopolies, and commercial fraud. Its remedies lie in a complete

control over legislation by the whole people through the initiative and the referendum, a juster administration of our tax systems, and the introduction of rapid progression into all our forms of taxation, but in particular into the inheritance tax, the income tax and the land tax, the taking over by the government of all monopolies, that they may be run in the interests of the people instead of the interests of a few. This does not mean a vast concentration of government by the national government operating all these monopolies, but whenever the monopoly is local only the local government should have control of it. When it is a state monopoly the state government should control it. And only when it is national in its scope and operation should the national government control it. And, lastly, by more drastic legal restrictions, by a more efficient administration of the laws we have, by a higher public opinion, and by a growth of the spirit of brotherhood should commercial fraud be hedged closer and closer. To be fully understood these remedies should be expanded into a book instead of condensed into a paragraph.

I began with a quotation from Ruskin, and I cannot do better than to close with one from the same source :

The levy of blackmail in old times was by force and is now by cozening. One comes as an open robber, the other as a cheating pedlar, but the result to the injured person's pocket is absolutely the same. There is also a confused notion in the minds of many persons that the gathering of the property of the poor into the hands of the rich does no ultimate harm; since in whosoever hands it may be, it must be spent at last and thus, they think, return again to the poor. This fallacy has been again and again exposed; but grant the plea true, and the same apology may, of course, be made for blackmail, or any other form of robbery.

INTERNATIONAL ARBITRATION.

BY E. P. POWELL.

International arbitration is not a new idea, but it has gained extraordinary headway during the past year. More accurately, it should be said that a very universal sentiment in favor of peaceable arbitration of national difficulties has been brought to the surface. During 1840 a volume of prize essays was published on the subject of An International Congress of Arbitration. The general trend of opinion is now in favor of such a court, with constitutional powers granted it by the nations concerned. The congress held in Washington on April 22 and 23 considered it advisable to attempt at present only the establishment of such a court between England and America. This would practically include all English-speaking nations, since Australia, Canada, and South African states and integral parts of Great Britain would come under the proposed arrangement.

The supposed possibility of conflict between the countries over the Venezuelan boundary was the stimulating element. The newspapers of America showed a good deal of jingo spirit, but the people, the more they thought it over, felt it to be a heathenish outrage to rush into war. Congress danced a war dance like Mohawks ; but the English government kept its temper, and Mr. Balfour made a generous speech showing that the unity of the two peoples as factors of modern civilization must not be broken. The Peace Societies which exist in Boston, New York, and Philadelphia, as well as London, sent out an appeal in February for a general expression of public opinion. The movement caught at once. Chicago, New York, Philadelphia, New Orleans, Boston, Cincinnati appointed committees to arrange for a national conference to be held at Washington. The British movement was full of enthusiasm. Over one hundred members of Parliament, over one hundred mayors of cities, with most of the leading clergy, signed a call for a meeting which was held March 3 in London.

This English conference was presided over by Sir James

Stansfield in the largest auditorium of the metropolis, which was crowded. The hall was decorated with American and British flags. The chairman opened the meeting by arguing that the time was ripe for permanently establishing arbitration as a part of the governmental programme of English-speaking people. "The hour and the moment have come through the Venezuela crisis, which has been a blessing in disguise." It was enthusiastically resolved, on motion of Hon. G. Shaw Lefevre, that the chairman be instructed to sign on their behalf the following memorial:

We, the undersigned, desire to express our deep conviction that whatever may be the difference between the governments, in the present or the future, all English-speaking peoples, united by race, language, and religion, should regard war as the one absolutely intolerable mode of settling the domestic differences of the Anglo-American family.

Right Hon. A. J. Mundella, M. P., moved that:

This meeting hails with satisfaction the prospect of the establishment of an Anglo-American organization for the promotion of all that makes for the friendly union of the two nations in the common cause of civilization, peace and progress, and requests the committee which has summoned this meeting to reconstitute itself on a broad national basis with a view to coöperation with any similar body which may emanate from the forthcoming mentioned conference at Washington.

Responses of endorsement came from Balfour, Rosebery, Gladstone, Morley, Bryce, Herbert Spencer, Cardinal Vaughn and others of equal note. Spencer wrote that he believed that in the future:

Social progress is to be achieved not by systems of education, not by the preaching of a religion, but only by cessation from antagonisms; that advance to higher forms of man and society depends on the decline of militancy and the growth of industrialism.

Gladstone wrote that every year added to his conviction of the monstrous character of militarism. Lord Rosebery said:

I heartily hope it may be found practicable to devise some method of arbitration to which the differences between ourselves and our kinsmen may be referred.

The desire for a congress at Washington was a spontaneity. A half dozen independent movements for arbitration culminated and coalesced in this one. A meeting in New York resolved:

Whereas, the true grandeur of nations means the acts of civilization and justice secured by statute, and magnanimity inspired by good will;

Whereas, the United States and Great Britain, akin in language, jurisprudence, legal methods, and essential love of right, are already accustomed to arbitrate their disagreements, and have emphatically declared themselves in favor of such arbitration: Congress, by the action

of both Houses in 1890, and the House of Commons by its vote in 1893; therefore,

Resolved, that we earnestly desire such action by our national legislature and the executive as shall make permanent provision for some method of arbitration between the two countries — it being our hope that such a step will ultimately lead to international arbitration throughout the civilized world.

These resolutions were signed by Judge Wm. Q. Strong, Reuben H. Bristow, Seth Low, Wm. E. Dodge, Carl Schurz, Rabbi Gottheil, Dr. Charles H. Parkhurst, Jos. H. Choate, and many more. On Washington's Birthday a meeting was held in Independence Hall, Philadelphia. Chicago sent a memorial of correspondence signed by forty of its leading men. Boston followed in the wake with enthusiasm. The Philadelphia meeting resolved:

That the common sense and Christian conscience of America and England agree that the time has come to abolish war between these two nations which are really one people. We invite both governments to adopt a permanent system of judicial arbitration.

These preliminary steps led to the great gathering at Washington April 22 and 23. This was specifically summoned by the call of Chief Justice Melville W. Fuller, Gen. Nelson A. Miles, Hon. John W. Foster, Gardiner H. Hubbard of Washington; ex-Mayor Abram S. Hewitt, Dorman B. Eaton of New York; Col. George Leighton, Hon. J. A. Broadhead, and Judge Henry Hitchcock of St. Louis; President Charles W. Eliot, ex-Governor William E. Russell, and Charles Francis Adams of Boston; Hon. Hiram Davis and I. W. Hellman of San Francisco; Cardinal Gibbons of Baltimore; President Dwight of Yale University; Charles Dudley Warner of Hartford, Conn., and others of equal influence and greatness of character. They issued invitations to several hundred to meet in Washington "to express the general conviction that a permanent system of arbitration should be speedily provided for by the proper authorities, and with the most comprehensive application practicable." Hundreds of responses came in, almost without exception favorable, from governors, judges, bishops, college presidents, and men of business as well as men of letters. It would be superfluous to give these names, since we shall show the highly representative character of the gathering when we record the doings of the sessions.

The first session was opened April 22, at three o'clock, by Hon. John W. Foster, and ex-Senator Edmunds of Vermont was chosen permanent president. In the evening addresses were

delivered by President James B. Angell of the University of Michigan, Mr. Edward Atkinson, and Hon. Carl Schurz. President Edmunds said :

This assemblage, representing the largest civilized body of men and women in the world, is extraordinary. The United States is the strongest nation in the world, and has the least reason to wish for arbitration on its own account. It is, however, our very strength that should make us wish for peace.

Carl Schurz argued that he solemnly believed there were no bulwarks for a nation like those of justice and honor, no armament so effective as the weapons of peace. He opposed the creation of a large navy as he would oppose a standing army. "I am confident," he said, "that our strongest, most effective, most trustworthy and infinitely the cheapest coast defence is Fort Justice, Fort Good Sense, Fort Self-Respect, Fort Goodwill and Fort Arbitration."

For this reason, it appears to me this Republic is the natural champion of the great peace measure for the furtherance of which we have met. The permanent establishment of a general court of arbitration to be composed of representative jurists of the principal states and to take cognizance of all international disputes that can not be settled by diplomatic negotiation is no doubt the ideal to be aimed at. If this can not be reached at once, the conclusion of an arbitration treaty between the United States and Great Britain may be regarded as a great step in that direction. I doubt not that the patriotic citizens assembled here may be confident of having the warm sympathy of the American people behind them, when they knock at the door of the President of the United States, and say to him, in the name of all good Americans, we commend this cause to your care. If carried to a successful issue it will hold up this Republic to its noblest ideals. It will illuminate with fresh lustre the close of this great century. It will write the name of the American people foremost upon the roll of the champions of the world's peace and true civilization.

Hon. Edward Atkinson said :

The power of nations in these modern days to supply themselves with food in which they are deficient rests only with those great manufacturing and commercial states within whose area the power of production of other goods and wares has been augmented by the application of science and invention; by the exchange of which products they procure food. . . . The European states which come within this category are only five,—the kingdom of Great Britain, France, Germany, Holland, and Belgium. Our own huge and increasing exports during the last ten years have consisted, to the extent of eighty per cent, of the excess of food and fibre which we could not consume at home. Sixty per cent of these exports have been bought of us by Great Britain and her colonies, twenty-three per cent by France, Germany, Holland, and Belgium; these being the several countries whose power of purchase has been augmented by science and invention; only seventeen per cent of our exports having passed to all other lands; less than four per cent of all to South America. These prosperous conditions of our agriculture are due to the interdependence of nations and to the maintenance of peaceful commerce upon the high seas; yet under this pressure of jingoism, and in pursuance of a policy

of aggression and warfare, this country has wasted seven millions or more in the construction of two basely named commerce-destroyers. These ships are fit for nothing except to plunder and destroy the vessels by which our own abundance is distributed; on which the whole prosperity of this country rests. There is no shipping of any moment at the present time upon the high seas to be destroyed except that of our most valuable customers. Could anything be more grotesque than such power? Yet there are men occupying high positions who would carry that waste and aggressive violence to a yet greater and greater extent. How few there are who can even imagine the huge advantage which this country enjoys in contrast to those army-and-debt-burdened nations of Europe, who must feed their armies, though the infants die and the women starve.

President Angell said:

Permanent arbitration is opposed on the ground that it cannot be enforced. As between two nations there is the same means of enforcing it as there is of enforcing a treaty. We may feel a reasonable assurance that the finding of any court properly constituted will always be respected by these two nations, Great Britain and America.

He quoted Grant's words:

Though I have been trained as a soldier, and have participated in many battles, there never was a time when, in my opinion, some way could not have been found of preventing the drawing of the sword. I look forward to an epoch when a court recognized by all nations will settle international differences, instead of keeping standing armies, as they do in Europe.

During the morning session of the second day, Prof. John Bassett Moore of Columbia College discussed the objections which had been urged against arbitration. He held that a permanent system being established would not only lead to avoiding disputes but it would prevent popular excitement, which has so often been the cause of groundless conflict among nations. In the third place, a permanent system would quell such an excitement if, by chance, it had gained control of the people. The greatest war of modern times was declared on the strength of a rumor which a delay of twenty-four hours would have shown to be inaccurate.

Dr. Merrill E. Gates, president of Amherst College, quoted Kant, whose essay for perpetual peace was prophetic of all human progress since made, and, we may hope, of that which is to be made. Kant affirms that this problem of the institution of the state, however hard it may appear, would not be improbable even for a race of devils, assuming only that they had intelligence. What individual citizens had learned to do against the strong impulse of selfish desire, organized bodies of intelligent citizens, that is state and nation, may learn to do if they are reasonable. Deprecating the prevalence of war, Kant wrote that the Great Powers are

never put to shame before the judgment of the common people, as they are only concerned about one another. But it is the people on whom the cost falls; and when the decision of the question of war falls to the people, neither the desire of aggrandizement nor mere verbal injuries will be likely to induce them to declare war. This essay of Kant was published one hundred years ago, just after the Peace of Basle had recognized the French Republic. It gave to the world the first clear adumbration of the great doctrines of federation and universal rights, which are now stirring the hearts of the peoples.

Our demand for the establishment of a permanent tribunal between nations, and our confidence that it will command the allegiance of states, rest on our belief in the permanency of justice, on our faith in the growing morality and conscientiousness of states as persons in the moral world. Such a state as Great Britain, the United States, or Germany is, in a high sense, a personality; it is something more than the sum of its citizens, it is an organism; the spirit of the nation, the vital force of the nation, cannot be fully accounted for by summing the series of the vital force and the spirit of its individual citizens. As a personality, it is its appointed and its chosen destiny to be controlled more and more fully by principles, by ideas, by moral law. Why is a permanent system of arbitration especially desirable? England and the United States have inherited the same system of common law, and a great wealth of ethical conviction and jural principles in common; and each nation wishes to promote the civilization of the world and the maintenance of liberty. And we Anglo-Saxons love a liberty not fluent in phrases, but established in permanent institutions under the sway of law.

During the debate, Carl Schurz said:

The great naval powers of the world are now engaged in one of the most gigantic experiments of all ages. By the expense of untold millions of money, by the exertion of an immeasurable working power, they have built up machines of which nobody knows what they will do, when they come into actual use. The principal experience so far is, that when two of those battle ships, belonging to the same navy, touch one another, one goes down. Will it not be wise, at least for the present, to withhold the millions until we know whether the ships will be good for anything? When a battle ship is launched, and is left five years, it is obsolete and has to be withdrawn as an old hulk. Is it wise for this nation to spend its money and its working forces in experiments which are certainly not in its line? I too wish to show the flag of the United States in all parts of the globe. But I would show that flag as the flag of the commercial navy of the United States. I want it to carry our products. I want it to carry our ideas and our civilization, and then I do not care whether it carries our guns or not.

Gen. Howard added:

I think our friend means when he speaks of the flag going to all parts of the world that he wants to have our old vessels on the seas and in every part of the world, not naval vessels alone, for we do not want any more navy proportionately than we have army.

It might be added to the remarks of these gentlemen that our present commercial marine is only one-half of what it was in 1796. Would not the zeal that is building up a navy upon a war footing be better expended in building up a marine for commercial purposes on a peace footing?

The committee on resolutions reported :

This national conference of American citizens, assembled at Washington, April 22, 1896, to promote international arbitration, profoundly convinced that experience has shown that war as a method of determining disputes between nations is oppressive in its operation, uncertain and unequal in its results, and productive of immense evils, and that the spirit and humanity of the age, as well as the precepts of religion, require the adoption of every practicable means for the establishment of reason and justice between nations; and considering that the people of the United States and the people of Great Britain, bound together by ties of a common language and literature, of like political and legal institutions, and of many mutual interests, and animated by a spirit of devotion to law and justice, have on many occasions, by recourse to peaceful and friendly arbitration, manifested their just desire to substitute reason for force in the settlement of their differences, and to establish a reign of peace among nations; that the common sense and enlightened public opinion of both nations is utterly averse to any further war between them; and that the same good sense reinforced by common principles of humanity, religion, and justice requires the adoption of a permanent method for the peaceful adjustment of international controversies, which method shall not only provide for the uniform application of principles of law and justice in the settlement of their own differences, but shall also, by its example and its results, promote the peace and progress of all peoples, does hereby adopt the following resolutions :

First. That in the judgment of this conference, religion, humanity, and justice, as well as the material interests of civilized society, demand the immediate establishment between the United States and Great Britain of a permanent system of arbitration; and the earliest possible extension of the system, so as to embrace the whole civilized world.

Second. That it is earnestly recommended to our government, as soon as it is assured of a corresponding disposition on the part of the British government, to negotiate a treaty providing for the widest practicable application of the method of arbitration to international controversies.

Third. That a committee of this conference be appointed to prepare and present to the President of the United States a memorial respectfully urging the taking of such steps on the part of the United States as will best conduce to the end in view.

These resolutions were adopted enthusiastically after a spirited discussion.

At the closing session Hon. J. Randolph Tucker of the University of Virginia asked :

What, then, may be hoped for in the relations between Great Britain and the United States? Both nations agree substantially that there is a *jus inter gentes* in the form of an international code. This is a point still denied by some, but the denial rests upon a confusion of ideas. Because there is for nations no common law, no common judge, no common executive, some have said that there is no law of nations. There is indeed no *lex*, but there is indeed a *jus*. *Jus* is the objective right as God sees it;

lex is subjective right as man sees it. *Jus* is the law of God, of which *lex* is the human expression. *Jus* is *jus*, right is right, though no legislation recognize it and nations defy it; it is binding upon all nations, though not made *lex* by them. "The *jus inter gentes* is the law of God, independent of positive compact or convention," says Lord Stowell. "Reason and justice," says Chief Justice Marshall, "which constitute the primary law of nations, are made fixed and stable by judicial decisions." "There is also a conventional law of nations," says the same great judge. Thus Stowell and Marshall, stars of the first magnitude in the firmament of Anglo-American jurisprudence, give full jural force to the *jus inter gentes*, as founded primarily on the law of God, and by consequence on equity and right reason, and fixed and made stable by the convention and judicial expositions of courts, which administer universally, not locally, as international, not local, courts. This *jus inter gentes* is not only a part of the law of the land, but is made so by the Constitution of the United States, and was so recognized in a late law of Congress, prescribing for our government an international duty, which the Supreme Court upheld as constitutional and in accord with the law of nations, in the United States *vs.* R. Jonah. With this clear recognition of the abstract *jus inter gentes*, what hinders a treaty between the nations of Christendom by which the vague and indefinite principles of international law shall be fixed and made certain in an international code, by which the *jus inter gentes* shall find expression in a *lex inter gentes*? Why not confirm the consensus of public opinion of Christendom and civilization? why not submit questions of international right arisen under such code to the adjudication of tribunals of arbitration by which the brutal decisions of wars shall be forever superseded by the judgment of an international authority?

President Eliot of Harvard University said:

Harvard University knows by its observation, by its experience, that heroic virtue may be plucked by noble souls from all the desolation and carnage and agony of war. We know, too, that even from unjust war, like the Mexican war, a nation may win undeserved advantages. Therefore, when we plead for arbitration we do not necessarily deny that war has its greatness, and that out of it may come permanent good for the great forces of human society. But we also know that to produce war, with a belligerent public policy deliberately to produce war, can only be compared to deliberately and by intention introducing a pestilence into the population, in order forsooth that thousands of victims should have the opportunity of dying bravely and with resignation, and that some noble souls — nurses, doctors, mothers — should have the opportunity to develop and display heroic qualities. One process is just as reasonable as the other. Never, never let us hear it maintained in our country that war should be deliberately advocated and produced in order that we may exhibit, in a few souls, great qualities in resistance to hideous evil!

Why had we come together at this time? It was, we believed, because we, like other thoughtful American citizens, had been surprised and astonished at the risk of war which we had lately incurred.

Only four months ago a message of the President of the United States seemed, to thousands of men in this and other countries, a grave threat of the execution, through our public forces and by all means at our disposal, of a compulsory arbitration to be entered into by two other nations. We learned with astonishment, shortly after, that months before, the minister of foreign affairs, as he would be called in other

countries, — the secretary of state, — had issued papers from this capital of most threatening tenor, which, in contests between individuals, would perhaps have been fairly called exasperating. Between gentlemen, what is the nature of the statement, from the stronger man, My fiat shall be law between us? These sentiments, conveyed in public documents, took thousands of thoughtful Americans by surprise. That surprise, that shock, was, I dare say, unintended, but it was inevitable from the tone of the papers. And then we had another surprise. We thought that the separation of the executive and legislative functions in our country had one great advantage on which we could rely, namely, that when executive propositions of a grave and serious nature were laid before the legislative branches, the legislative branch might be depended upon to give consideration and procure delay. We have been painfully surprised to learn, by the actual fact, that that reliance is not well founded. Moreover, we have seen a new phenomenon in our country, and perhaps in the world, namely, the greatly increased inflammability of a multitudinous population in consequence of the development of telegraph, telephone, and daily press. I think that fairly describes the phenomenon of four months ago — greatly increased inflammability, in consequence of these applications on a new and broader scale of inventions quite within this century.

Besides these revelations of the last four months, there was another reason why thoughtful Americans were giving themselves great concern about the means of interposing obstacles in the way of sudden movement toward war.

We have seen, during the last eight or ten years in both political parties, and perhaps as much in one as the other, the importation from Europe of an idea, a policy, absolutely new among us, absolutely repugnant to all American public experience, — an importation from the aristocratic and military nations of Europe. I refer, of course, to this modern American notion called "jingoism," — a detestable word, gentlemen, used in naming a detestable thing! The term is of English origin, and not from the best side of English politics, but from the worst, — from the politics of Palmerston and Disraeli, and not of Gladstone. It is the most abject copy conceivable of a pernicious foreign ideal, and yet some of my friends endeavor to pass it off upon the American people as patriotic Americanism. A more complete delusion, a more complete misrepresentation, cannot be imagined. The whole history of the American people is averse to this European notion. This people has always advocated the rights of neutrals, arbitration, peaceful settlement. It has always contributed more than any other nation to the development of the methods of arbitration. It has contributed more than any other nation to the promotion of peace among the nations of the earth. What other nation has gone without a standing army? What other nation has had a perfectly insignificant fleet? What great Christian nation, I mean, has exhibited this reliance upon the strength of peace? Can anything be more offensive to the sober-minded, industrious, laborious classes of American society than this doctrine of "jingoism," this chip-on-the-shoulder attitude, this attitude of a ruffian and a bully? That is just what jingoism means, coupled with a brutal and despotic militarism which naturally exists in countries where the government has been despotic or aristocratic, and where there has always been an enormous military class, but which is absolutely foreign to American society. The teaching of this doctrine by our press and some of our public men is one of the reasons why this conference has gathered now. We want to teach just the other doctrine. We want to set forth, in the daily and the periodical press by publications of our own, by the representations of a

standing committee, what is the true American doctrine on this subject. We want to have the children of this country, the young men rising up into places of authority and influence, taught what the true American doctrine of peace has been, what the true reliance of a strong, free nation should be,—not on force of arms, but on the force of righteousness.

I naturally think of the educational object of this meeting. I trust that in all our colleges and universities and through all our public schools the principles which I have just stated may be taught—indeed, have been taught, are taught—as the true American doctrine on this subject. One speaker this afternoon mentioned one particular detail in which he thought instruction should be given throughout our land. He said: “We have been taught in our schools about the battles of our nation; we have not been taught about the arbitrations of our nation.” Let us teach to the children the rational, sober-minded, righteous mode of settling international difficulties. Let us teach them, that war often does not settle them, that arbitration always does. Let us teach them what is rational, reasonable, righteous between nation and nation.

Bishop Keane of the Catholic University of Washington said:

Our country is giving the keynote of the future; everywhere the cry is for the federation of the nations, the brotherhood of mankind. The demand, the movement, is irresistible, and with the insane spirit of narrow nationalism, militarism must go. It has been upheld by the very spirit which has impelled men to hate one another; and, alas! with shame and sorrow we have to acknowledge that men of hate have been cunning in using every motive, even the purest and noblest and holiest, as the incentives to the spirit of faction and sect, as incentives to make men suspect and ostracize, and hate and kill one another, for the love of country, forsooth,—yea, for the love of God!

We look to the higher ideal, to Him who was foretold as the Prince of Peace, to Him at whose birth the angels proclaimed, “Peace on earth to men of good will,” to Him whose salutation was ever, “Peace be with you,” to Him whose legacy was, “Peace I leave with you, my peace I give you,” to Him who said, “By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if you love one another.” This is the spirit of Christian civilization, for nations as for individuals. The world is meant to be governed, and, assuredly must yet be governed, not by hatred and violence and might, but by love and justice and right. Nothing else can be lasting and permanently successful. Justice alone is mighty, love alone is everlasting, truth alone can ultimately prevail; for these are the spirit of the eternal God. What is propped by the cannon and bayonets must topple over at last; only truth and justice are immovable and remain forever.

Among the passages delivered at the conference that were most stirring was this of Carl Schurz:

I have seen war; I have seen it with its glories and its horrors; with its noble emotions and its bestialities; with its exaltations and its triumphs and its unspeakable miseries and baneful corruptions, and I say to you I feel my blood tingle with indignation when I hear the flip-pant talk of war, as if it were only a holiday pastime or an athletic sport. We are often told that there are worse things than war. Yes, but not many. He deserves the curse of mankind who in the exercise of power forgets that war should be only the very last resort even in contending for a just and beneficent end, after all the resources of peaceful methods are thoroughly exhausted.

Is arbitration a novelty? Very few are cognizant of the fact that the United States as long ago as 1789 projected the idea of arbitration in its dealings with foreign nations. Jefferson when Secretary of State for President Washington drew up rules that forecast all that has since been accomplished. This master mind stamped our history with the conception that peace can only be sustained by offering a peace front to the nations, and keeping up a peace and not a war organization. All our early treaties involved arbitration of disputed questions. The Treaty of Ghent fixed our disputed boundaries by this method. In 1853 an Arbitration convention settled several matters touching our rights. Especially difficult were controversies growing out of the Civil War and the Northeastern fisheries, but arbitration avoided conflict. The first great commerce eventuated in four more. The Genevan Conference was the most famous in history, awarding fifteen millions damages to the United States, owing to the acts of confederate cruisers fitted out in England. In 1892 Great Britain and the United States submitted arbitration questions arising out of the fur-seal captures. We have also in numerous cases arbitrated with Mexico, Spain, and France. With Mexico we have a treaty obligation not to refer disputed questions hereafter to war:

If unhappily any disagreement should arise between the two Republics, the governments do promise to each other that they will endeavor in the most sincere manner to settle the differences so arising. And if they should not be enabled to come to an agreement, a resort shall not, on this account, be had to reprisals, aggression or hostility of any kind. And shall such course (arbitration) be proposed by either party, it shall be acceded by the other, unless deemed altogether incompatible with the nature of the difference or the circumstances of the case.

While not compulsory arbitration, this greatly reduces the chances of war, and is quite out of key with the course pursued by the United States in 1849. Many other cases not mentioned have occurred wherein we have engaged in arbitrating our difficulties — and always successfully. Indeed, a history of the wars we have avoided by arbitrations would constitute as legitimate a part of the history of the United States as the history of the wars we have fought. These cases number nearly or quite fifty.

In February of 1851 Mr. Foot reported to the senate from the Foreign Relations Committee:

Whereas, appeals to the sword for the determination of national controversies are always productive of immense evils; and

Whereas, the spirit and enterprises of the age, but more especially the genius of our own government, the habits of our people, and the highest permanent prosperity of our Republic, as well as the claims of humanity, the dictates of enlightened reason, and the precepts of our holy religion, all require the adoption of every feasible measure consistent with the national honor and the security of our rights, to prevent, as far as possible, the recurrence of war hereafter. Therefore,

Resolved, that in the judgment of this body, it would be proper and desirable for the government of these United States, whenever practicable, to secure in its treaties with other nations a provision for referring to the decision of umpires all future misunderstandings that cannot be satisfactorily adjusted by amicable negotiation, in the first instance, before a resort to hostilities shall be had.

On June 13, 1888, Mr. Sherman, also from the Committee on Foreign Relations, reported to the senate a concurrent resolution requesting the President —

To invite, from time to time, as fit occasions may arise, negotiations with any government with which the United States has or may have diplomatic relations, to the end that any differences or disputes arising between the two governments which cannot be adjusted by diplomatic agency may be referred to arbitration, and be peaceably adjusted by such means.

This resolution was adopted by the Senate Feb. 14, 1890, and by the House of Representatives April 3, 1890. On June 16, 1893, the British House of Commons adopted a reciprocal resolution, expressing the hope that Her Majesty's government would coöperate with the government of the United States to the desired end.

In 1890 an arbitration treaty was formulated by the International American Conference.

This treaty, both in its declaration of principles and in the precise and positive character of its stipulations, constitutes such a conspicuous and comprehensive acceptance of arbitration that its essential provisions should be quoted. They are as follows :

Believing that war is the most cruel, the most fruitless, and the most dangerous expedient for the settlement of international differences ;

Recognizing that the growth of moral principles which govern political societies has created an earnest desire in favor of the amicable adjustment of such differences ;

Animated by the conviction of the great moral and material benefits that peace offers to mankind, and trusting that the existing conditions of the respective nations are especially propitious for the adoption of arbitration as a substitute for armed struggles ;

Convinced, by reason of their friendly and cordial meeting in the present conference, that the American Republics, controlled alike by the principles, duties, and responsibilities of popular government, and bound together by vast and increasing mutual interests, can, within the sphere of their own action, maintain the peace of the continent, and the good will of all its inhabitants ;

And considering it their duty to lend their assent to the lofty principles of peace which the most enlightened public sentiment of the world approves :

ARTICLE I.

The Republics of North, Central, and South America hereby adopt arbitration as a principle of American international law for the settlement of the differences, disputes, or controversies that may arise between two or more of them.

ARTICLE II.

Arbitration shall be obligatory in all controversies concerning diplomatic and consular privileges, boundaries, indemnities, the right of navigation, and the validity, construction and enforcement of treaties.

ARTICLE III.

Arbitration shall be equally obligatory in all cases other than those mentioned in the foregoing article, whatever may be their origin, nature, or object, with the single exception mentioned in the next following article :

ARTICLE IV.

The sole questions excepted from the provisions of the preceding articles are those which in the judgment of any one of the nations involved in the controversy may imperil its independence. In which case, for such nation arbitration shall be optional; but it shall be obligatory upon the adversary power.

Nor shall we forget the words of the profound jurist and wise statesman of Italy, the late Mr. Mancini, who not only carried in the parliament of his country a resolution in favor of arbitration, but who also, as minister of foreign affairs, himself negotiated many treaties containing an arbitral stipulation.

It is the fashion of those who cavil at arbitration to argue that the variety of questions to which it may be applied is small. While we might refute this objection by recurring to the arbitrations of the United States, it is interesting to quote the words of President Grant, who said :

Though I have been trained as a soldier and have participated in many battles, there never was a time when, in my opinion, some way could not have been found of preventing the drawing of the sword. I look forward to an epoch when a court, recognized by all nations, will settle international differences instead of keeping large standing armies, as they do in Europe.

Testing these words of a great soldier by the history of wars, we may appreciate the force of the following declaration of Lord Hobhouse :

The more I have studied history, the stronger has my conviction become that many wars are caused by the stupidity or ambition of a few persons, many by a false sense of honor, many by misunderstanding of fact.

Summing up American history, Professor Moore says :

Is the method of arbitration efficacious? The best answer we can make to that inquiry is to ask the objector to point to a single instance in which two nations, after having agreed to arbitrate a difference, have gone to war about it. Arbitration has brought peace, and "peace with honor." It is a rude and savage notion that nations when they feel themselves aggrieved must, instead of discussing and reasoning about their differences in a spirit of patience and forbearance, seek to avenge their wrongs by summary and violent measures. Among an enlightened and Christian people the spirit of revenge, discarded as it is in laws for the government of men in their private relations, can still less be adopted as a principle of public conduct.

Senator Hoar on Forefathers' Day reviewed this subject most eloquently. He said :

We are essentially English. Although our stock is mixed, it is an admixture chiefly from those northern races of which England herself was composed. In spite of past conflicts and present rivalry, England is the nation closest to us in affection and sympathy. The English language is ours. English literature is, perhaps, more familiar to the bulk of our people than to Englishmen themselves. The English Bible is still our standard of speech, our inspiration, our rule of faith and practice. We look to English authority in the administration of our system of law and equity. English aptness for command, habit of success, indomitable courage, unconquerable perseverance have been and are to remain the American qualities. The men of other blood who come here acquire and are penetrated with the English, or perhaps, without boasting or vanity, we may say, the American spirit. The great bulk of our people are of English blood. But by the spirit, which has its own pedigree, its own ancestry, its own law of descent and of inheritance, we are English even more than by any tie of physical kinship. It is of this pedigree of the spirit, governed by forces of which science has as yet given us no account, that we are taking account to-day. It is by virtue of its laws that John Winthrop counts George Washington among his posterity, James Otis transmits his quality to Charles Sumner. Emerson may well be reckoned the spiritual child of Bradford, Channing the spiritual child of John Robinson, and Miles Standish the progenitor of Grant. . . . When the boys who went out from a New England dwelling to meet death at Gettysburg or Antietam with no motive but the love of country and the sense of duty shall meet, where they are gone, the men who fought the livelong day with Wellington or obeyed Nelson's immortal signal, they shall —

Claim kindred there and have the claim allowed.

* * * * *

If a war should break out between this country and Great Britain it would be carried on not by land but on the sea, and with the inadequate navy which we now possess there can be no doubt that the principal seat of war would be the cities along our seacoast. These cities are practically defenceless against the attack of a strong naval force. Such a war might, and probably would, result in the annexation of Canada, and in the paralysis or destruction of British commerce, but, on the other hand, it would involve an enormous destruction of property along the seacoast, and perhaps in the destruction of New York, Boston, Baltimore and Philadelphia, in the loss of our foreign markets, and an incalculable injury to every branch of industry and commerce. Let us take a further step and consider the effect of such a war on the future of the civil-

ized world. This country would have nothing to gain from it, but Great Britain would, besides injury to her commerce, suffer perhaps the loss of her colonial empires in the different sections of the globe. England's difficulty would be Russia's opportunity, and we might confidently expect a war between this country and Great Britain to be the signal for the outbreak of that general European conflict which has been pending for a generation. With her naval forces divided, the final outcome, it seems to me, could not be doubtful; the British empire would be destroyed, and the ascendancy of the English-speaking races would be forever ended. The final result would be the end of English civilization as the controlling factor in the progress of the world. That such a war with all its consequences should be precipitated by the United States of America, a country that above all others owes its success and power to the peaceful prosecution of industry and trade, is a thought that should cause every true American to pause before he advocates or talks of war, and it should cause every representative of the American people in the federal administration or in the federal Congress to proceed with prudence and deliberation before committing the country to a conflict certain to end in disaster on all sides, and likely to lead to the complete transfer of the commercial supremacy of the world from the English-speaking races to the Frenchman, the German, and the Slav.

The idea of an International State has been shaping itself steadily since our constitution makers devised the idea of a federal union of states. Even before that Kant said soundly:

I trust to a theory which is based upon the principle of right as determining what the relation between men and states ought to be; and which lays down to these earthly gods the maxim that they ought so to proceed in their disputes that such a universal international state may be introduced, and to assume it therefore as not only possible in practice but such as may yet be presented in reality.

So far as Great Britain and the United States are concerned, John Bright said in 1887:

As you advance in the second century of your national life may we not ask that our two nations may become one people?

Sir Henry Parkes said to the legislature of New South Wales in the same year:

I firmly believe it is within the range of human probability that the great groups of free communities connected with England will in separate federations be united to the mother country . . . and I also believe that the United States will be connected with this great English-speaking congeries of free governments.

International arbitration in the minds of advanced thinkers points to a completer Internationalism — organic and fraternal. It is for this reason that there is so determined opposition to the drift to reconstitute our American political state on the war footing of Europe.

THE LAST YEAR OF GAIL HAMILTON'S LIFE,

WITH EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS WRITTEN BY HER
DURING THAT TIME.

BY MAX BENNETT THRASHER.

Early in May of last year the telegraph flashed the news that Gail Hamilton had died suddenly in the Blaine mansion in Washington. Before this statement could be contradicted half the papers in the country had published elaborate obituary notices, the reading of many of which to her, afterwards, afforded the liveliest satisfaction to their distinguished subject.

A little later the world knew that the sudden attack had not proved fatal, and that Miss Dodge had been conveyed to her old home in Hamilton, Mass.

Months passed with no further word from the famous writer, except an occasional note as to her physical condition, when one Monday one of the papers published as an item of news that on the day previous the pastor of the Congregational Church in Hamilton had read, in place of his usual sermon, a paper written by Gail Hamilton, giving an account of her mental, or perhaps it would be more correct to say spiritual, experiences while she lay unconscious in Washington.

Impressed with the value which such an article would have, both from its nature, and as the first return of Gail Hamilton's pen to public work since her illness, I went at once to Hamilton to try and arrange with the writer for its publication.

I found Miss Dodge entirely disinclined to do this. "The paper," she said, "had been written as a private, personal message to her old friends and neighbors, whom she was not strong enough to see, but to whom she wished to communicate her own experiences, that they might know that death was something not to be feared, but 'indeed a blessed thing.'" Dictated to her sister, a sentence at a time, often with days between, it was not in form to be printed, nor had she the physical strength to give it the revision which would be necessary.

My request, however, proved to be only the first of many, and before a week had passed the writer of the paper had been besieged, both in person and by letter, by the representatives of various publications all over the country, asking for the article.

In writing to me some time afterwards, Gail Hamilton referred to this in these words :

Aren't you newspapers a funny folk? When I wrote my church letter, and took every precaution to keep it private, the horizon was clouded with reporters clutching for it.

The ultimate result of the "clutching" was that Miss Dodge finally yielded. After she became stronger the article was revised, under her supervision, made more complete, and published in the *Independent*.

During the ensuing months Miss Dodge gained greatly in strength. She was able to take long drives about the country, and to walk short distances into the village. Under date of June 27 of this year came the last letter from her which I received, and this shows how much better she was, and the pleasure which she was taking in the free, out-door, country life. Two days before she had sent me a copy of "X Rays," the little book which was her last work, and the first copies of which had just then come to her. In reply to my letter of thanks and inquiry as to how she then was, she writes :

How am I? Why, I have just sent you a whole bookful to let you know. . . . Thursday I drove to Ipswich (five miles) and returned the same afternoon, with pleasure and profit. We have three kittens, and fourteen chickens, diminuendo, and are greatly enjoying the summer.

She was never, however, sufficiently recovered to write for any length of time, and all the literary work which she did during this last year of her life, was dictated to her sister, Miss H. A. Dodge, who proved the most patient, as she was the most willing, of amanuenses. Physical weakness, though, could not wholly restrain the woman who, through a long lifetime, had been invariably the champion of the oppressed, and at times, as when she sent forth her "Holy War," and later an appeal for the Armenians, and another for Mrs. Maybrick, the martial spirit of the writer whose pen gained its first power in the abolition cause asserted itself.

Writing me a day or two after the Venezuela proclamation had been issued, and evidently while her spirit was still stirred by this, she says :

I suppose I ought to be willing to drift with the current, like the battered hulk I am, but I fear I cannot.

Following this, in a few days came the remarkable article beginning, "The Lord is a man of war. He is none the less a man of war, whether Moses or Herbert Spencer wrote the Pentateuch," for which she afterwards wrote this beautiful and no less remarkable introduction:

While I was yet lying enthralled by weakness, deeply interested in affairs but unable to lend a hand to their solution, free therefore to make delightful excursions down the possible paths of the kingdom of heaven, and seeing new, broad, brilliant horizons at every outlook where my unilluminated eye had before seen only a blur of meaningless light — suddenly a still small voice of divine right and human sympathy smote the air and the whole country rose and rang out prompt response.

This article, like the preceding, was dictated, a scrap at a time, as her strength allowed; and with it came this note which I give, both because it shows the instant recognition which she always hastened to render to every one who was of service to her, and the constant vein of quaint humor which sparkled through all her conversation, and made her one of the most delightful, as she was one of the most brilliant women I have ever known:

I send you with this the most beautiful looking manuscript in the world because it represents the affection and devotion of my sister and my nurse. If, however, your pampered typewriter-spoiled end-of-the-century eye cannot adventure its intricacies, will you not kindly consign it to a trustworthy typewriter?

The only other reference which I ever knew her to make to the putting aside of her life work, and one which has seemed strikingly pathetic, was when she wrote:

My two hands were eager to lighten the burden-bearing of a burdened world — but the brush fell from my hand.

Now I can only sit in a nook of November sunshine playing with two little black and white kittens. Well, I never before had time to play with kittens as much as I wished, and when I come outdoors and see them bounding towards me in long, light leaps, I am glad that they leap towards me and not away from me, little soft fierce sparks of infinite energy holding a mystery of their own as inscrutable as life. And I remember that, with all our high art, the common daily sun searches a man for one revealing moment, and makes a truer portrait than the most laborious painter. The divine face of our Saviour, reflected in the pure and noble traits of humanity, will not fall from the earth because my hand has failed in cunning.

Gail Hamilton's home at Hamilton was a big roomy house standing well back from the main road, nearly a mile below the Hamilton and Wenham railway station. Hamilton is about twenty miles east of Boston, near the north shore.

The town is one of the most beautiful, as it is one of the most exclusive of the summer residential suburbs of Boston, with magnificent summer residences on almost every available site.

The Dodges were among the first settlers of the town, and several generations have lived upon the same ground where their descendants reside to-day. The house now standing was built by Gail Hamilton's father. He had a liking for capacious brick fireplaces, and incorporated a number of them into the house. These have never been disturbed, and form a refreshing contrast to many of the flimsy make-believes put in by architects to-day.

Mary Abby Dodge was the youngest of seven children; from her earliest years she gave evidence of the ability and strength of character which were to so distinguish her. After a short time spent in teaching she soon was fairly launched on her life work as a writer. Once having decided upon her career she chose for herself, as the name by which the public should know her, and the only one with which it should be allowed to make free, "Gail Hamilton."

There has been a very generally received impression that her name was Mary Abigail Dodge, and that she took the last part of her middle name and the name of her native town for a *nom de plume*; but I have the authority of her sister for saying that this is incorrect, and that the name "Abigail," so persistently hurled at her sister, was always distasteful to her. In her home and among her townspeople she was "Miss Abby." The familiar name indicates something of the affection which all who knew her at all well came to have for her—an affection which had its origin in, and was fostered by, her unflinching desire to help others.

In writing to me in December of 1895 of a common friend who was cast down in spirit she says:

—— is discouraged, because he is young and strong and feels that the world is on his shoulders. When he is old and weak he will feel that he is responsible only for what he can do. All else is God's work for which —— is not answerable.

At the same time she was one of the keenest, if the kindest, of critics. I carried her at one time some short sketches of both New England and Old England life, for she was untiring in her efforts to help a younger writer along the road the whole of which she herself had conquered. I remember that at the time I told her it was with some hesi-

tation that I included the English article, knowing, as I did, her strong dislike for many things English.

Writing me of these, later, she says frankly of the first and with a sly hit back about the second :

I think there are some places where you have exaggerated the ungrammatical expressions. A woman who in her girlhood had been to an excellent New England seminary may be careless in her expressions, but she would not dig out a hole to stand in with her grammar, and if *she* did I forbid *you* to stand in it. The English sketch is one of the best. Thank you! See how free I am from prejudice.

At another time, in reply to a letter in which I had tried at some length to explain a certain matter and had closed by saying I hoped she would understand me, she says, with delicious irony :

I do not understand it a bit, but as it is all a part of the original construction of the universe, I cannot delay action until I understand it. Your premises are correctly stated in the universal affirmative, and then your syllogism stands on its head and waves a universal negative, which is conclusive though not logical.

Later, in discussing more seriously the pros and cons of literary work, she said :

One ought not to *write* for money, but I consider it a first duty after one has written to exact the highest possible price. It is not a matter which concerns only the writer, but all writers.

During the late spring and early summer of this year Gail Hamilton had interested herself in bringing together the work of the preceding twelve months, beginning with the church letter of which I have written. These she published in a little book which she called "X Rays," and she was busily engaged in sending out the first copies of this which had come from the press, when the blow came which removed her from life.

A note of explanation sent out with this book, not as an integral part of it but printed on a slip of paper and laid between the leaves, explained the reasons why and how it existed, with a unique directness of which no one but Gail Hamilton could have been equal. The book, it should be remembered, was printed by the author privately. The note referred to read :

I have not offered this book to the publishers, because it is too slight a handling of too great a theme to lay claim to literature, and I do not wish it pushed by advertisement or other extraneous methods upon an unwitting and necessarily indifferent public. I have published it myself because I have found that there was much interest in the topic, especially on the part of those who mourn their dead.

The great joy of my own experience I desire to share as widely as possible, and because it is experience I am not without hope that it may attract the attention of science and help in solving the problem of life.

I have manufactured the book as cheaply as is consistent with the least expense to eyesight, and have made a veritable *édition de pauvreté*, but I have paid all its cost and shall not be embarrassed if not a copy is sold. I hope therefore that none will buy it except from interest in the natural and cosmic, as well as in the personal and religious relations between this world and the next.

The dedication to her sister, who had penned the contents from dictation, was no less characteristic, and was planned as an affectionate surprise. This page Gail Hamilton dictated to her nurse and her sister knew nothing about it until the first copy of the book was put into her hands. At the top of the first page following the title page were these words :

To her without whose efficient devotion even this slight record could not have been made, to my sister, I dedicate its full assurance of hope, in the full assurance of faith.

Following this were these lines from the pen of Harriet Prescott Spofford :

Your life and mine, O constant heart, have glided
Like two streams into one,
We flow along, and now our way is guided
In shade, and now in sun.

A gracious stream, whose banks are set with blessing,
And into calms of golden sunset pressing,
Or shall it be,

A river rushing between mighty mountains
We burst upon the sea?

The hoary and illimitable ocean
That darkly to and fro
Rocks the vast volumes of its central motion
Where no wind dares to blow!

O life my own, let not that awful swinging
Sunder us far apart,
But the eternities confess our clinging,
And pulse us heart to heart!

It seems that Gail Hamilton had for some time been interested in the question if there might not be some spiritual connection between this world and the next. Of this she writes :

A new page in the book of life was opened to me. At first the question arose, Why has God given us such an eagerness to know, yet withheld all knowledge. Then has He? Has He so withheld knowledge? Has He not rather in this, as in all other matters, given us hints and helps, but left it to human help to use them?

The first part of the paper which is called "The Valley of the Shadow of Death," is devoted to bringing together and

commenting upon the records of the experiences of other people, which she had collected before her own illness. Then comes a break, and she writes :

So far had I written when it befell me to be tented in that valley of shadows. My experience there, dear neighbors and all friends will be glad to learn, chiefly because it was experience, a little also perhaps because it was mine.

It was early morning, but so swiftly the darkness fell that I have always thought of it as evening.

I was standing by a lounge in my room when I felt myself sinking. There was no pain, no alarm, no fear, no feeling.

Much of the time immediately succeeding, I was in a passageway between two rooms. The room on one side was this world, on the other, the next world. The doors of both were closed. So many friends were around me who had gone out of this world, that it suddenly occurred to me to ask whether I myself might not be already gone, and I was about to ask, "Am I dead or alive?" But I thought that if it should turn out that I was still alive, the question might seem rather brusque and harsh, and I deliberately softened it to "Am I supposed to be living still?" The friends around me intermingled freely and naturally with the ghosts — so naturally that I had a distinct feeling of disappointment, fearing the next world was rather commonplace after all. I saw the inconsistency of entering the other world while still a denizen of this, but I thought the pleasantry rather realistic.

To myself it seemed, and it seems still, as if my spirit were partially detached from my body, — not absolutely freed from it, but floating about, receiving impressions with great readiness, but not with entire accuracy, as if the spirit were made to receive impressions through the bodily organs, and without them could not rely implicitly upon its own observations.

Much of my experience is perhaps trivial and possibly insignificant, but it does show that not only the mind but the habit of mind in life outlasts the shadow of death. May we not, then, approximately infer that it outlasts death and gives to life its supreme importance?

In all these cases alike word comes, not indeed from beyond the gates — is therefore not final — but it comes in all cases from those who have pressed as near the gates as any could go and turn back. It is therefore approximately testimony.

Beloved, you, if any such there be, who through fear of death have been all your lifetime subject to bondage — be of good cheer. For seven weeks I lay encamped on the further if not the furthest side of the valley of the shadow of death, and it was a pleasant valley.

Gail Hamilton died Aug. 17, 1896. She was stricken down suddenly, again, and although life lingered for some hours she never recovered consciousness. Her funeral was a fitting close to the life of one to whom death had never seemed a harsh or gloomy thing. The day was one of the most beautiful of the summer ; sunlight, fresh air, and flowers were everywhere.

The grounds which surround the Dodge house are spacious, stretching back to fields of grass and corn. Huge old apple trees are scattered about, and to the east of the house is a clump of pines beneath which had been Gail Hamilton's favor-

its place to sit. Here the last services over her body were held, in the shadow of the softly murmuring pine branches, and with the sunlit hills of Essex County stretched around. In the company gathered here were men and women whose names are known around the world, plain farmers and their wives, neighbors and townspeople, bringing tribute to native kindness of heart as well as strength of mind.

THE STATE FEDERATIONS OF THE GENERAL FEDERATION OF WOMEN'S CLUBS.

BY ELLEN M. HENROTIN,

PRESIDENT GENERAL FEDERATION OF WOMEN'S CLUBS.

Six years ago, when the General Federation of Women's Clubs was organized, about fifty clubs joined as members. The original conception of the General Federation was a federation of literary clubs to compare methods of work, prepare programmes and, as far as possible, establish a high standard of literary work for the women's clubs.

The clubs responded to the invitation to join the Federation in far greater numbers than at first was anticipated. Over two hundred clubs sent delegates to the first biennial meeting, held in Chicago in 1892, the Women's Club of that city being hostess. All sections of the country, north, south, east and west, were represented and a large number of club women of Chicago and suburbs were present. The greatest interest was evinced in the proceedings. Every meeting that was held in Central Music Hall was crowded and the occasion was signalized by many social functions. From that time on the usefulness of the Federation was an established fact.

Mrs. Charlotte Emerson Brown, the first president of the Federation, was reëlected and served as president until 1894.

During the Columbian Exposition the General Federation held a meeting under the auspices of the Congress Auxiliary in the congress of representative women. The hall was crowded, and no meeting held during that session attracted more attention than this meeting of the Federation.

At the biennial held in Philadelphia in 1894, Mrs. Charlotte Emerson Brown, who had so ably and so faithfully served the organization, retired, as she was no longer eligible for reëlection, the constitution prescribing two terms as the limit of service of each general officer in the same capacity. Mrs. Brown died in the following February and her death was a great loss to the Federation.

At the Philadelphia biennial the department clubs appeared

paramount in interest. These great department clubs, which reported their work under the six departments of home, philosophy and science, art and literature, philanthropy, civics, and education, were a proof of how rapidly the women's clubs were passing away from the purely social and literary aspect into a great working force.

The number of clubs reported by the corresponding secretary at the Philadelphia biennial as having joined the Federation was three hundred and fifty-five. The unique feature of this biennial was the report of four states having formed State Federations of clubs. These states were Maine, Iowa, Massachusetts, and the Social Science Federation of Kansas.

The State Federations reported that the interest in the first biennial meeting, held in Chicago, was so great and the number of delegates from each state was so small, it had been decided wise to form a State Federation and thus extend the benefits of organization to a larger number, and, by the payment of small annual dues, draw into the State Federation the small literary clubs and study classes which were forming all over the country. The meetings of the biennials are naturally held at a great distance from most of the clubs, as it is the policy of the Federation to hold the biennials in different sections of the country, and thus a great outlay of money and time was necessary for the delegates who attended, while an annual meeting of the State Federations overcame this difficulty.

The movement of the State Federations progressed with great rapidity, and at the biennial in Louisville held in May, 1894, the following states reported having formed State Federations: New Hampshire, Rhode Island, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Minnesota, Ohio, Michigan, Illinois, Kentucky, Tennessee, Kansas, Colorado, Missouri, Utah, Nebraska, and the District of Columbia. One State Federation was organized during the month of September, that of far-away Washington, and two were organized in October, viz., Wisconsin and Georgia.

The membership of the State Federations has grown with the same rapidity as that of the General Federation. Ohio has one hundred and thirty-five club memberships; New York, according to last report, one hundred and sixteen; Illinois, one hundred and twenty-five; Massachusetts, nearly one hundred; Pennsylvania, thirty-three, with a total membership of over six thousand women; New Jersey has sixty-two; New Hamp-

shire, twenty-eight; Nebraska, seventy-five; Minnesota, fifty-four; and new clubs are being organized all over the country and joining the State Federations. It is estimated that the General Federation has about five hundred clubs in membership, and the State Federations about one thousand.

The interesting features of the meetings of the State Federations have been, the enthusiasm which has characterized these meetings, and the social atmosphere and perfect good breeding of the delegates in attendance. It is invidious to mention one where all have reached such a high standard, but having recently returned from the Minnesota State Federation, I must speak of that programme as it embodies several interesting features. First, the report of the town and country clubs. These clubs are formed in the towns for the benefit of country women. The Northfield Town and Country Club has sixty members, forty from the country and twenty in the town. A room was secured as a rest room for the women who came in to do their shopping; arrangements were made to have a custodian in charge who would serve tea, and the visitors were at liberty to bring their own luncheon, every facility being provided to render it a pleasant meal. The country members pay twenty-five cents a year. This club was formed through the exertions of a small committee of town women who visited the different stores, physicians, and druggists, and ascertained the addresses of about eighty country women within an easy driving distance of the town of Northfield. They addressed letters to these ladies, asking them if they would be interested in forming such a club. They received about fifty answers, and the singular part of it is that each woman answered that she would greatly enjoy the literary part, but felt that that was all that was necessary to her as she had a sister or some relative in town where she usually went for lunch. The ladies, however, engaged their quarters, hired the custodian, opened the club and sent out notices with fear and trembling for their new departure. They had over thirty visitors the first day, and in the year since the club was first formed, they have moved three times, each time into larger quarters. A literary meeting is held once a month regularly, summer and winter, and on other occasions. A book was selected (the first one being Reade's "Put Yourself in His Place") and at the next meeting the book was discussed, some lady being the leader. This plan was pursued for the

first year with the best results. The club bought inexpensive copies of the book and placed them on sale with the leading booksellers. All the copies were bought, and at the end of the year not only had each member her delightful experience, but her family had twelve good books that she had read, heard discussed, and was able to interest them in.

Northfield itself is a most interesting community; Carlton College, a coeducational institution, is situated in the town, with about five hundred pupils in attendance. The presiding genius of the town is Miss Margaret J. Evans, president of the Minnesota State Federation. She is the inspiration of much of the club work and of the Village Improvement Associations, which are being organized in Minnesota, and of which Northfield is so beautiful an example. A very valuable paper was read on the forests of Minnesota, and a description given of how much one club had accomplished toward preserving the forests and also by planting trees.

The Ohio State Federation met in Cleveland, and most interesting reports were given on the public libraries which are being fostered by the clubs and on travelling libraries. A bill to provide for these libraries has just passed the Ohio legislature, fostered by the Ohio Federation of Women's Clubs and the powerful coöperation of Governor Bushnell.

The Illinois State Federation, which met at Springfield in the capitol by the invitation of Governor Altgeld, was a notable gathering. The subject of many of the papers and discussions was state education, and the part which the women's clubs could take in fostering a high standard of education and providing ways and means to meet the growing demands of the primary, as well as the higher education. The Women's Club of Chicago has taken the initiative in organized charity, civics, and all the grave social questions which naturally come to the front in a metropolis. The West End Club of Chicago has been greatly interested in the subject of wage-earners, while the South Side clubs and the Woodlawn Club have been most sympathetic and energetic in dealing with the sweat-shop system and in studying social problems.

The report of the great department clubs presented at the Illinois State Federation was an inspiration to all the delegates in attendance. One of the model clubs of the state was the hostess of the occasion — the Springfield Women's Club. This club was organized not more than a year ago and already has a membership of three hundred, and is a

power in the community. The Peoria Women's Club was the first hostess of the Illinois State Federation. This club was organized by Mrs. Clara P. Baldwin, who is still the president of the club, and is unique in that it owns its own club house, a most beautiful building and most successfully managed. The Iowa Federation meets biennially, alternating with the General Federation. This Federation has established a reciprocity bureau and has arranged among the clubs a system of exchange of papers, lectures, readings, concerts and manuscripts. The literary committee has encouraged the establishing and maintenance of public libraries.

To quote from the address of the president of the Iowa State Federation, Mrs. Anna B. Howe:

In some towns were found small circulating libraries, badly cared for, and these served as a nucleus for something of greater excellence. Both subscription and club libraries have been commenced. Several cities through the influence of the hard work of club women voted the municipal tax necessary to support free public libraries. It was due to this committee that the Travelling Library Bill which goes into effect July 1 in Iowa became a law.

The next meeting of the Iowa Federation will be held at Dubuque in May, 1897.

The Colorado State Federation was organized in April of 1895, and the report of the president, Mrs. Susan R. Ashley of the Colorado Federation, was received with the greatest enthusiasm at the biennial. She says:

Colorado club women have a vigorous way of taking up any work that recommends itself to their judgment as good for the club or the community. Thus Pingree potato gardening, free baths for poor children, the furnishing of respectable and pleasant lodgings for girls out of work and out of money until such can find employment, sewing schools, night schools, city-improvement societies, evening social and literary clubs for our sisters who can give only evenings to such entertainments owe their existence to our clubs, while a dinner or an outing for poor children, the social entertainment of visitors distinguished for educational, scientific, or philanthropic work always find some women's club ready to appoint a committee with funds at command to properly care for the emergency.

The president continues:

With the full rights of citizenship has come to us a much keener sense of responsibility for existing conditions and we consider that every intelligent woman in Colorado should understand the duties pertaining to each office to be filled in city and state. We find Colorado laws exceptionally just to women — Colorado men are exceptionally just — and the few statutes that were considered unfair, at the first subsequent session of the legislature, were amended. A paper given in the club on the need of state intervention and care of neglected children, resulted in legislation establishing state supervision for this class of our future citizens.

The president closes by saying :

The force of club organization is so clearly recognized in Colorado that all civic and ethical movements are referred to the clubs for consideration and discussion.

The Kentucky State Federation reports that the number of clubs has doubled in the last two years ; that the line of work is literary ; that much good literary work is being done, and that the line of work is in the interest of education, especially the forming of public libraries.

The Maine State Federation reports seventy-four clubs in membership. The Standing Educational Committee writes that the president, Mrs. Belle G. Dowst of Bangor, has done valiant work throughout the state, interesting club women in the study of the science of education, and to investigate the conditions and needs of the public schools. At the annual meeting of 1894, an educational symposium was arranged on kindergartens, manual training, and woman on the school boards.

Many of the Maine clubs are composed almost entirely of farmers' wives, and the president quotes from a letter received from one of them :

We farmers' wives live at great distances apart, but we read about clubs and want to keep up with the times if we only know how.

The writer then asks for advice and information, and adds :

Now, I have an idea that all these clubs are doing interesting and instructive work and we want to do the same.

Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, president of the Massachusetts State Federation, writes that their federation meets quarterly and the meetings are largely attended and greatly enjoyed. The last meeting of the Massachusetts Federation was devoted to the consideration of civics and municipal government and one thousand and five hundred women were in attendance, the railroads all over the state making special rates.

During the month of November, Michigan and New York will hold their annual meetings, and the programmes of both these federations will deal largely with the condition of education in the respective states.

I have mentioned these state federations in detail that the reader may realize the influence which these great gatherings of women must exert on the literary education and social aspects of American life. The members of the women's

clubs represent the intelligent and thoughtful average woman interested not alone in her own education, but in the community of which she is a member. The name adopted by the larger number of clubs forming is that of the locality, as the Cincinnati Women's Club, the Detroit Women's Club, the Peoria Women's Club, the Club of Central Kentucky, and thereby the club woman stands pledged to her community and recognizes her responsibility for its intellectual and moral advancement.

These State Federations mean also the broadening of the social life of thousands of women and the solidarity which comes from a knowledge that the clubs are all working in the cause of the advancement of community life. The Town and Village Improvement Association, the Library Committees, the Committees on Public Education, on Associated Charities, which are formed in the clubs, exemplify the growing feeling of the responsibility of woman outside her own four walls. She is now, not only the home mother, but the city mother, and knows that the interdependence of modern life is so great, that if a child in the alley is neglected, her own children are in turn exposed to the same dangers, the same temptations, and must war against lawlessness and ignorance, if she does not fulfill her duty to the neglected one.

The philosophy underlying the Women's Clubs and the State Federation and the General Federation is simply that of reciprocity; life in its fulness is the state of the soul, which in turn must give and receive from the larger world. The woman in her Club represents the individual; in the State Federation, she is the citizen; in the General Federation, she comes into touch with the nation. These patient, silent forces at work through all the ramifications of our great country, must surely bring about that republic of ethics toward which the club women aspire.

SOME NEWSPAPER WOMEN.

BY HELEN M. WINSLOW.

There is a story of a certain editor who was asked to define the difference between a "newspaper man" and a "journalist." He replied that a newspaper man was one who had worked for years on the press, writing editorials, criticisms, literary articles, and everything else that goes to make up a great paper; while a journalist was a young man fresh from college, with no experience of his own and usually too conceited to profit by that of others. After he has worked a few years, gets some of this self-esteem rubbed off, and learns to estimate himself at something like his true value, he becomes a plain, ordinary newspaper man.

The same definition will apply to women with equal force. It is the young girl fresh from school who insists upon her title of journalist; the woman who has labored side by side with men for years and whose work will stand the strain of comparison is content to be a "newspaper woman." All of which must stand as an apology for the absence of the more pretentious word in the above title.

The newspaper woman is not entirely a modern innovation. She was a distinctive and recognized, if not a numerous order of the human species in the last generation, when the names of Mary Clemmer Ames and "Grace Greenwood" were among the best-known correspondents of their day, and "Bessie Beech" and "Fannie Fern" and "Jennie June," as well as a variety of other less widely known *noms de plume*, were signed to contributions on all sorts of interesting and timely topics.

The evolution of the woman journalist, pure and simple, was left for this age—women regularly on a daily newspaper; women to take editorial and reportorial positions and stand side by side with the men with whom they compete. But that they do write on all topics of interest—politics, finance, and even baseball (O crucial test!), as well as literature, art, and so-called woman's interests—and that they

draw equal pay for the same quality of work with men, are established facts.

"Jennie June," better known nowadays perhaps as Mrs. Jennie C. Croly, was the first woman to enter the treadmill of daily journalism—that "endless walk" which seems ever to be putting behind one an overwhelming amount of work, with a prospect of arriving somewhere in the near future, but a task never ended so long as the worker wields a ready pen and the dear public cries constantly for more.

Mrs. Croly began as Jennie Cunningham over forty years ago. She was the originator of the "syndicate system," which has since grown to enormous proportions. In other words, she was the first to conceive and put into practice the scheme of publishing the same article in several Western papers on the same date. By sending duplicates of her New York letters to different papers, selecting of course those whose circulation was confined to different districts, she found she could afford to sell them to each for a lower price and that the aggregate amount from all paid her very handsomely,—a discovery which has made several men rich since that day. It was from this starting point that the modern enormous newspaper-syndicate business has grown.

Jennie Cunningham did not work very long in the daily newspaper field before she met and married Mr. David G. Croly, a gentleman long known as one of New York's foremost editors. Soon after they went to Illinois and started a paper; but the climate disagreed with them, and, coming back to New York, they entered on a long period of service together on the *New York World*, where each became famous in their respective departments. When the *Graphic* was started they accepted a flattering offer to go on its regular force, and were for some time identified with that paper. Mr. Croly died in 1888, but Mrs. Croly is still in the harness. She was the founder and editor of the *New Cycle*, when it was the authorized organ of the Federated Woman's Clubs of America. She has also edited *Demorest's Magazine* and *Godey's Lady's Book*, and is now devoting her time to writing a history of the woman's club movement in America. For more than forty years the name of "Jennie June" has been familiar to the reading public as a fashion and art writer, while the name of Jennie C. Croly has been long associated with a different class of work and well beloved among women everywhere. She was president of Sorosis, that

famous women's club, for twenty-one years — an honored position which it is safe to assume that no other woman will ever occupy so long.

One of the next among hard-working newspaper women, and one with a peculiar field of labor, was Maria, generally known as "Middy" Morgan. She was a native of Cork, Ireland, and the daughter of a wealthy country squire. On her father's estate she was a bold and daring horsewoman; and when in early womanhood the care of the family estate fell upon her, she made a thorough study of farming, bred horses and cattle for the market, and became thoroughly conversant with live stock of all kinds. Upon her brother's return from the army to assume the cares of the estate which he had inherited, Miss Morgan went to Italy, where she was introduced at court and, being a handsome girl, was made much of generally. During a visit to the royal stables she suggested to Victor Emmanuel that they be replenished. She was immediately commissioned to go to Ireland and England and select a stock of Irish hunting mares, which she accomplished with great success. She came to this country in 1869 with letters of introduction to various people. Recognition came so slowly, however, that she bravely went to work in a hotel as chambermaid while looking for work more suited to her taste and ability. She applied to the *Times* for a position. Mr. Bigelow, the managing editor, smiled and said the only post unoccupied was that of the live-stock reporter. "I can fill it," was the unhesitating reply. She was allowed to try, and she remained in the position twenty-three years. She was eccentric in dress and appearance, although refined, kind-hearted, and generous always; but her reports were forcible and reliable, and came in time to be considered the best in New York. Through her efforts many reforms in the stockyards and for the relief of suffering cattle were instituted, and she was often spoken of as the best judge of cattle in the East. Miss Morgan died some years ago, leaving a considerable property.

Through the influence of these women and Ellen Hutchinson, who had already become a recognized force on the New York *Tribune*, a bright New England girl became imbued with the journalistic purpose, and in 1870 Sally Joy applied for a place on the Boston *Post*. There was to be a woman suffrage convention up in Vermont, and the fresh, round-eyed young girl was told that she might "do" it.

First, she was told to take a small assignment for that evening; whereupon, altogether ignorant of the unwritten law that sinks a reporter's individual plans and desires into nothingness before the duties of the paper, this slip of a girl replied, "O, but I can't; I want to go to the theatre!" How well she performed her duty at the Vermont convention, Mrs. Livermore and Lucy Stone have often told, and when she came back she was put on the regular assignment list — the first woman to go into daily journalism in Boston.

Mrs. Lavinia S. Goodwin had, the year before, entered upon an editorial position on *The Watchman*, a religious weekly; and Mrs. Margaret Magennis joined the reportorial force of the *Evening Traveler* the year following, with which paper she remained nearly a quarter century. After several years' service on the *Post* under Col. Nathaniel Greene, Sally Joy married Harry K. White, Jr., a singer of some note. As Sally Joy White she has since been identified with the *Daily Advertiser*, and for a dozen years past has been regularly connected with the Boston *Herald*, besides doing a vast amount of fugitive literary and journalistic work for other papers and magazines. She was five years president of the New England Woman's Press Association, and her bright, cheery face is one of the best known in Boston.

"Catherine Cole" of New Orleans was the first woman reporter on the Southern press. By dint of hard, untiring work, not always appreciated in that aristocratic city, she paved the way for the really easy positions women hold to-day on the Southern journals. Kindergartens, the Woman's Exchange, and the Training School for Nurses in New Orleans all came about as results of her trenchant writing. Sixteen years ago, Martha R. Field went on to the New Orleans *Times*, remaining with them two years. Then her work on the *Picayune* began, and ever since that time, fourteen years ago, as "Catherine Cole" has she commanded the highest respect of her city and of journalists everywhere. Her field has been a wide one. Her "Correspondence Club" has been a steady feature of New Orleans journalism for sixteen years. She went to Ireland and travelled with William O'Brien; she has been staff correspondent at Washington; she walked across England, all for the *Picayune*. She has written more about the State of Louisiana than any other one individual, and has done much to bring its claims

before the public. She is a sincere friend to women, and has written and done much to elevate the standard of young girls both at the North and South.

Speaking of the *Picayune* with which "Catherine Cole" was so long identified, mention should be made of Mrs. E. J. Nicholson, the wife of the former proprietor. When he died the paper was badly in debt, having suffered during and after the war, and its finances as well as its credit and reputation were at a low ebb. Mrs. Nicholson, contrary to the advice of all her friends, then stepped to the front, took personal charge of the paper and made it one of the leading papers of the South. With success came money. She died during the past summer, leaving behind her a handsome piece of property in the *Picayune*, and during her last years she drew an income which would have warranted her in resting from her labors had she chosen.

Miss Kate Field was in the work for many years, perhaps first in precedence of both time and ability. Her name was identified with the best movements in art, philanthropy, and literature. She took a vivid interest in all the political questions of the day, and *Kate Field's Washington* was quoted far and wide, both for its sound, sensible judgment and its sparkling wit. In fact, Kate Field herself possessed the most remarkable fund of wit vouchsafed to any woman since the days of the French *salon*. Her earlier work on the New York *Truth*, when she instituted her famous "Madge" letters, was distinguished for its brightness, perspicacity, and cleverness. She was the woman who persuaded Queen Victoria to investigate the merits of the telephone, and there has been hardly a movement of the age that has not been materially aided by her. *Kate Field's Washington* was started with but moderate hopes of success, and more for the sake of a clear field for unbiassed utterance than for any financial reason. Its patronage, however, proved that the public after all likes a journal with the courage of its convictions, which does not truckle to any element outside the open path of those convictions — a lesson which might well be learned by journalists other than women.

In 1895 Miss Field decided to close out her *Washington* and travel. In the interests of one of the great New York dailies she went to Honolulu, whence her letters were distinguished by the same rare intuition and intelligent grasp of the situation that ever characterized her work. The reading

world was shocked and universally grieved, last summer, by the news of her sudden death in Honolulu; at the present writing her body is on the way to America to be cremated in accordance with her instructions by will. Miss Field left behind her some little property, proving that a woman with financial sense joined to mental capacity may earn more than "a living" by journalism; and she also left a reputation second to none for honest, diligent, earnest work—a reputation that might well be envied by any man in the profession.

Lilian Whiting's is another name that is well known throughout the whole country, her weekly syndicate letters through a long series of years in Western and Southern journals making her name familiar to many readers in those sections, as her editorial and literary work on the *Evening Traveler* in Boston created for her an atmosphere of respect and admiration in the East. It was sixteen years ago that Miss Whiting left her home in Illinois and came to Boston, after a short apprenticeship under Mr. Murat Halstead in Cincinnati. With but little experience and, as she says, quite ignorant of life as it really exists, she went to the *Boston Traveler* and asked for work. They told her they had nothing; but with the admirable pluck of a Western girl she offered to select her own subjects and write on them, and added that if they did not like her work when it was done, they need not take it. No managing editor could refuse a young girl so modest a request, and she was told to "go ahead." No one had faith in her except herself; but her success may be estimated by the fact that she was put on a salary at the end of two weeks, and in two years more she was made literary editor, a post she held for nearly nine years, until radical changes in policy led her to resign and become managing editor of the *Boston Budget*. Her "Beau Monde" was eagerly read by a large class of readers of both papers, while her literary reviews have been regarded as of the highest order. Miss Whiting brings conscience and a well-trained mind, with habits of persistent, untiring industry, to her work; and she regards the profession of journalism as a sacred calling, no more to be trifled or juggled with than that of the ministry. Miss Whiting resigned from the *Budget* some months ago, and has passed the last year in foreign travel and study. Her "World Beautiful," which has been uncommonly well received, is a collection in book form of her best essays under

the newspaper title of "The Beau Monde," and proves the saying that much good literature is consumed by the daily papers.

Chicago with its immense development of professions and industries has a small army of newspaper women that are among the most "brainy," keen, and able women of the land. An article like the present can give space to but few of them, though, considering the quality of the rest, it must seem invidious to select any one, two, or three. Mary Allen West, the first president of the Illinois Woman's Press Association and the editor-in-chief of the *Union Signal*, was a native of that state. She was one of the first women county-school superintendents in Illinois. She showed wonderful organizing powers and was among the first workers of the W. C. T. U., and was called, after much work in state organization, to take charge of the *Union Signal*, where she proved herself a journalist of ability and good sense. Her editorial judgment, judicious generalship, and utter lack of self-seeking, her courage, integrity and sound, cogent common sense not only won for her the highest respect of contemporary journalists, but brought the *Union Signal* into high repute. Miss West left this country early in 1892 for Hawaii and Japan, in the interests of the W. C. T. U. She died in Tokio the following December.

Another capable and forceful worker in newspaperdom is Mrs. Antoinette Van Hoesen Wakeman, of whom Miss Frances E. Willard says: "I regard her as one of the brightest, purest, most truth-seeking women of my large circle of friends. There is something electric in both her and her pen. Every good work and word finds a helpful ally in this brave little woman, who has grown up out of Chicago's smoke and mud as fair and slightly as the gentian, of which she often makes me think." Mrs. Wakeman was for many years on the editorial staff of the Chicago *Evening Post*. She does art work, conducts "women's departments," writes book reviews, and turns in regularly from five to eight columns a week, besides doing syndicate work and contributing regularly to one or two magazines.

As a woman who devotes herself to politics Miss Mary H. Krout is worthy of more than a casual mention. Miss Krout is a native of Crawfordsville, Ind. She began writing verses and essays when only eight years old; the poem "Little Brown Hands," which is known and loved throughout the

country, was written by her at the age of sixteen. After years of fugitive writing she became assistant editor of the *Crawfordsville Journal*, and later of other western papers. In 1888 she came into prominence through her political work. Prior to the presidential campaign of that year she went to Chicago and through the influence of General and Mrs. Lew Wallace secured a position on the *Inter-Ocean*. In July she was sent as political correspondent to Indianapolis and given unlimited power during the campaign. Arriving in that city at half-past eight one morning, in less than an hour she was in close conference with President Harrison, who gave her plenty of wise advice and a letter of introduction to the Republican headquarters. She soon formed a comprehensive idea of the political situation, and then did some remarkable work which extended through several months. For one hundred and eight consecutive days she sent from one to two columns of reliable matter to her paper daily, in addition to the private telegrams and letters which had much to do with shaping its editorial policy. One of her great feats was the sending of Gen. Wallace's three-column speech by telegraph. While no one else thought it worth while to report the speech entire, Miss Krout rode ten miles to the nearest telegraph office and despatched it to the *Inter-Ocean*. The edition containing the speech was quickly exhausted and extra editions were called for. The other daily papers copied it, and it was finally used as a campaign document. On the day of Harrison's election she sat at her desk from nine in the morning until two the next, sending all the specials for office bulletins herself. No more arduous or brilliant piece of newspaper work was ever done by a woman. Upon her return to Chicago she took an editorial position on the *Inter-Ocean*. During the trouble at the Sandwich Islands in 1893 Miss Krout was sent by the *Inter-Ocean* to Honolulu, from whence she furnished daily telegraphic news and editorials on the situation, being the sole representative of her paper there for three months. Since that time she has been in Australia, New Zealand, and Honolulu for the *Inter-Ocean*. Just now she is back at her desk in Chicago.

Another woman to go to Honolulu to represent her paper during the spring of 1893 was Adeline Knapp, of the *San Francisco Call*. She is one of the brightest newspaper women on the Pacific coast, having been connected with the *Call* for some years, where she has made an enviable record as an "all-

round" journalist and a woman of more than ordinary ability. Miss Knapp is a native of New York state, but went west early in life. She is a college graduate and took up the study of medicine early, intending to make its practice her life-work. Owing to some trouble with her eyes, however, she had to postpone that branch of work, and in the most accidental sort of way possible was led to make a venture into journalistic fields, — a venture so successful that she has been browsing there ever since. Her value to her paper is reckoned no less than that of Miss Krout to hers, and Miss Knapp, though but a few years in the harness, is in the very front ranks of American newspaper women. The Arena Publishing Company have just issued a book, "One Thousand Dollars a Day," from her pen.

One of the most thoroughly trained journalists in Boston is Miss Katharine Eleanor Conway, of the *Pilot*. For twenty years Miss Conway has been in the editorial harness. She began on Rochester and Buffalo (N. Y.) papers, occupying responsible positions there for several years. About fifteen years ago she came to Boston and applied for work on the *Pilot*. Mr. John Boyle O'Reilly, who was then the editor, recognized her marked ability and immediately engaged her in a minor editorial capacity, since when she has been steadily working her way to the front. Upon Mr. O'Reilly's death in 1890 Miss Conway was made assistant editor, and second only to Mr. James Jeffrey Roche on the *Pilot*. Her chief characteristics are a broad, liberal judgment, a too rare faculty of taking unbiassed views of the main questions of life, and a thorough, conscientious love of truth and sincerity. Miss Conway has made a reputation as a poet of high quality, having published two volumes of poetry which entitle her to a front rank among the better class of latter-day poets, besides a series of books for young women, and has assisted in editing other books. It is unnecessary to add that she is one of the busiest of women.

Miss Mildred Aldrich has been in the field as long as Miss Conway, although her work has been in different lines. While she has written on every imaginable subject, as the "all-round" journalist must, perhaps her best work has been in the direction of dramatic criticism. During her twelve years' connection with the Boston *Home Journal* she made many lifetime friends in the dramatic profession by her honest, fearless criticism and intelligent praise. Her weekly "Harle-

quin " was anticipated and read by thousands of people, and in losing her the *Home Journal* allowed its brightest star to be removed to another firmament. Miss Aldrich was for two years on the editorial staff of the Boston *Daily Journal*, doing dramatic, social, and literary work; she is now on the Boston *Herald*, where her broad, liberal culture and habits of thought, with a vast collection of dramatic material, amply equip her to represent at its best the fitness of the modern woman for the calling of journalism.

Equally well known and equally well fitted is Miss Josephine Jenkins, whose "Entre Nous" in the Boston *Herald* was enjoyed by thousands of readers every day for many years. Miss Jenkins was for many years connected with the *Saturday Evening Gazette* under Col. Henry G. Parker. When the *Beacon* was started a dozen years or so ago, she joined its editorial staff; but her brilliant work, "On the Lookout," soon attracted the attention of the editor-in-chief of the *Herald*, and she accepted a flattering offer to transfer her breezy, brainy paragraphs to the greater paper. By one of those unaccountable impulses that occasionally blind a great newspaper to the qualities in themselves that make them most popular with the better class of readers, the *Herald* suddenly closed out its "Entre Nous" last winter; and for many weeks men and women looked for it in vain, it having become a habit of *Herald* readers to turn first to that and to Mr. George Babbitt's editorial notes of a morning. But although Miss Jenkins's department seems to have been permanently closed, her services are appreciated and she is still retained as an editorial contributor. She is a strong, original thinker and a fearless writer, yet with a grace all her own. She lives on the "Back Bay" in a flat as dainty as herself, and she well illustrates the truth that a literary woman need not be "a frump."

Boston is beyond question the most impossible city in this country for "society journalism" to flourish in. It is hardly necessary to explain that the natural and hereditary conservatism of the "best people" leads them to regard the average society writer as a pronounced enemy, to be shunned and denied everything; one had almost said to be turned away from decent houses like a beggar. The "smart set" consider it little short of a crime to let one's picture get into the paper, and a social disgrace to have their names appear there. Consequently the one woman who has the social

"pull," the tact and the ability to get news from that set and in a legitimate way, occupies a unique place among society editors. Mrs. Caroline Hall Washburn of the Boston *Herald* is connected by ties of blood with several of the best Boston families, and is the only woman in New England who does society news "from the inside." Not only does she conduct the best society department in the country, but she draws the largest salary of any woman. She is withal a handsome, brilliant, and beautifully dressed woman, and spends her summers in Paris.

"Maud Andrews" of the *Atlanta Constitution* is without doubt the foremost woman on the Southern press to-day. In private life she is Mrs. Joseph K. Ohl, and the wife of one of the editorial staff of her paper. There is, in fact, a very pretty romance connected with her coming on to the *Constitution* a young, inexperienced girl and her love affair with Mr. Ohl. They have a charming home in Atlanta and one beautiful little daughter. Mrs. Ohl is herself a handsome woman, and her poems and stories show a higher quality of mind than always succeeds on a newspaper; but her "woman's page," which is one of the best in the country, shows that she has the practical "newspaper sense" necessary to success in her chosen field. In her work she is associated with such men as Frank Stanton, Clark Howell, Joel Chandler Harris, and, during his life, Henry Grady; while in her own city she is associated with all that is best and foremost for woman's advancement. She held a responsible position on the Woman's Board of the Atlanta Exposition, and made many friends among women from all parts of the country.

Corinne Stocker, Mary Louise Huntley, Leonora Beck, Rosa Woodberry, and Mrs. Georgie Byington are other Georgia women who have come to the front within the past few years as newspaper workers of value; while the name of Mrs. Mary E. Bryan has long been known in that connection.

Mrs. Annie L. Diggs of Kansas is one of the most prominent newspaper women in the Southwest. For many years she was connected with the *Topeka Advocate*, finally going to Washington as its local editor. She was one of the foremost workers in the Farmers' Alliance movement, and her article on "Women in the Alliance Movement" in *THE ARENA* for July, 1892, was one of the most comprehensive summaries of that subject ever written. Mrs.

Diggs now lives in Washington, and accomplishes a vast amount of work outside of her regular writing, as she has entered the lecture field, besides having undertaken editorial duties on the *New Forum*. Although modesty forbade her to mention it in her article, Mrs. Diggs herself has been one of the most able and prominent women in the Alliance movement.

One of the most successful bits of work done by a woman on the New York press is "Her Point of View" in the *Sunday Times*. It is from the pen of Mrs. Margaret Hamilton Welch, the widow of Philip H. Welch. The untimely death of that prince of humorists left her with four little ones to care for, and Mrs. Welch, who had watched over her husband's long illness with a rare devotion and self-sacrifice, at once took up her pen. She had already written a number of successful stories for *St. Nicholas*, and had often written excellent things that had been accredited to her husband, but now she began to use her talent in real earnest. Besides summer correspondence for the *Times* and a deal of syndicate work, her "Point of View" has been regularly kept up, and has been collected and published in book form, having a large sale. Mrs. Welch stands for all that is best and finest in womanhood, and her work is just like her.

Another woman's column that has had an aftermath of success in book form is "What One Woman Thinks." This is the work of Mrs. Haryot Holt Cahoon on the New York *Recorder*. Mrs. Cahoon is still a young woman, and a native of Detroit, Mich. Her first work was done at Little Rock, where she helped start the *Woman's Chronicle*, and her writings have always been distinctively for and about women. She takes the place on the *Recorder* of Mrs. Christine Terhune Herrick.

There are several other bright women on the New York *Recorder*. Mrs. Eliza Putnam Heaton was for several years editor of the "woman's page," and Miss Cynthia Westover, who is now her successor, as "Kate Kensington did a great deal of excellent work in the line of "specials," as well as plenty of "all-round" work. Miss Westover is an earnest, practical woman, and her efforts, which are largely in the line of reforms, humanitarian and philanthropic, deserve success. Her history reads like a romance. She is of an old Virginian family, but was born in Iowa. She was only seven years old when her father, a mine owner and geolo-

gist, undertook a trip across the Rocky Mountains. The motherless little girl was not to be left behind, so she was put in training for the rough life, and from that time until she was a young woman, found her home in mining camps and on the plains. An early picture of her shows what appears to be a miniature cowboy with an immense sombrero on the tiny head. She could ride like an Indian, handle a rifle and always carried in her belt a Colt's revolver, which she held across her left arm in shooting. She was an expert with the lasso, and the Ute children who were her playmates in Colorado taught her how to use the bow and arrow. She was the first white child who was registered in the Colorado schools. She crossed the mountains seven times with her father in those days, shot and killed an Indian who was tomahawking a boy belonging to her train, saved the life of a man who had been scalped, and had other varied and interesting experiences of a similar nature, even to killing a bear and fighting off wolves. When she was seventeen she began to teach school, and then prepared herself for the normal department of the State University of Colorado, where she was graduated, and afterward took a full course at the Denver Commercial College. She has acquired an excellent knowledge of the modern languages, translating freely from three of them. Since coming on to New York a few years ago, she has been inspector in the Custom House there, and has learned the art of illustration, furnishing sketches for her own articles. She has, since entering journalism, displayed the same courage and enterprise that have always characterized her, and has steadily gone on climbing the mount of success. She has written innumerable pages of newspaper stories, has published a book or two, and aside from all this she has accomplished the invention of a labor-saving miner's cart, for which she received a gold medal and was made *membre d'honneur* of the Parisian Society of Inventors. But in spite of her adventurous life and early surroundings, she is as quiet, well-bred, and handsome a woman as one ever meets in the most refined drawing-room.

Another woman prominent in New York journalism is Miss Elizabeth G. Jordan, who adopted newspaper work immediately after graduation in 1885. She is a native of Milwaukee and began her labors as "free lance" on the Milwaukee *Sentinel*, the St. Paul *Globe*, the Chicago *Times* and

Tribune, and other Western and Southern papers. Early in 1890 she came to New York and went on to the *World*, where she gained invaluable experience in all-round reportorial duty. She was sent all over the country, and wrote up her experiences in a unique way that proved her ability to do a higher class of work. Accompanied only by a negro guide, she took a horseback ride over the Virginia and Tennessee mountains, sleeping in mountaineers' cabins at night, visiting camps and mines, and gaining much good material which afterward made what Horace Greeley used to call "mighty interesting reading" in the *Sunday World*. Directly after she began a series of *feuilletons* which appeared every morning for a year. They formed an illustrated feature of the *World* and told in pathetic or simple language the story of some tragic or humorous event of the day before. In May, 1891, Miss Jordan was promoted to the position of editor of the woman's and child's pages of the *Sunday World*. The next April she was made assistant editor of the same paper, a position she still holds.

There are altogether too many bright and capable women on the press throughout the country for an article like the present to cover them all. In Boston, even, there are too many to even mention.

Mrs. E. M. H. Merrill has long been known as one of the busiest and most "hustling" (to use an expressive word that is current also in newspaper offices) young women of her day. For many years she was connected with the Boston *Globe* and did excellent writing over the signature "Jean Kincaid." She has been president of the New England Woman's Press Association for three years and is an enthusiastic club woman. She has also been for some time editor, business manager, and chief owner of the *New England Kitchen Magazine*.

Mrs. Marion McBride, who was for many years on the Boston *Post*, is aptly styled "the mother of press associations," having started most of the earlier ones of this country. Mrs. Mary Alice Worswick, although only twenty-three, has established an enviable reputation as "Amy Robsart," and her work on the Boston *Post* and the New York *World* is always the best of its kind. "Dinah Sturgis" (Mrs. Belle Armstrong Whitney) also has made an enviable reputation on Boston and New York papers.

Miss Minna Caroline Smith of the Boston *Transcript* is a

Western woman who came east a dozen years ago and began by doing work on a Cambridge paper while pursuing her studies at the "Annex" (now Radcliffe College), and later going on to the *Outing* magazine when it was published in Boston. Soon after she went on to the regular staff of the *Advertiser*, where she remained three years, and then took vacation trips to California and Europe. For several years past she has been a member of the editorial force of the *Transcript*. She has done much good literary work besides, having published a child's story, a volume of poems, and, recently, a translation of Charles Nodier's "Trilby, the Fairy of Argyle," with great success.

Miss Alice Stone Blackwell has been one of the editors of the *Woman's Journal* ever since she graduated from the Boston University a dozen years ago. As a lecturer and an after-dinner speaker she is particularly distinguished. She inherits from her mother (Lucy Stone) a clear insight into human nature, a rare devotion to duty, and a high and noble purpose; and from her father, Mr. Henry B. Blackwell, a brilliant wit and ready flow of language, that combine to place her among the best speakers and most convincing writers of the day.

Mrs. Elizabeth M. Gosse, the "Woman's Club" editor of the *Herald*, Miss Catherine Wilde of the *Woman's Journal*, Mrs. Whitaker of the *Health Magazine* and *New England Farmer*, and plenty of younger women who cannot even be mentioned in an article like this are every day making the record of women's newspaper work in Boston better. Especial note should be made, however, of the exceptionally brilliant work of Mrs. Evelyn Greenleaf Sutherland, ("Dorothy Lundt"); it has a delightful flavor all its own, like a "none-such" apple. She has done some beautiful things in the line of short stories, and her play-writing in collaboration with Mrs. Emma Sheridan Fry promises to bring them both fame at an early day. Mrs. Fry, too, is fast making a reputation for herself, both in her syndicate work and her chatty columns in the Boston papers.

In New York, also, there are many more: Helen Watterson of the *Sun*, Maria L. Pool of the *Tribune*, Eliza Archard Conner of the American Press Association ("the Chauncey Depew of Sorosis"), Isabel G. Mallon, author of the famous "Bab" letters, Anne O'Hagan of the *World*, and Grace Drew are but a few; and in other cities any number more

are doing equally good work. In short, when one remembers all these and so many more who are fast swelling the number of active newspaper women of America into the hundreds, or perhaps the thousands (since no census of them has yet been taken), one lays down one's pen in despair at the mere thought of covering them all in the scope of a limited magazine article, and can only rejoice that the title reads "*Some Newspaper Women.*" A volume were needed for all.

There is no longer any question whether women shall enter journalism. They *have* entered and occupied the field, and they are "there to stay." There is but one standard by which their work must be judged: that is the standard which decides whether man's work is good or bad. A few more years of training, a few more years of the "higher education," a more thorough physical development for women, and honors will be even!

A CELESTIAL LOVE.

BY CAMILLE FLAMMARION.¹

"What ails you this morning?" I exclaimed, as André came into my study, looking all disordered and disconsolate, his face pale, his eyes haggard, his hair unkempt, and his gait weary, as though he had been on a long tramp. "You haven't spent the night watching the stars, although the sky was more beautiful than I have seen it for a long time."

"On the contrary, I studied the heavens a good deal last night, but I wound up with a surprise such as I never before experienced, and I certainly haven't slept this morning for a single moment. I am still stupefied about it. But what you mistake for fright was only an agreeable, a charming surprise, followed by a boundless regret—a surprise so great that I have not yet got over it."

"Have you discovered a new star with a queer spectrum, a nebula of strange form, or a comet with a prodigious tail, and was not the insomnia that which is produced by an exciting emotion?"

"It was a more astounding experience than any you can imagine. I have seen Dora—yes, Dora, my dead love."

"Oh, that imagination of yours! What tricks it has already played upon you! You are becoming the sport of hallucinations—you, whose spirit is so calm and well poised. Mistrust yourself. I have already warned you. It is a dangerous tendency. You are too much of a poet. I prefer mathematics; they are more trustworthy."

"I don't dispute it. An hallucination, a dream, what you will, but I am still unhinged by what I have seen and heard. And there was nothing irrational about it."

"Well, tell me your story. No doubt it will be extremely interesting."

My friend André was a young man of five-and-twenty, an excellent astronomical observer, who had figured with extreme accuracy the planetary aspects of Mars, Jupiter, and Saturn,

¹ Written for THE ARENA, and translated from the French by FREDERICK T. JONES.

to which bodies he by preference directed his studies, though in a somewhat dreamy and mystical fashion. A profound and never-to-be-forgotten sorrow had smitten him, and since that event, which had been comparatively recent, he had been plunged in ceaseless melancholy. He had loved and he had had for a companion a young girl, charmingly beautiful, as dreamy as himself, ardent and passionate, whom after three months' adoration he had suddenly lost. And now for two years since the blow had struck him she had been his constant thought, scarcely forgotten even during the scientific labors which absorbed his strength and his energy. Without her his life was sad and colorless, and he had often longed for death. His hope was to die speedily, and, indeed, his health, formerly so exuberant, had gradually declined. He believed in the future existence of the soul, and he ceaselessly questioned where his lost love might be. Several times he had told me that he thought he had been sensible of her presence near him, and had heard her, like an inward voice, speaking to his soul. I had tried to turn him from these ideas, which seemed to me dangerous to his condition of mind, and I had thought that he had dismissed them, when on the morning in question he had come to me so troubled and agitated by his vision.

He explained that, about two o'clock in the morning, while he was examining through the telescope a region in the Milky Way extremely rich in stars, he partially swept with his glass the beautiful constellation Cygnus, when his attention was arrested by a superb double star, Albireo, composed of two suns, one yellow, the other sapphire. While he was trying an eye-piece of very high power on the blue star, and making preparations to examine it with the spectroscope, for the purpose of making a special study of its peculiar light, his eye was affected by a species of dazzlement, which he at first attributed to the vivid brilliancy of the star; then, immediately afterward, he felt a slight electric shock in the shoulder. Nevertheless, he continued his observations, and adjusted the spectroscope to the telescope. But, whether fatigued by the night's labors, or merely from the need of a moment's respite, he sat down in the big arm-chair in which occasionally, after protracted observations, we used to stretch ourselves, and he fell asleep for a moment. The rays of the moon, entering through the opening in the cupola as a feeble beam of bluish light, fell softly on the instruments, the

globes, and the maps. He tried to get up in order to make his spectroscopic examination, when, quite close to him, he saw — saw with his eyes — standing before him and lit up by the moon, the beloved form of his darling, and at the same time he felt himself held down to the chair by a stronger magnetic force.

But I leave the account to André, for here, word for word, is what he related to me:

Dora remained standing before me. Above her shone Albireo. My dear one was even more beautiful than in the past — idealized, and as though translucent with a heavenly light.

My first impression was one of stupor. I feared nothing, but an icy shiver ran over me from head to foot and set me shuddering. I lay stretched in my chair as though my body had been lead. She came no nearer to me, and it seemed to me that at first I had no desire to approach her.

She looked at me tenderly with her great blue eyes, which had always seemed wide open with a novel surprise, and said to me with eagerness:

"Why do you not come? I await you. We have not yet known what love is!"

The tone of her voice was the same as formerly, and as soon as I heard it, the apparition lost its strange character and became real, so to speak.

At this sweet reproach, at this regret, at this avowal, all our hours of delight reappeared vividly before me; and our passionate raptures, our delicious ecstasies, our endless kisses, even the very extravagance of our pleasures — all these enchanting memories, suddenly resuscitated in my brain, shot through me in a flash of radiant joy, and I hastened to reply:

"How! we have not known what love is?"

"Surely not," she answered. "We have experienced only its gross sensations —"

"Ah! how exquisite —"

"Yes, for earth. But here — what a difference!"

"Where — here?"

"In the system of the azure sun of Albireo."

And she told me that she lived there, among a sort of concourse of angels. And as I listened, it seemed to me that I was living with her the new life. It was no longer death; it

was life. I found myself again in her company as in former days.

"Yes," she added, "what a difference between the love which is known here and that which we tasted on earth!"

I confess that at this avowal I experienced a disagreeable sensation.

"How do you know that?" I cried, piqued by a sudden and whimsical return of the sting of jealousy.

"Foolish, foolish as ever!" she replied, with her adorable smile. "Jealous of one who is dead!"

"But you are not dead, since you speak to me of love and profess to have experienced joys unknown on earth. No, I am not jealous, but I love you always. Come, I am open to reason. Explain yourself."

"On earth we have only five senses. Sight, hearing, smell, touch — each plays a part in our sensations; but true love resides essentially in the attraction of souls one for the other. We have but five senses, possibly only four."

"Have you more, then, in your present life?"

"Seventeen. And now I say again, I await you. . . . And among these seventeen there is one which surpasses all the rest, which is worth them all, and which alone might be called the sense of love."

"And that is —"

"The electric sense. In love electricity plays a predominant part, even among terrestrial organisms, so gross, so insensitive. The human soul is a substantial entity, of an electric nature, which radiates to a distance around our material, visible body. This electricity emits invisible waves which are very different from those of light."

"Yes, I know," I replied in my mathematical fashion; "light waves are three ten-thousandths of a millimetre in length, while electric waves are thirty centimeters."

"I was not aware of it."

"I understand quite well what you tell me, that there is a radical difference between the size of the vibrations which give rise to electric and to luminous effects."

"Not one of the five senses of the earthly body can perceive the electric waves. With us, on the contrary, it is the chief of our seventeen senses. It is far more important than even sight itself."

"Why do we love? Why do we feel either sympathy or antipathy? Why do we remain indifferent?"

"To you these are unfathomable mysteries, but they are very simple matters for us who perceive directly by means of a special sense. The soul, which is an electric substance, emits in every direction electric waves, invisible to you, perceptible to us. These waves may be compared to the sound waves which emanate from the vibrating string of a violin, or harp, or piano. If, during their passage, these sound waves encounter another string whose rate of vibration harmonizes with their own, this second string will emit a tone without having been touched by any one. It is an experiment which you can make at any time. If two souls vibrate in unison, or, frequently better still, in harmonic concord, their respective waves, meeting, coalesce, unite, and behold these two entities locked together by a chain more solid than iron. It is not alone their regards which are linked together, it is their whole being. If the concord is perfect the union is indissoluble. Whatever one may do to prevent the union will be labor lost. If need be, such a purpose may be accomplished by death. If there is discord in the vibrations which encounter each other the result is antipathy, and all the most persuasive arguments will avail nothing. Such a man is antipathetic to me ; such a woman sets my nerves on edge. Seek not to alter the first impression ; it will be labor wasted. Well, in Albireo we see these soul vibrations, these ethereal undulations, just as you see light ; we perceive them by our electric sense, while to you they remain unknown. Of these electric vibrations, which are as the very atmosphere of love, you on earth are ignorant. You understand love about as much as the deaf understand music."

"Ah ! did I not say that you are ungrateful ?"

"No, my beloved, I am unmindful of nothing. But remember that love is the intimate union of two beings. In the case of earthly love, the two are never wholly lost in each other. But here, where the electric sense is fully developed, our ethereal bodies are like two electricities which are annihilated in a lightning flash. The union is so absolute that in place of the two entities which came together only one survives."

"Like oxygen and hydrogen, which on combining lose their identity in order to form a drop of water, a limpid pearl which holds the rainbow and comprehends the universe. But afterward ?"

"Well, afterward they can recover their identity. I know not how it is done, but they resuscitate."

"That is not impossible. Electricity — can it not decompose the drop of water and separate once more the oxygen and hydrogen which by uniting had formed it?"

"You can explain everything as a scientist. For myself, I am still a woman; I explain nothing."

"Then," I added, "one loses consciousness of one's existence — really dies — and is born again?"

"Do you not understand that our seventeen senses, controlled by the chief among them — the electric sense — endow us with sensations beside which the keenest joys experienced on earth are as the gross impressions of a mollusk? And what light floods us! What flowers! What perfumes! It is a perpetual ecstasy. Oh, if thou wouldst come! If thou wert here!"

"Can you not take me?" I cried, springing toward her.

"Come!"

I seized her in my arms; I glued my lips to hers and in an instant I was conscious that in the midst of a blue light most mellow and caressing, Dora was bearing me away on immense wings. I nestled close to her body and was lost in rapture. A multitude of beings floating like ourselves in the atmosphere had the form of female dragon-flies with antennæ and crests, and with aerial organs, which doubtless were the seat of the new sense of which she had told me. I understood that I had been suddenly transported to one of the planets of the azure sun of Albireo. Cascades of blue water fell from the rocks and ran toward an immense garden bedecked with brilliant flowers. Birds of dazzling plumage, apparently self-luminous, filled the air with their warblings.

"Let us cross over this lighted portion," said she, "toward the evening horizon, and descend to the palaces of the night."

Having passed round the lighted hemisphere, we came into a half-night. All the rocks, all the vegetation, and all living creatures shone with a phosphorescent or fluorescent light, blue, green, or rose-colored. Doubtless the rocks possessed properties analogous to those of the phosphates and sulphides of baryta, which store up the solar light absorbed during the day, and radiate it during the night. The flying creatures were equally luminous, after the manner of fire-flies. On this world, darkness is never complete, first, because of this curious phosphorescence of everything; then on account of the second, or golden sun of Albireo, the

far-off light of which is seldom absent; and also by reason of a ring analogous to that of Saturn, which, illumined by two differently colored suns, is sometimes blue, sometimes yellow, sometimes green, and sheds during the half-night light of the strangest character.

How insignificant is our poor diminutive terrestrial globe, which we imagine is everything, in comparison with these marvellous outside worlds!

My beautiful and beloved Dora bore me lovingly between her wings, and we descended to the border of a lake, beneath a dense arborescent foliage, the huge leaves of which spread like a bower of greenery above a carpet of moss besprinkled with a thousand tiny blossoms.

"This is my home," said she; "let us rest."

In my rapture, in my ecstasy, I was about to seize her in my arms, and taste from her divine lips the exquisite happiness of being beloved by her, but she had scarcely touched ground when her earthly body was instantaneously transformed into another, similar to that of the beings whom we had encountered flying in the air. It was no longer my Dora. But she was even more beautiful, more radiant, and beside her I felt that I was a mere earthworm.

"To love me still, to love me forever," she said, "it sufficeth to die. Forsake the earth. Here thou wilt belong to me."

"Have I not left the earth, then?" I replied, utterly amazed.

"No; behold!"

With the point of one of her antennæ she touched me lightly on the forehead, and I felt a sharp electric shock. I opened my eyes and found myself alone, seated in the big arm-chair. My darling had disappeared. I no longer doubt in the least that she really lives in that star of Cygnus. She has summoned me thither, and I shall speedily find her again. More than ever do I love her!

Such was André's narrative. The apparition made so profound an impression upon him that from that day his spirit seemed to be always wandering far from the earth. His feeble health rapidly declined, but he lived happy in his dream, with the longing, the fixed idea of seeing it realized.

I was not surprised then when, a few months after the adventure which I have just related, I learned of the sudden

death of my dear comrade. On a lovely summer night, haunted possibly by the same vision, he had reclined in the same arm-chair in front of the great equatorial pointed toward Albireo; and in the morning it was thought that he had slept there. But his body was quite cold.

SWEET 'LAASES.

BY WILL ALLEN DROMGOOLE.

It was twilight in Mullein Town. Down the dusty street, of which Mullein Town boasted but one, sounded the uneven, loitering step of the laborers going home from their work over in the city "on the other side the creek."

It was only a village, a little settlement of negroes that was interesting, if not large; select, too, and original, bound by no strict obedience to the laws that governed their more pretentious friends over in the city "on the other side the creek."

The other side the creek meant much to the denizens of Mullein Town. They cautioned their children against "soshatin' with any sech triflin' niggers as dey-all on tudder side de creek."

On the other hand the Mullein Town tribes were "a pas-sel o' cunger niggers what don't know butter fum beeswax. Dey ain't nothin' fitten ter talk 'bout in dat Mullein Town. Better keep 'way fum dar ef you don't want a spell flung ober you; dat you had. Ef you don't want ter wake up some day wid all de ha'r gone out yer haid, or else yer feet done furgit how ter walk, you better stay on dis side de creek."

So was there great enmity between the two sections. Mullein Town boasted no house of worship, and although she was in consequence forced to cross the creek and worship with the "other side," even then the enmity was not forgotten.

She was welcome to come over and sit under the sanctuary, to catch such crumbs of comfort as might fall from the tables of her pretentious neighbors, and she might drop her mite into the same basket along with theirs; they would send it along in the same message to the same suffering heathen; she might shout and sing and shake hands with the saints from "the other side" *on great occasions*, but the line must be drawn somewhere, and it was drawn at church festivals, suppers, concerts, and the like. She must keep on her own side the creek when it came to carrying off the honors at

these entertainments. Let her presume to carry off a prize and see what would happen.

Mullein Town knew what would happen; for had not yellow 'Liza, the belle of the "cross the creek" town, carried off the last three cakes at the last three walkings? And she would do it again; they could depend on 'Lize to uphold their pride and to outdo the "stuck-up niggers on de udder side de creek."

'Liza was busy packing the fresh, clean clothes into the basket; she was in a great hurry,—as great a hurry as a Mullein Town negro could get in. She had to carry those clothes home across the creek; for 'Lize did such washing as the fine folks on the other side were fain to recognize and glad to get.

She was singing as she worked; one of those dreamy, drawly, half-hymn, half-jubilee melodies, that nobody composed and nobody but a Mullein Town negro, a woman at that, knows how to sing:

Oh mo'ner, le's go home,
 Bless God!
 He's a-wait'n ober yander fur ter see you come,
 Bless God! Bless God!
 Oh rise up, sinner, an' shake off yer sin
 Ef yer 'spec' de anguls ter let you in,
 Bless God!

Bless God! Bless God!
 Salvation's free ter you an' me,
 Bless God! Salvation's free.

She sang in a low, crooning way that was not unmusical despite the uneven measure of the words, which she twisted into a sing-song melody of her own, adding a note where the words were too many, and dropping into a long sougning moan-like sound that effectually covered up any lack where words were wanting. For metre is a small thing to the negro; he thinks of the music, not of the metre. The more wise he.

Through the open door of her cabin came the prattle of children playing about the streets, varied now and then by the loud laugh or the friendly "how-you-do's" of villagers passing to or from their homes, to the workmen coming out from their work over in the town across the creek.

Over all sounded the almost ceaseless creaking of the well sweep; for all Mullein Town watered at the public well. Moreover, it was supper time in Mullein Town, and it was

a natural thing that the pails should stand empty about the curbing while Mullein Town exchanged the gossip of the day in the dusky, dusty twilight.

They were talking about the cake-walking that was to be that very night at the church across the creek. Every word came as distinct and as sure to the ear of the young woman packing her laundry basket as though the talk had been designed solely for her ears.

"Jes' wait till 'Liza tackles 'em, I tell yer. Eh-eh? Dey ain't seen dat gal strick a plank yit. Dey all better not go ter brayin' till dey's cl'ar o' de stable, I tell you. 'Liza'll fetch 'em."

It was a man's voice that replied :

"Dey say dey got a new gal ober dar what dey foteh fum somers 'way off. Dey say she kin sho' walk. Dey say she strack a walk once ober dar whar she come fum, dat dey ain' nebber stop talkin' 'bout yit. Dey say she kin beat our 'Liza all ter pieces ; dat's what de town niggers say."

"Yes, an' dey say dat de las' time. Dey say dey got a nigger what skeer a jack rabbit hitse'f off'n de track. But it ain' skeer 'Liza Ann, ez nobody ebber heeard tell on. 'Liza walked home wid de angul cake on her haid jus' desame, oncon-sarned as if hit 'uz a basket o' clean clothes she 'uz fetchin' home fum washin'. Eh-eh? Foteh anudder jack rabbit fur 'Liza ter beat, is dey? All right, 'Liza'll beat him: we-all ain't skeered 'bout 'Liza."

Their praise was pleasant. 'Liza smiled as she folded a pair of dainty fluted pillow-cases and laid them upon the white heap in the over-full basket. Get the cake? She hadn't a doubt of it, no more than her friends and neighbors outside at the well.

She meant to hurry home and get her cabin in order before going to the "walking," for she would be pretty sure to have company after the entertainment ; she always had after similar entertainments. Tall Rufus, the Mullein Town beau, who had a barber's shop "across the creek," always walked home with her after a cake-walking, and they always had a cosey hour together, enjoying the spoils that 'Liza Ann brought home from the walking.

When 'Liza stepped outside with the basket carefully balanced upon her head, the streets were almost deserted. The odor of frying ham told how the late gossips were employed. 'Liza was late, the ham reminded her.

"Eh-eh? dis nigger got ter move ef she gits ter de cake-walkin' *dis* night," said she as she turned the key of the cabin door and, slipping it into her bosom, started off in a brisk little walk down the dusky, moonlighted road.

A few straggling stars were shining, and through the locust trees a silver disk hung low in the heavens,—the new moon. 'Liza Ann had walked but a short distance when she gave her head a sudden little twist (she was thinking of the girl over in the town who expected to outstrip her in the contest for the cake that night) and saw the silver bow, suspended like a thing of evil, straight through the full branching limbs of the locust trees.

Unconsciously she gave a little startled scream.

"I saw it through de trees," said she. "Oh, my Lord, I saw de new moon through de trees. Dar's gwine ter be bad luck."

She was not thinking of the cake, however, nor of the "bad luck" that might come to her through failure to win it. She was thinking of that man who always walked home with her after the walking and helped her to eat it. What if he should fail to come?

She was relieved, however, of the fear before she had walked a hundred yards. Down the road, in the half light of the dying day, a quick step was hastening toward her. In an instant she was the coquette, pretending not to see him.

Nearer and nearer he came. 'Liza was humming a hymn under her breath, and heard, seemingly, nothing.

"How's my Sweet 'Laases dis evenin'?"

When he spoke she gave a startled little scream and clutched the clothes basket, that tottered upon her saucy head as naturally as though it had been trained to the pretty deception. And indeed it might have been, for the number of times it had helped 'Liza Ann to play that same part she was playing this evening.

"Did I skeer my Sweet 'Laases?"

'Liza Ann dropped her head as much as the big basket would permit and laughed coyly. Her beau fell into step and walked back with her a little distance to the bridge that spanned the dividing creek. As they walked they talked, in the low, coquettish way of lovers from the rural ranks.

"My Sweet 'Laases goin' to de cake-walkin' *dis* night?"

"Uh-huh."

"Her goin' ter win de cake ober de town gal fum furrin parts?"

"*Dat she am!*"

"Eh-eh; hear dat; dat's de way talk it ter 'em? My Sweet 'Laases goin' let a cullud man 'scort her home long-side o' dat cake?"

"Uh-huh."

"Same's ef he's fitten ter soshate wid prize walkers en fine ladies?"

"I 'spec'."

"You's a lady; *dat's* what you am; a lady fum 'way back. I 'spec' I gwine kiss dem ruby lips when we's done wid de cake?"

"Uh-huh; I 'spec'. Ef dat 'ar' town gal fum de furrin parts don't beat me walkin'."

"Listen at dat now: beat *you*? Who gwine beat you? Ef she do dat she got git up 'fo' day; 'way long yon'er 'fo' day too, I tell *you*. Beat you nothin'. Dey ain' no furrin gal gwine beat my Sweet 'Laases, I tell you; else she ain' gwine be my Sweet 'Laases no mo'."

The flattery was sweet, sweeter than the cake itself. 'Liza Ann lent a willing ear. She even opened the road for more.

"I got some raid shoes ter w'ar," said she. "Some generwine ones. I'm gwine ter git 'em dis minute. Miss Mamie what I washes fur done say she'd sell 'em ter me fur de week's washin'. I's gwine walk in 'em ternight."

"Uh-huh. Lan' o' Caanan! wont we be fine? A cake an' a pair o' raid shoes. Dat furrin gal won't be in dis pleasin', I tell you. What else you got, hon?"

'Liza Ann drew a trifle nearer. The clothes basket was a great nuisance this evening.

"I got a little chick'n ter brile, an' a pan o' hot biscuits, an' a couple o' col' dumplin's."

"An' de cake, hon: you sholy ain't gwine furgit de cake?"

"Naw, I ain't furgit de cake," said she. "Hit's a mighty nice one, I reckon; hit's a angul cake."

"De anguls gwine be dar ter eat it, too, ain't dey, hon, when de walkin's ober?"

"I sholy 'spec' so," she replied with a laugh. "Lor', I cl'ar furgot, but" (strange she should have thought of it at that moment) "I see the new moon through de trees ternight."

"De moon ain't got de gibbin' ob de cake, hon," said Rufe. "Don't you min' de moon, but jest keep a eye on yer feetses."

I got to leab my Sweet 'Laases here and git 'long back ter de shop, ef I 'spec' ter see dem raid shoes walk inter de kingdom *dis* night. But I'll see you at de cake-walkin', an' den I'll walk home wid de angul cake an' de angul too."

They separated with a laugh and a promise of meeting again, and each went his own way, she happy in the certainty of success and of that other certainty of youth — love.

He was thinking of the angel cake over which he was to preside when it should have come into the actual rather than the prospective ownership of his lady-love. He was well acquainted with those angel cakes; he had partaken of more than one of them with 'Liza in the cabin over in Mullein Town.

'Liza meanwhile hurried on with the basket of laundry. Besides making her own toilet, she wanted to spread her table and tidy up the cabin before going to the cake-walking.

The lamps were lighted when she climbed the steps of the house that held the coveted scarlet footwear. The mistress herself counted out the pieces of fluted lace and lawn as 'Liza lifted them from the basket. When the last had been counted she took out her pocketbook, and offered the girl the two bright silver dollars that were due her. 'Liza stopped her with a gesture.

"Now, Miss Mamie," said she, "you promise I might hab de raid shoes fur dis week's washin'."

The mistress hesitated.

"'Liza, you surely are not in earnest about wanting those slippers," said she. "They pinch my own feet, still less — What size do you wear, 'Liza?"

"I mos'ly w'ars a fo', but I's gwine w'ar a two *dis* night," said 'Liza.

"Why, they'll pinch you to death; you won't be able to walk a step in them."

"Eh-eh! don't you b'lieve a word o' dat, Miss Mamie. I'll git 'em on. Ez fur de pinchin', hit's wuf a pinch ter git de cake ober dat furrin yaller gal. 'Sides, Miss Mamie, I's 'bleeged ter hab dat cake becace I done axed comp'ny ter he'p me eat it."

She dropped her head forward upon her breast and laughed; the mistress herself could but smile at the audacity of the proceeding.

"But what if you fail to get the prize?" said she.

Such an idea had never entered the girl's head.

"Eh-eh!" said she. "I's 'bleeged ter git it. He done say I ain't his Sweet 'Laases no mo' ef I ain't win dat 'ar cake."

The mistress dropped into a chair and laughed aloud.

"His what?"

"His Sweet 'Laases; dat's what he calls me, Miss Mamie; he say I's his Sweet 'Laases becace I takes all de cakes fum de udder gals. Gimme de shoes, Miss Mamie. I got ter run 'long an' set de table 'ginst I go ter de chu'ch."

As she opened a drawer of the bureau the mistress said:

"You're a great goose to do it, 'Liza; but if you will have them —"

"Yessum," said 'Liza, "I 'spec' I am; but we's all gre't geeses sometimes, Miss Mamie, when we's somebody's Sweet 'Laases."

"Well — yes; perhaps so. Here are the slippers: you'd better keep your hard-earned money though, Eliza."

But 'Liza was gone, back to the cabin in Mullein Town, with her treasure in her hand. As she thrust her key into the lock and pushed open the cabin door it occurred to her that she was tired. It had been a busy day, and she had stood at the ironing table well-nigh the whole of it. And she had walked over with the clothes, and made a little visit to old Aunt Nancy, who was down with the rheumatism, in a cabin at the further end of the village; then she had carried home the flat-iron she had borrowed at another house, and had "stepped" over to Uncle Jeb Moon's to borrow two nails and a hammer with which to do a little needed carpentry about the place.

Yes, she was tired. The low, shuck-bottomed chair before the hearth had a tempting something about it; for one moment the glories of the cake-walking dimmed before the demands of exhausted nature. Only for a moment, however; for as she drew off the paper wrapper and the bright, red, high-heeled slippers lay in her hand, weary nature was relegated to a back seat.

There were long brilliantly red ribbons attached to each; a tie string that was calculated to heal the most rebellious case of weariness on record. 'Liza Ann was herself again in half a minute. She placed the shoes upon the mantel where she could see them while she tidied the room. They had the appearance of a gaudily plumaged bird perched above the little mantel among the white papers, neatly scalloped, which

served as lambrequin, and the glass tumblers filled with gayly colored tapers that were kept ready for the hero of "Sweet 'Laases."

She swept and dusted the room, spread a white sheet over the bed, and drew a pair of shams, embroidered in turkey red, over the pillows, shook out the white muslin window curtains, and then she "set the table."

A clean fresh cloth, two plates, a couple of cups and saucers, knives and forks, and two small white napkins. A pitcher of red chrysanthemums occupied one corner of the board, while the broiled chicken in a glass covered dish filled another. The biscuit and other knick-knacks were arranged with systematic nicety about the board. In the centre of the table there was a tall, glass cake-stand set in a fluff of red and white fringed papers. The stand was empty, reserved for the cake that was to be won that night.

When all had been made ready 'Liza made her toilette; a neat figure and trim enough in a modest dress of dark gray stuff with a fresh white apron and linen collar. She finished off her costume, however, with a flaming scarlet bow hoisted upon her short, kinky hair, immediately above her forehead. Then came the slippers, and then too came the tug of war. They refused to go on; twist and turn, pull and persuade as she might, the number two refused the foot of the number four. The poor feet were weary and swollen with their day's tramping and the shoes were small.

'Liza was in despair.

"You's *got* ter go on," she declared to the offending reds; "you's got ter go, and you'd as well ter do it."

There was another pull and twist, and then 'Liza Ann took heart.

"Dey come mighty nigh it dat time," she declared triumphantly. "Dey didn't lack more 'n a inch dat time; ef my feet wuzn't swelled dey'd go on, I mos' knows."

She got up and filled the kettle and swung it over the fire that had served to heat the irons all day, and while the water was heating she ate a bite of cold victuals and finished her preparations for the frolic. Then she filled a tub with the hot water and, lifting her skirts, placed her feet in the steaming vessel. She soaked them for ten minutes, then drew on her shoes and stockings, and slipping the red shoes under her shawl, she started for the cake-walking.

"Dey'll go on now," she told herself, "becase dey's got

ter go; but I reckon I'll jest fetch 'em along in my han' an' put 'em on at de do'."

She was late, but as all Mullein Town was late her tardiness created no special comment. She was tired too; she couldn't forget it either; even in the gay scene about her the ironing-board and the tedious tramping she had done would obtrude like "spots upon the feast" of her pleasure.

She had many friends among the assembled revellers, and she had many enemies. Varied and many were the salutations which greeted her arrival at the church.

"Dar's 'Liza Ann; now look out fur yer cake," was the first challenge from the Mullein Town side, responded to with prompt disregard of feeling from the opposing candidate's friends.

"Eh-eh! raid shoes. 'Spec' ter carry off de cake, does yer? 'Spec' dem raid shoes ter p'intedly walk off wid it, eh-eh?"

The slippers did create a sensation and no mistake. 'Liza Ann felt repaid for the pain they were giving her, though she had some fears concerning the ominous cracking of threads in the neighborhood of the heel. They represented just one week's work, though that was a small matter as compared with the winning of the cake.

She laughed and flirted and was happy in hearing herself called "Sweet 'Laases" now and then as the tall figure of Rufus the barber bent over the scarlet bow upon her head.

There were a full dozen who had entered the lists, but only 'Liza and the champion from a neighboring town were the favorites.

'Liza scanned the contestants as they took their places along the row of benches reserved for them. At the very end of the bench, arrayed in regal purple and with a white feather drawn majestically across her head and fastened above her ear with a brooch of flaring brightness, 'Liza Ann beheld her rival.

Her costume created a stir; 'Liza trembled for her own modest gray. But a glance at the red slippers, however, reassured her; the red slippers and the barber who was waiting for a slice of that same cake resting at that moment in full view of the assembled multitude, upon a tall glass stand in the centre of a table at the end of the room. It was an angel cake; only the angel cakes were deemed worthy of admission to a contest of this kind.

Promptly at the hour appointed the master of ceremonies called the assembly to order.

"Bredderin," said he, "an' sisters, we will open de exercises ob de ebenin' wid prayer; let us all pray."

The prayer was as earnest as though he had been conducting a protracted meeting, and the amens were as hearty. When it ended they sang a hymn and then they cleared the space down the centre of the room and the cake-walking was *on*.

But little attention was given to the first ten contestants; interest was centred upon the two rival walkers, who had made a record at similar contests.

'Liza Ann was the last upon the list. When she saw her rival rise and shake out her purple skirts amid a murmur of "um's" and of "eh-eh's," it required more than one lingering glance at her scarlet-shod feet to keep down her fears. Still her faith in her adornment was sufficient. Moreover, she knew the weaknesses of her kind.

"A nigger 'll vote fur raid shoes whether dey's got any feet in 'em or not," she told herself when the murmur for her rival broke out into actual applause. She even smiled as the yellow girl from afar took her place at the end of the room and, setting her foot upon the plank that had been chalked for the purpose, waited the command to start.

It came from the master of ceremonies stationed at the opposite end of the room:

"Raidy—start!"

The girl lifted her head with a proudly conscious little toss, and held it erect, motionless, until she had caught the gaze of every eye in the room. Nobody thought of the broad, flat foot walking down the middle of the floor; nobody thought of the walk itself; they were all too intent upon the bright, piquant face under the droop of the white ostrich feather, to notice that the girl had made her feet thoroughly comfortable in a pair of loose, unpretentious old shoes, whose only adornment was a fresh coat of blacking. They failed to see that she swerved more than once from the chalk lines, which indicated the limits allowed for grace and the extra "steps" which were sometimes indulged in by the prize walkers. The purple dress, the white feather, and the laughing black eyes were carrying everything before them. She nodded here and smiled there, and once—it was just at the moment when she caught the eye of tall Rufe the barber—she actually lifted her hand to her lips and threw a kiss.

Such a shout as went up!

"Uh-uh! dat gal kin walk wid her eye shet." "Cake-walkin's easy ez eatin' ter dat nigger." "Some folks 'll hab ter git up 'fo' day ef dey beats dat 'ar'." "Land o' Caanan! Look at dat, will somebody?"

She reached the end of the room in a perfect storm of applause.

"Raised sech a wind de feather in her haid got ter wavin' hits own se'f," one of the sisters was heard to declare, while another even got up and shook hands with the candidate, and told her in a knowing way that "dey ain' been no sech walkin' as dat, not sence de war."

And then, when the noise had subsided, came 'Liza's turn. She took her place where the late victor had taken hers, and in her turn awaited the signal to start. She felt, by that intuition that comes to all of us, that she had lost in the gain of her rival; but she had friends who were still loyal, still hopeful, still enthusiastic.

She glanced at tall Rufe, but he was bending over the white feather, unconscious of or else indifferent to the fact that she, his own "Sweet 'Laases," was at that moment about to pass through the painful ordeal of walking for the prize. She turned her eyes away. One more glance in that direction and the red shoes would never be called upon to bear her upon the journey down that long yellow pine plank. The next moment she rallied and took courage. Rufe looked up, smiled, and came a step nearer. After all, she had a chance to win; and should she lose, she still had him, her lover. Life couldn't be wholly void nor defeat utterly crushing so long as fate left her love.

She lifted her skirts, ever so slightly, when the signal for starting had been given. There was a ripple, slight but sufficient to show that the tide *might* be turned.

A trifle higher rose the gray skirt; there was a hint of fluted ruffling visible at the hem, white and neat as 'Liza's hand could make it. Not one there but rendered Cæsar his due when it came to laundry. Not one but had great respect for the tub over which 'Liza Ann presided.

If she had not been so set upon calling attention to the slippers, poor 'Liza! all might have been well. But the slippers were her ruin; the slippers, designed for triumph, were destined to prove her downfall. She had the attention of the house; her late enemy herself leaned forward with parted

lips and flashing eye to watch the progress of the red feet down the pine plank.

'Liza had many little tricks of grace; she had a way of turning her toes a trifle out and then giving them a sudden turn in; sometimes she would lift one foot, like a young pullet about to steal upon a forbidden flower-bed where the seed has been newly sown, and then follow it cautiously with the other. This step never failed to elicit applause. The other girl had really taken no "steps;" they would remember it when 'Liza Ann had showed them hers. Sometimes she minced, like an old maid that is afraid of not being graceful; but being young and free from any hint of awkwardness, in 'Liza the trick was passed for grace, as other old tricks will sometimes pass upon young tricksters. And again sometimes she would drop into a long, swinging step that was the perfection of grace itself.

She had just started out upon her programme when another stitch broke in the back seam of the slipper. Another step and she remembered the ironing board and the long tramp to carry the clothes home. She was tired! One step more and—ah! there was an unmistakable *limp* in the pretty walk.

A limp that grew with every movement of the scarlet slippers. R-r-r went the seam at the back, and r-r-r went 'Liza's hopes and 'Liza's heart.

While the judges were taking the vote she crept outside and drew on her old shoes, folded the remains of the red slippers under her shawl and made ready to go home. She had lost the prize; she knew that; but she was too tired to care very much, and after all she had her lover. She waited there for him, at the door, back in the shadow where the light from the lantern above the door could not find her; waited and revelled in the sympathy which, after all, was as sweet to anticipate as the victory had been.

The crowd filed out, singly, then in groups, laughing, joking, enjoying or commiserating her defeat. Nobody saw the lonely little figure crouched against the shadowed wall; not even Rufe, who came out at last, the prize winner upon one arm and the great cake, the beautiful angel cake, lifted high above his head with the other.

They passed so close she could have touched them with her fingers, but she would as soon have thought of touching a poisonous reptile.

She hurried home alone, and fumbled under the doorstep for the key. As the door swung back, a golden dash of moonlight streamed into the room, showing her the white-spread table and the preparations she had made for her lover's coming.

After all, the memory of joy anticipated, though it be nipped in the first fond flower of its conception, is sometimes more keenly bitter than the actual death of the joy itself.

'Liza Ann had kept her disappointment down and had held her grief under restraint, until that carefully prepared table with its mocking decoration of crimson flowers met her eyes. The white cloth was like a shroud to her poor heart.

She walked over to the fireplace, stirred the red coals into a white heat, and with a hand that did not falter she tossed the red shoes into the equally red coal-bed. Then she dropped into the seat she had set for her lover and, burying her face in the snowy tablecloth, burst into tears.

"Hit ain't de angul cake," she sobbed; "I don't keer nothin' 'bout de ole angul cake; I don't keer fur de money flung 'way on de shoes, an' I don't keer 'bout dey-alls laffin' at me,—but *I heeard him call dat yaller gal his Sweet 'Laases!*"

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

MODERN FAIRYLAND.¹

REVIEWED BY MARGARET CONNOLLY.

Fairyland, — what wonderful visions the mere name conjures up! How it brings back the happy days of childhood, when Fairyland was as real to us as the every-day, prosaic world in which we lived! Much to be envied was the happy mortal blessed with a fairy godmother. Even the happiest little girl would have been willing to change places with Cinderella, the despised and neglected step-daughter, who, through the kind offices and beneficence of her fairy godmother, meets Prince Charming, who, of course, falls in love with and marries her.

Although we laugh now at the general belief in fairies which existed centuries ago, yet way down in our hearts do we not still cling to a remnant of our childish faith in the dear "little people," who hold their revels all night long, and make the flowers their couches during the day? Indeed, a great modern historian, speaking of the former belief in fairies, says, "That such beings should exist, and should be able to do many things beyond human power, are propositions which do not present the slightest difficulty."

The author of "Modern Fairyland" has made a new departure in childish fiction, one which will be hailed with delight by little ones, and it is not too much to say that the grown-up sister, or the mother, or the aunt who reads this little volume will be as interested and amused as the children.

We are introduced to modern Fairyland at the birth of the Princess Fernitta, the daughter of the King and Queen. And great is the rejoicing in the court. The Princess is one of the most beautiful fairy babies that ever were born, but before many days elapse a most startling discovery is made. The Princess has no wings! This disturbs her royal parents very much, but they are still further disturbed when at the christening of the tiny Princess one of her godmothers, Fairy Grumble-Growl, angry at being the last godmother invited (the Princess had twelve godmothers), when it came to her turn to wish, wished that Fernitta should become a mortal. This terrible wish, in spite of all the precautions of the King and Queen, is later fulfilled, when Fernitta disappears from Fairyland. Wonderful are the adventures and escapades of the little Princess, and funny beyond description the account of her return to her parents and her endeavors to *modernize* Fairyland. How she puts all the gentlemen fairies in dress suits, and the lady fairies in long skirts, making them put their hair in Grecian knots, and how irk-

¹ "Modern Fairyland," by Eley Burnham. Handsomely bound in illustrated cloth covers and containing many attractive illustrations. Price \$1.50. Arena Publishing Company.

some the poor little fairies find it to have to go to bed at night and get up in the daytime, and to learn to cook and eat the food that mortals eat, is all told with inimitable drollery. Of course, the handsomest and most brilliant of the fairies, Prince Puck, falls in love with Fernitta and everything ends happily.

Along with all the fun the author introduces some lessons which little folks cannot learn too soon: the beauty of kindness and generosity, and how happiness may be found in work as well as in play.

This volume is gotten up in the most attractive style, bound in illustrated cloth covers, and containing seventy-five marginal illustrations besides the frontispiece. It is sure to become a popular favorite with children, as it will never fail to interest and amuse, while at the same time unconsciously and unobtrusively teaching helpful lessons. No more appropriate or acceptable gift book can be found for the holiday season.

"THAT ROMANIST."¹

REVIEWED BY JESSIE B. RITTENHOUSE.

"That Romanist" is from the pen of Adella R. MacArthur, a writer who brings a new name to literature, but who demonstrates by her strong, sure touch the right of eminent domain. The book flies a somewhat misleading title, and prefigures itself to the reviewer as a possible exposition of Romanism. But one does not penetrate far ere he casts aside this illusion in the consciousness that he is in an atmosphere of the broadest and most generous tolerance rather than one of ecclesiastical bigotry. Such passages as these meet his eyes:

I venerate every creed, doctrine or resolution that lifts a human being above himself, out of the darkness into the light.

I must believe that all sincere and constant souls are a unit with the great Author of Good.

The religion of Love exemplified in the lives and acts of men and women would of itself revolutionize the world, empty the almshouses and asylums, and close the prison doors.

And this fearless assertion:

No religious founder so clearly lays before us the possibilities of growth from sensuous material conditions into etherealized spirit existence by mental process as Lord Buddha.

It will be seen that not only is the suffrage of sympathetic fellowship granted to the Catholic, but that the author, with a spirit broad as love itself, reaches out to *every* soul endowed with aspiration, be it Buddhist, Mohammedan, Parsee or Christian, and affirms that obedience to its own intuitive strivings, rather than a coalition or adoption of creed, is the nearest access to its God.

It seems to be demanded of a work of fiction, in these earnest, intense days, that it shall justify its existence by contributing somewhat of

¹ "That Romanist," by Adella MacArthur. Pp. 364. Price, cloth, \$1.25; paper, 50 cents. The Arena Publishing Company, Boston.

definite value to *universal progress*; not only that there shall have been wrought out through it such phases of thought as will relate it to some specific realm of literature, but that it shall, above all else, have added another step to—

The great world's altar stairs,
That slope from darkness up to God.

Measuring "That Romanist" by standards such as these, it will at once assume its place as the foe to credulity, ignorance, intolerance and bigotry, the defender of the intellect as the high tribunal to which all issues are to be referred, the advocate of the supremacy of religion over theology, and the resolvent of religion into its own primal element—Love.

In developing these theories, Mrs. MacArthur arraigns the Hebrew mythology, still masquerading throughout the pulpits of orthodox Christendom as Holy Writ, and discloses with intrepid vigor the errors and incompetency of its reputed God, and the fallacious weakness of the entire structure upon which the so-called Christian Church rests.

It would seem in these days of higher criticism, when liberalists have discussed and dissected Biblical and orthodox fallacies, that there would be no need of such a work as "That Romanist," but the masses do not read the treatise of the scholar, and his ideas can only reach them as they percolate through from the overflow of thought at the top.

This is a slow process, as the general standard of thought attests. It has taken a century for even the liberalist to overtake Thomas Paine, and the church at large is preaching and teaching the identical doctrines for which he wore the brand of heresy; so that it will be granted that there is a very real and vital work for "That Romanist" to do, especially as it reaches far beyond the field of Biblical contention, and brings to its pages the best and most ennobling elements of *all* religious systems.

But "That Romanist" is not merely a theological treatise whose tenets would be more fittingly expressed through the medium of the pamphlet; it is primarily a story of remarkable intensity and power, full of movement and dramatic force, and evolving its religious and philosophical theories so naturally through the development of its characters that the story is a symmetrical growth, rather than a graft of theories upon an alien trunk.

Divested altogether of its ethical purpose, it would still be a unique and charming story for the story's sake, introducing us, as it does, to a heroine whose Scotch-Irish temperament has the iridescent sparkle of smiles and tears. A girl whose entire life has been passed in a convent and who, but a month's time acquainted with the outer world, finds herself a unit in the gay and shifting throng at a popular Southern resort, is not likely to follow the most conventional lines, and Lenorah's every act has the freshness of a newly opened rose.

Her only knowledge of men has been gained from the priests chanting at the altar, her confessionals to them, and from the brief visits of her sailor father, whom she had never loved, but rather hated for his

Protestantism, and for the fact that he had torn her from the arms of the sisters and forced her into the unfriendly world.

The "Romanist" is an improvisatrice of surpassing gifts, and as she tells her unrest to the responsive instrument she draws to her another guest of the hotel at Tampa, where the story opens, and thus begins the relationship that forms the basis of the plot.

In the character of Mrs. Müller, who is destined to transform the nature of "that Romanist," the author has given us her finest creation, — one fit to exemplify her own exalted standards of religious philosophy. We are introduced not to a type, but to a woman, one who has lived and wrought out in herself, by suffering and aspiration, the noblest attributes of the soul, whose mind has burst all shackles, and become akin to all humanity, and who moves serenely as a star across the page which she illumines.

The character drawing throughout the book is unusually strong and distinctive, but the trenchant power of the author's pen is shown effectively in the portrayal of Mrs. Müller's mother, an adherent of the most conservative of Presbyterian orthodoxy, who pits her theories against those of her daughter; and thus is thrown into sharp relief the essential differences not only in faiths, but in the influence of such faiths upon human character.

Pertinent questions are asked, as, for instance, Where and what is the orthodox heaven, about which the Church teaches so confidently, and with such sweeping generalities? Is it a *place* or a *condition*? and can there be a condition without a place? etc., etc.

While the author affirms that everything pertaining to the life beyond is purely speculative and imaginary, she nevertheless evolves certain theories in relation to it that are worthy of consideration.

The romance of "That Romanist," which becomes an absorbing one, is developed through the introduction of a young man educated for the Presbyterian ministry — though by no means a clerical sort of personage. As a brother to Mrs. Müller he is thrown much in the society of the Romanist, and the subordination of theology to love is a matter of easy accomplishment on his part; but the results entailed from the bitter and intriguing opposition of his ultra-orthodox mother give a coloring and intensity to the narrative and reveal the author's strength in depicting dramatic scenes. Indeed the last chapters are a swift succession of incidents, absorbing, finely wrought, and ending in a strong *dénouement*.

In local setting the story is artistic and unique, presenting a shifting panoramic background of Southern scenes, embracing Tampa, Havana, the Cuban plantations, Suwannee River, Asheville, and other Southern resorts. There is, however, no tedious interlarding of description, but rather the dreamy, fragrant atmosphere of the South land, pervading its pages.

The mission of "That Romanist" is, then, to teach that love is the divine principle, the source and culmination of being; that it, and it alone, is the transforming agent of the soul; that it shall obliterate all

creeds, rise above all differences, and usher in the day when humanity shall recognize —

One God, one law, one element,
And one far-off, divine event
To which the whole creation moves.

SANTA CLAUS' HOME, WITH OTHER STORIES AND
RHYMES.¹

REVIEWED BY B. O. FLOWER.

When one compares the famous "Mother Goose Melodies" which have been sung to the children of other days to their delight, and which contain so much of nonsense and so little of sense, with such a work as "Santa Claus' Home, with Other Stories and Rhymes," he will be impressed with the wonderful advance which has been made in children's literature during the past century. The myth of Santa Claus and fairy stories seem to have a wonderful fascination for the child brain, and in the opening story of this volume, which, by the way, is exquisitely illustrated, Helen M. Cleveland has written one of those rare pieces of fiction adapted to the tastes of early childhood, while at the same time she has subtly taught the parent as well as the child a great lesson in ethics. This story pictures a little waif, one among the tens of thousands in the slums of all our great cities who look longingly for Christmas Eve with a fond hope that Santa Claus will remember them. When the little sister comes home she has failed to sell enough newspapers to buy the toy the lame child longed for. All at once the scene changes; a little fairy sent for them by Santa Claus from Wonderland calls both the children to follow him, giving them skates whereby they can ride over land and water and through the air to the magic realm of the ideal. But they are not alone; stopping at tenement after tenement, this little corporal from a brighter land gathers the children by the thousands, even as Jesus gathered the waiting multitude eighteen hundred years ago on the shores of Galilee to hear the words of life, and they are taken to the Wonderland and given a glimpse of bliss. They do not wish to return, but, under present conditions, none of us, whether young or old, are able to live long in the realm of the ideal, and so they are compelled to return, much against their will. But Santa Claus assures them that there are kind hearts in the world and he knows how to reach those hearts. "You shall not be left to freeze in the cold street, Tommy. I will see that somebody looks after you, Jamie; and, Jackey, I know a man who wants to straighten just such a foot as yours, and make you strong and well."

No one can read this story without seeing how subtly the author sinks into the heart of the parent who reads the story to the child the

¹"Santa Claus' Home, with Other Stories and Rhymes for Mamma to Read Aloud," by Helen M. Cleveland. Bound in heavy plate paper; richly illustrated. Price, 50 cents. The Arena Publishing Company, Boston.

august duty of brightening the hearts and homes of and caring for the less fortunate in life.

"Dame Pout's Den" is another characteristic story in this little volume, which teaches a strong lesson to the child without the child knowing or appreciating that it is being taught, for it is in no sense didactic, but simply a natural and fascinating little sketch, such as children love to hear read to them, while at the same time it is inculcating a wonderful lesson, provided the parent has the wisdom not to enforce the ethical import of the story too strongly upon the child's mind so as to arouse its antagonism or make it think that it is being preached to. Herein Miss Cleveland excels: she does not preach. She has gotten the child's spirit, the child's love, and the child's desires, and through these she appeals, while not infrequently she teaches the parents while she teaches the child lessons which if brought home to the better nature cannot fail to bear fruit.

There are several poems by Margaret Gay adapted for children, and numerous other sketches. The illustrations are exceedingly fine, and altogether this is one of the books which parents should give their children as a Christmas gift.

SANTA CLAUS' HOME, WITH OTHER STORIES AND RHYMES.¹

REVIEWED BY CHARLES E. HOLMES.

"Santa Claus' Home," "The Cobweb Girl," and other rhymes and stories by Helen M. Cleveland and Margaret Gay is a dainty Christmas book beautifully illustrated and made up of stories which have already won popularity in juvenile periodicals.

Miss Cleveland's work in these stories possesses the same fascinating quality which made her original stories for school children attain immediate recognition.

One forgets that the author is grown up. The effect produced is that of one child playing with another, and the transparent purity and blithe spontaneity of childhood bubble from every page.

Generally the author is exquisitely natural in what she says and how she says it. No modern writer for children enters so easily into the child's own world, and to become the best living writer for young children Miss Cleveland needs to do but one thing, and that is to overcome all fear of the editor. She should not allow that august individual to stand beside her desk, for in spots he modifies the naturalness that is her charm.

Aside from her art, the author has shown good judgment in trying to meet not only the needs of mothers and children, but of teachers and pupils also. The book is dedicated to "The children's hour, the time 'between the dark and daylight,' when sleepy little voices demand a story," and every selection is admirably adapted for mothers to read aloud.

¹"Santa Claus' Home, with Other Stories and Rhymes," by Helen M. Cleveland and Margaret Gay. Richly illustrated. Price 50 cents. Arena Publishing Company, Boston, Mass.

Many little ones have already spoken "A Pair of Rogues," "The Naughty Dolly," "Grandpa Specs," etc., in school, and a third need of children has been met by the introduction of pretty kindergarten songs.

"Santa Claus' Home," "The Cobweb Girl" eating her own curls, "The Moon-man with his Skippy Folk," "Dame Pout in her Den" entice the children into realms they love, the realms of fairyland.

"Puss and Baba" gives a delightful picture of repentant mischief. "The Mischiefs" and "Grandpa Specs" in grown-up clothes are natural. "How Rob did It" and "A Pair of Rogues" are humorous sketches by Margaret Gay. "Trip-a-toe" and "The Jolly Miller" are school marching songs. These with about a dozen other short stories and rhymes make a delightful child's book.

A more useful and entertaining gift cannot be found as a Christmas offering for the little ones. The book is charmingly illustrated.

WORLD BEAUTIFUL—SECOND SERIES.¹

REVIEWED BY B. O. FLOWER.

This exquisite volume is a beautiful companion to Miss Whiting's former work previously noticed by me bearing the same title, although the present volume appears to me even deeper and richer in its spiritual insight and the high inspiration which characterizes it than did its predecessor, and that is saying much. Almost every page seems fairly palpitating with that true sympathy, that broad spirit of toleration, that resolute determination to see the good in humanity, which is, in fact, medicine for the soul.

Then, again, there are a peculiar ease and literary charm which pervade all Miss Whiting's writings and are very noticeable in this volume. This, of course, enhances the high and fine thought set forth by one who, in my judgment, more nearly than any essayist of our time, has caught the spirit of Emerson, but who has given to her work the added luminosity of a strong, loving faith which is not always so pronounced as one could wish in the fine writings of the Sage of Concord.

Those whose souls hunger for high, spiritual thought—ideas profoundly religious, yet free from cant and dogma—will hail with delight this latest and best work of Miss Whiting.

LITTLE JOURNEYS TO THE HOMES OF AMERICAN AUTHORS.²

REVIEWED BY B. O. FLOWER.

Early in the fifties the well-known publishing firm of Putnam published a series of papers entitled "Little Journeys to the Homes of

¹ "World Beautiful," second series, by Lillian Whiting. White, stamped in green and gold, gilt top. Pp. 291. Price, \$1.25. Roberts Brothers, Boston.

² "Little Journeys to the Homes of American Authors." Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. Richly bound; sumptuously illustrated. Edited by Elbert Hubbard, author of "Forbes of Harvard," "Little Journeys to the Homes of Good Men and Great," etc. Price, \$1.75.

American Authors." These were first produced in a magazine brought out by the Putnam firm, and were written for the most part by able scholars, many of whom have since become foremost among America's great writers. After the lapse of this long period of more than a generation, these delightful papers have been gathered together and brought out in a sumptuous volume. The dates when the sketches were written are given in each case, but in many instances they are preceded by short notes written by Elbert Hubbard, and these notes of themselves constitute by no means the least attractive feature of this exceedingly valuable and entertaining volume.

It is a beautiful book for the holidays and will make a most appropriate present to any friend who has a taste for literature. Among the chapters are sketches dealing with such authors as Ralph Waldo Emerson, James Russell Lowell, William Cullen Bryant, Washington Irving, Prescott, and other illustrious American writers.

TWO NEW WORKS BY JOSEPH EDGAR CHAMBERLIN.¹

REVIEWED BY B. O. FLOWER.

Joseph Edgar Chamberlin is widely known throughout New England for his delightful papers in "The Listener" column in the *Boston Transcript*, but he will reach, in my judgment, a far wider audience through his two dainty volumes which have just appeared, entitled "The Listener in the Town" and "The Listener in the Country." There is a rare value in these works, inasmuch as they are written in admirable English, and call the attention of the reader to the beauty and poetry of common life whether in town or country.

Mr. Chamberlin is at once an idealist and a realist. He has the poet nature. He does not wallow in the gutter and imagine that in so doing he is realistic. On the contrary, while being as thoroughly realistic (in the sense that realism is truth to life) as the most ardent realist could ask, he shows the beauty side of nature in its rural simplicity, as well as the grim struggle of life in its barrenness, as seen to-day in our great cities.

I wish to give our readers a taste of Mr. Chamberlin's work by quoting his sketch entitled "The Lily Cove," taken from "The Listener in the Country." It will be seen from this that Mr. Chamberlin, like Robert Burns, is a real poet at heart. This is only one of numbers of exquisite sketches which appear in this volume:

These late droughty days have been golden ones for out-of-door enjoyments. The farmer laments them, for his hay crop is meagre, his pasture is drying up, his corn—even his corn, *solibus aptum*, as fond of sun as Horace himself—is crying for rain, and his potatoes bid fair to be small and few in the hill. The business man trembles as the long, dry days wear past, for he sees a bad harvest likely to be added to all the other wretched causes that are postponing the good times. But the perpetual picnicker sees no reason to find fault with them; the artist finds

¹ "The Listener in the Town" and "The Listener in the Country," by Joseph Edgar Chamberlin. One volume each. Cloth. Price, seventy-five cents. Copeland & Day, Boston.

the mowing-field, stripped of its poor crop, all the more beautiful in his picture because the green rowen is making no start, for the parched stubble maintains a rich golden brown tint from day to day. And for careless youth, that takes no thought of the morrow, there never were days like these,—long, rainless ones marching in endless procession, when girls want to be out of doors all the time, and boating and swimming are a ceaseless joy, and long driving and tramping expeditions may succeed one another, with literally no cloud over them; when nights are balmy and delicious; when nature, in short, seems to be in a willing league with all pleasuring purposes.

There is one cove, moreover, which I have been assisting in the harvesting of a little lately, which is not in the least unfavorably affected by drought. It is the water-lily cove; and it is particularly beautiful in a certain spacious cove that leads out of one of the loveliest little lakes in Eastern Massachusetts. It is a cove that was constructed by nature especially for the propagation of water lilies. It is a perfect oval in shape, with but a narrow connection with the main lake; and across this strait runs a gravelly bar, over which you can only force the boat by throwing the weight first into the stern and then into the bow. And whereas the main lake has not a perceptible shoal in it, and practically no lilies, the water in this cove is exactly of the depth to suit the growth and perfect development of the *Nympha odorata*. Everywhere the pads overlie the surface; but your boat may visit every spot in the cove without going aground. It is a weak figure of speech to say that every morning nowadays the cove is starred with lilies; the stars in heaven are a sparse growth compared with them; if you were treating the sky at night as a pond, and the stars as water lilies, you would have to row your boat a great deal farther to get an armful than you do here in this cove. When you get to the end and row back westward, looking straight at the face of the lilies, on which the rising sun is shining, you perceive that pond lilies are not the colorless things that you might imagine. Their hearts are pure gold, and the whiteness of the rest of them is delicately tinted with a faint blush of pink.

They overpopulate the cove so that it is a kindness to them to pick them by the score; they are simply begging you to draw them up, long-stemmed, from the depths. The water is not a bit muddy; as you float along you see the bottom looking as if a sort of soft gray water-moss overspread it, and this same really beautiful substance clings to the stems of the lily leaves. All around the encircling shores is a dense wall of alders, with richly veined deep-green luxuriant leaves; oaks and red maples overhang and dominate the alders; and above all there are the tops of many pine trees growing on the slope of the hill farther back. From somewhere in the depths comes the song of a wood thrush at intervals, and you perceive that the note of this bird is, in the domain of musical sounds, precisely what the water lily is to the world of vegetation,—a round, sweet, full, generous and delightful thing, ravishing to the sense and at the same time symbolical of spiritual beauty. Who that knows the wood thrush's note will deny that there is a perfume in it as rich and sweet to the inner sense as that of the pond lily is to the mere nostrils? In the long intervals between the thrush's chary notes you hear a vireo preaching from the elm tree that overhangs the spring not far away, and you know that from his perch in the tree this melodious little homilist will give you line upon line and precept upon precept all day long.

Such things as these make the lily cove a hard place to get away from, especially when one must leave it to get an early train back to Boston.

Over against this sketch I give one from "The Listener in the Town," entitled "The Victim," which shows how closely the heart of

the author beats in unison with the heart of humanity in its struggle, and with the heart of infinite love:

When one's star compels one to carry the woes of the world on one's small shoulders, a very trifling incident, a very little picture, will set one to thinking hotly, and planning revolutions. When I cannot walk in the real woods, I often walk in the forests of humanity, — in those withered, smoke-swept thickets of people that we call locally the South End, and the North End, and the Cove. They are not sweet like other woods, and yet some rare flowers are found there — together with many sad, morbid fungus-growths. The other afternoon, at the South End, I passed the head of a miserable alley that contained some half-a-dozen houses. It was narrow, dirty, hot, noisome. The houses, utterly black and hideous, were built of black and broken bricks. Up and down this miserable court toddled a small human figure, — a little boy, who looked as if he might be three or four years old. He was half clad. His little face was grimy and weazened, and his bare legs bowed out wretchedly. He seemed to be interested in something, and the expression in his furtive black eyes was pathetically like that of some more fortunate boy who might be engaged in real play in the grass. But all at once another and much bigger boy — an evil-looking chap — rushed out of the door of one of the houses and made toward the little fellow, who cowered at once, the expression on his face changing to one of dreadful terror. There, as if fearing brutal fists, the crooked child stood in abjectness, — not a child, but a gnome, a being of the under world, proclaimed a victim in every line of his terrified face, in every unbeautiful curve of his little body, in every rag that clothed him. The bigger boy paused — I thought he was about to strike the child; then he passed on and out of the alley; but the child still crouched there, — a long time, it seemed — as if he feared blows, blows, blows, from anywhere, from nowhere. He crouches still in my heart, and makes me wonder that good men are content that one-quarter of the world shall become strong and beautiful, while the other three-quarters are condemned to grow up ugly, or cringing, or withered, or crooked, or scrofulous.

Who put the little shrinking wretch of the alley into that under world? God knows. The child's parents, perhaps; and perhaps they were put there themselves by a hand that was stronger than theirs. And no matter who was to blame, you will do what you can — that is, if your star has made you feel these trifling things — to do away with this social under world altogether.

These volumes will delight all lovers of fine true literature who love to take up a book at a spare moment. They may be taken up at any time with profit, as they are divided into short sketches, and they will not only delight their readers but will make every one who peruses their pages better for coming in contact with them, not only because they will open the eyes of the reader to the beauty about him, but also because they will touch the very heart-strings of his nature and quicken that broad spirit of brotherhood whose awakening is so essential at the present time.

THE MARCH TO THE SEA.¹

This is a work of unquestionable genius, destined to become a classic in American literature. Sherman's famous March to the Sea, which

¹ "The March to the Sea." A Poem. By Major S. H. M. Byers. Price, cloth, \$1.25; paper, 50 cents. Arena Publishing Company, Boston, Mass.

forms its subject, was one of the most wonderful episodes in the history of war, and it is here treated in a manner worthy of the subject.

The author, Major Byers, was a participant in that remarkable campaign. He was taken prisoner at the battle of Chattanooga, but, as he himself tells us, "he escaped from the Macon stockade, disguised himself in a Confederate uniform, went to the Southern army, and witnessed some of the fierce fighting about Atlanta. He was discovered and sent back to prison at Columbia, S. C." There he wrote the song of "Sherman's March to the Sea," which was sung by thousands of Sherman's soldiers after the completion of the march, and, indeed, gave its name to the campaign it celebrated. "He soon escaped again, rejoined Sherman's army, and for a time served on General Sherman's staff. At Cape Fear he was sent North with despatches to Grant and President Lincoln, bringing the first news the North had of Sherman's successes in the Carolinas."

The author's poetic account, therefore, has all the vividness which personal experience gives, and he assures us that "*all incidents narrated in the story are actual facts gathered from participants in the march.*" And a most vivid panorama he has painted of the great march and its various incidents, from the capture and destruction of Atlanta, to the first sight of the sea, the taking of Fort McAllister, the tramp through the Carolinas, and the final parade through the avenues of Washington.

The main story is told in stanzas which have something of the lilting swing of Byron's "Childe Harold." The stanzas are of six lines each, in that noblest of all English poetic measures, the iambic pentameter. But interspersed at frequent intervals throughout the main narrative are "interludes," such as camp-fire stories of episodes of the war and of the campaign and songs sung by the soldiers on the march, which by their differences of stanza and metre serve to lend variety to the poem. Among the more noteworthy of these interludes are, "The Ballad of John Brown," the "Ballad" (on pp. 71-74) descriptive of the reënlistment of a regiment whose time of service had expired, and especially "The Raid of the Andrews Men," a wonderful bit of thrilling narrative, equal to anything of its kind in the English language.

The work is illustrated with some excellent half-tones.

As a specimen of the general character of the poem, the following vivid description of the making of a pontoon bridge over a river at night may be given:

CXXIII.

Then came a scene, most weird and wondrous grand;
A thousand torches in the forest stood;
A thousand men with axe or saw in hand
Hew down the trees, and bridge the rolling flood,
And planks and ropes from the high banks are strung,
And light pontoons across the water flung.

CXXIV.

Throughout the darkness flares the pine-knot's light,
And shadowy forms are hurrying to and fro,
The dark stream gurgles off into the night,
The bonfires glimmer on the sands below;

Gigantic seem the horsemen as they ride
Out of the woods, down to the river side.

CXXV.

The bridge is finished, forward moves the line;
With steady step to the low-beating drum,
With glare and smoke from out the darkling pine,
'Neath flick'ring lights the silent columns come.
The stream is crossed, the dying torches fall
On the wet sand, and darkness covers all.

And here is the equally vivid picture of the army's first sight of the sea:

CXXXVI.

But on a day, while tired and sore they went
Across some hills wherefrom the view was free,
A sudden shouting down the lines was sent;
They looked and cried, "*It is the sea! the sea!*"
And all at once a thousand cheers were heard,
And all the army shout the glorious word.

CXXXVII.

Not since the day when the great Genoese
Placed his proud feet upon a new-found world,
Had such glad shouts gone up to heaven as these,
When to the breeze the old flag was unfurled,
And all the army in one mighty song
Passed the glad news, "*It is the sea,*" along.

CXXXVIII.

Bronzed soldiers stood and shook each other's hands;
Some wept for joy, as for a brother found;
And down the slopes, and from the far-off sands,
They thought they heard already the glad sound
Of the old ocean welcoming them on
To that great goal they had so fairly won.

* * * * *

CXLIII.

At times we thought we heard the very waves,
Though distant miles the white sea still from us,
Or the low murmuring by the shore, where laves
The water, restless as mankind; and thus
Our hearts went faster than our feet, and none
But said, "*At last the weary war is done!*"

How marvellously history here repeated itself, and, in spite of differences of race, and time, and clime, what a marvellous similarity there often is in the behavior of human beings under like circumstances. The above moving description might almost be taken for a paraphrase of Xenophon's immortal account, written nearly two thousand three hundred years ago, of the first sight of the sea, and the shouts of "*Thalatta! Thalatta!*" ("*The sea! the sea!*"), by the Ten Thousand Greeks on their ever memorable retreat from Cunaxa.

If that wonderful march found its Homer in the person of Xenophon, so also now, at last, has Sherman's equally wonderful march found its Homer in the person of the author of this poem; for Major Byers is a

true poet, and he has shed the glamor of poetry over one of the greatest achievements in war of all time. He is also a fervid patriot; and cold indeed must be the heart which does not beat responsive to his stirring, patriotic, and, at times, pathetic strains, from the opening exordium to the exquisite lyric, "Adieu," which brings to a fitting close his truly noble poem.

NOTES AND ANNOUNCEMENTS.

This Issue of the Arena.

With this number we open the seventeenth volume of THE ARENA. We beg leave to call the attention of our readers to some of the papers that we believe will be of special interest to thoughtful, earnest and progressive men and women, which appear in this issue:

The Relation of Art to Religion, by the eminent sculptor, poet and essayist, WILLIAM ORDWAY PARTRIDGE, will be read with delight by our tens of thousands of readers. Mr. Partridge is a man who has made a foremost position among the sculptors of America by his magnificent work. He has rare genius, and his essays and poems breathe the spirit of the new time, of the true poet, the true artist and the true humanitarian. We feel confident that this paper will be read with special interest by our host of readers.

The Telegraph Monopoly, by Prof. FRANK PARSONS of the Boston University School of Law. Prof. Parsons, not only as professor in the Boston University but also as a writer of legal text-books for one of the largest firms publishing legal works in this country, has acquired the careful method so necessary in discussing the great questions up for settlement. His papers are regarded by many of the leading economic authorities of the day as being among the most powerful arguments which have ever been prepared, and this paper on *Telegraph Monopoly* is a continuation of the most masterly arraignment of the great telegraph monopoly which has ever been made in America or Europe.

The Relation of Industrialism to Moral-

ity, by MARIE C. REMICK. Marie C. Remick is well known in the society circles of Chicago as brilliant, earnest and popular, but it will doubtless surprise many of her friends to find how deeply she is interested in the great social problems of the day, as is shown in her exceedingly interesting paper on *The Relation of Industrialism to Morality*.

William Morris and Some of his Later Works, by the Editor of THE ARENA. In this paper it has been the purpose of the Editor to deal with two phases of the life of the great Englishman who has recently passed away, namely, the mystic, and the broad-minded humanitarian. William Morris was peculiarly a many-sided man of genius and power. He was remarkably successful in business. He wrote some of the most clever and popular verses which have been written during our generation, and which have appealed especially to the lovers of "art for art's sake." Later the deeper instincts of his life were touched, and he became more than "the idle singer of an empty day." His soul was filled with an enthusiasm for humanity, while the conscious or unconscious mysticism which always swayed his mind to some extent seemed to reach its acme in the "Land of the Glittering Plain." Hence, in a brief sketch the Editor found it impossible to notice all sides of his wonderful life, and therefore he has confined himself to a brief glance at William Morris, the mystic and humanitarian.

Few women of the present time have struck so high a note from a literary point of view and have expressed so fine

a spiritual perception as has LILIAN WHITING. She is well known as a journalist in Boston, and also all over the United States from her weekly letters in leading metropolitan journals in other cities, and she occupies a high place both as a poet and essayist through her published volumes. In this issue of THE ARENA Miss Whiting appears in one of her exquisite essays, on *The Life of the Spirit*, which we feel confident will be deeply appreciated by a large majority of our readers.

C. F. TAYLOR, M. D., the well-known editor of the *Medical World* of Philadelphia, contributes a most valuable paper to this issue of THE ARENA, entitled *An Inheritance for the Waifs*. Dr. Taylor is not only a successful business man, editor of one of the most influential professional magazines of the day, and a successful physician, but he is also a broad-minded humanitarian in the best sense of this term. Hence, his paper has a peculiar interest to those who wish to raise humanity to a higher level.

E. P. POWELL, author of "Our Heredity from God," published by D. Appleton & Co., and of other standard works, and probably one of the best known essayists in review literature of the present time, has prepared an exceedingly interesting paper which we place before our readers in this issue, on *International Arbitration*. Mr. Powell is too well known in the world of letters to need a single word in regard to his ability or his sincerity. We may not always agree with him, but he is able and sincere and a true humanitarian. Moreover, as a man of wide reading and of exceptional ability he is especially qualified to treat this great subject.

Concentration of Wealth, by ELTWEED POMEROY, President of the Direct Legislation League. This paper, as we believe, will be one of the most valu-

able contributions to contemporaneous discussions of the great problems which are touching the public mind, and, with the drawings which accompany it, will be invaluable to educators. Mr. Pomeroy is president of the Direct Legislation League, and as an indefatigable worker for a free republic is well known throughout the length and breadth of this land. His paper merits careful consideration, which we are confident it will receive from our great constituency.

. A Notable Symposium: *Practical Christianity as I Conceive it*, by REV. EDWARD A. HORTON, President of the Unitarian Benevolent Fraternity, REV. RUFUS B. TOBEY, of the Associated Charities, REV. R. E. BISBEE, MARY A. LIVERMORE, and REV. EDWARD EVERETT HALE, D.D. The names of those who write upon this subject are a sufficient guarantee of their ability and their sincerity. The subject is certainly one of great importance at the present time, when the Christian church is being stirred as it has probably never been stirred before, with a conflict between mere profession and the actual practice of the spirit of Christianity.

CAMILLE FLAMMARION, probably the most illustrious astronomer on the continent of Europe, one of the most brilliant and popular novelists, and one of the most sincere students of psychical science in the Old World, contributes a psychical romance to this issue of THE ARENA, entitled *A Celestial Love*, which, coming from the brilliant pen of this renowned author, will be read with great interest by lovers of fiction on both continents.

WILL ALLEN DROMGOOLE, whose stories are ever in demand and who is the veritable Dickens of the New World, without the exaggeration blemishing her work which too often characterizes Dickens's characters, also contributes a wonderfully touching story entitled *Sweet*

'Laases. Those who have lived in the South, who know the negro as he is and not as pictured by people who know nothing of the Southern negro, will recognize the wonderful fidelity in this story, no less than in Miss Dromgoole's sketches which appear in her volume entitled "The Heart of Old Hickory."

These are a few of the attractions which appear in this issue of THE ARENA. A fine portrait of Dr. HORTON, loved by all who know him for his broad spirit of tolerance, furnishes the frontispiece, and a portrait of the late WILLIAM MORRIS, also, enhances the interest of the number.

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